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HAVELOCK ELLIS, AN APPRECIATION

BEN B. LINDSEY

I CHANCED not long ago upon a column of literary gossip in some newspaper; and half way down the page, buried in a mass of print, my eye caught a name that jumped out at once as if it had been printed in red ink. Above and below it were other names, many of them notable and interesting, yet this one stood out like a gleaming jewel. I think the same must have been true for hundreds of other readers — so fraught with magic and delight is it for *thinking* people everywhere. It was the name of Havelock Ellis.

Some names have an inherent power to stick and to penetrate the mind with the feeling that they are somehow intrinsically significant. Rudyard Kipling has such a happily starred name. You would remember it though you had never heard of Kipling or read a line of him. So has Havelock Ellis. You would remember that name even if it were borne by a mediocrity. But tag a genius with it, and it does just the thing I have indicated: it jumps at you. Bury it in print run solid, yet the eye finds it.

Havelock Ellis is, in a sense almost mystical, an adept in the art of molding the truth into forms that live and glow. I can think of no other living writer with a finer gift for imparting philosophic and human interest to scientific fact. He has thought his subject through, he has linked it with life in terms of his personal philosophy, he is a scientific humanist. The truth, refined like gold in the fire of a gifted personality, is in everything he writes; and he presents it with that true sense of proportion which stamps him as an artist in his field. The ink that flows from his pen is a peculiar ink — authentic and good, like well matured wine. If you would taste it, read.

MARRIAGE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

HAVELOCK ELLIS

IN the last issue Judge Ben B. Lindsey proposed a clinic to help adjust marital tangles. Many conservative people shake their heads over Judge Lindsey as a radical experimenter in sociology. But in this article, Havelock Ellis, British authority on sex, demonstrates that the institution of marriage has never been static, but always fluid and changing. Therefore, those who seek to block the process of transformation are the real radicals who may destroy, present day society.

IN his great work published several years ago and in a valuable smaller book published in 1926, Dr. Westermarck has set forth the history of human marriage in the past. With immense learning and patience and impartiality, with a fine power of luminous presentation, he has described all the various and sometimes, we may think, fantastic forms which marriage has taken in different lands and at various periods. But from all the long and complicated narrative two outstanding facts remain clear: there has been everywhere and always, so far back as we can with certainty go, some accepted pattern whereby the relationship of the sexes has been more or less closely shaped; and that pattern has everywhere and always been in slow process of change. These two facts are significant and of real practical importance. They relieve us from any need to worry over the anxieties of those feeble folk who are always fearing a "loosening of the marriage bond," and they enable us to understand that the people who talk about the "undermining" of marriage and the "subversion" of morals are merely referring in their own quaint way to that everlasting process of change — of "progress" if we like so to term it — in which life consists and without which we should be left with nothing but the rigidity of death.

When that is clear at the outset we become free to consider the transformations of marriage which now, as always, face us, with a serene mind, knowing that we are not putting forward any foolish, radical notions, but clinging to the old, conservative habit of change which has marked the human race from the early days of the world's history when Man could yet scarcely with accuracy be termed Man. But what is the pattern of marriage as it is now being reshaped, and now beginning to serve as the model for living?

No doubt a general answer would be that to-day we are trying

to make marriage correspond more closely to the actual facts of life by increasing the facility of divorce, so that marital unions shall be real and not merely apparent. This divorce movement is practically universal, and we must certainly accept it. We need not be surprised even if it is carried to its logical extreme, as it probably will be, sooner or later. If marriage unions are made by mutual agreement we have to recognize that they will be unmade by mutual agreement. Society and the law have a proper function in taking care that, when they are unmade, no rights shall be injured. With that provision firmly established we may expect that ultimately, even though not in the immediate future, marriage and divorce will be placed on the same level, each equally free, and each, we must expect to find, equally hedged with precautions.

TRAPS AND SLAVES

This final development of the present divorce movement is not likely to be a consummation we need view with apprehension. It is altogether desirable that marriage unions should be wholesomely honest and real, so that the two partners will not be chained together in a helpless bondage. The dignity of marriage itself demands the freedom of marriage. It should never be possible to believe that two people are living together because they happen to have fallen into a trap together and do not know how to find the way out. Up to the present it still often is possible to believe that. To be an entirely worthy institution, marriage must be a union not only gladly accepted but gladly maintained by each party to it. The more it is dependent on circumstances that are unessential, and even unavowable, the less satisfactory it becomes. That is why the growing economic independence of women is so important a factor in the maintenance of a dignified marriage. If a woman marries for a living and at the same time sacrifices her liberty to retire from marriage, she of necessity becomes a slave, and a slave in a low order of slavery. That, indeed, is one main reason why marriage — divorce or no divorce — presents so many difficult problems.

But while we have no choice but to accept the movement for the facilitation of divorce — since even if it fails to arouse our enthusiasm we see it everywhere in movement — that does not mean that there is anything about divorce which we are called upon to welcome. Divorce is merely a negative aspect of mar-

riage. At the best it is a confession of failure. Two people who have joined themselves together with the assumption that the union is to be for life find that they have made a mistake. That is so unsatisfactory a discovery that it is quite possible to be a convinced champion of freedom of divorce and yet be entirely averse from any personal desire to claim such freedom.

It is possible to go further than that. At the present day it is beginning to be realized that, necessary as the divorce movement has been and necessary as it remains to push it further, that movement has yet had unfortunate results. It has led to a misunderstanding of the basis of marriage.

The pioneers of the divorce movement were moved, it seems clear, by the desire to make marriage a reality. They believed that the form of marriage should conform to the fact of marriage. They regarded the reality as the mutual sexual love of a man and woman, and when the partners acted in a manner which apparently showed that that reality had ceased to exist, they were prepared to dissolve the marriage and permit a new marriage. This seems a sound view of the matter. But to-day there is a feeling in the world, and sometimes even a definite conviction, that it was too narrow a view, and that, however sound so far as it went, its narrowness leads to a disastrous conception of marriage.

THE REALITY OF MARRIAGE

Mutual and exclusive sexual love is the reality of marriage. But *is* that so? When we consider the matter, when we recall the most familiar facts of life, we quickly realize that we are here merely in the presence of a convention, and that the reality is quite different. All that has happened is that a young couple feel they are "in love" and that they regard that feeling as the foundation of marriage, encouraged therein by their traditions, by all their acquaintance with romantic literature, and by the solemn assurances of elderly married friends, who though they have themselves long ceased to be "in love," enthusiastically support the tradition, often indeed regarding their own experience as unfortunate accidental failures. In real fact their experiences have not been "accidental" at all. To base marriage on a feeling which will probably pass in a year and may pass in a month — even in the course of the honeymoon — necessarily leads to a situation which can in no sense be regarded as an

accident. There could be no more treacherous foundation for a relationship which is intended to be permanent.

The divorce movement has been unfortunate in so far as it tended to fortify that conception. Marriage became more than ever a relationship mainly of mutual and exclusive sexual love, and as soon as it ceased to be that there was at hand the possibility of divorce which — usually after legal formalities of “adultery” and “desertion” had been gone through — would cancel the union and permit the formation of a new union. Divorce, from this point of view, while it helped to ensure that marriage should have some degree of reality, also tended to simplify unduly the conception of marriage and to cheapen its value. Marriage became a less complex and dignified state than — on an imperfect basis it may well be — it had once been, or than as — on a sounder basis — it may again become.

This is not to belittle the erotic aspects of marriage. There is no temptation to minimize these aspects to-day. At last, indeed, after almost heroic efforts, even in the most Puritanic quarters the notion has been introduced that the art of love is an essential part of marriage and an ignorance of that art one of the chief causes of the common failure of marriage. That recognition, won in spite of immense obstacles, is really so important that its ultimate results may be as great as those of the divorce movement, to which it can well be regarded as an opposing force. For while divorce acts as a dissolving influence on a marriage that is decaying, the art of love, rightly understood, acts as a cementing influence to prevent such decay.

MARRIAGE — WHAT IS IT?

But while the erotic element in marriage must be firmly established, since where no sexual love is, a marriage can scarcely be said to be constituted, it is not true that sexual love is the whole of marriage. And it is not true that when the erotic element sinks into the background the marriage ceases to be real. There are other elements in marriage. So that the claim for divorce and the common grounds for divorce may be quite beside the mark and, in the presence of a sound conception of marriage, invalid.

But, it may naturally be asked, what is a sound conception of marriage? If marriage is, as now recognized, no longer necessarily a union for procreative purposes, and not necessarily a partnership for mutual and exclusive sexual love, what is it?

That is a question we are bound to answer, even though no two answers may be exactly identical. Every age tends, however, toward an answer of its own. That is so to-day, and I do not know where we may better be helped to reach the answer of to-day than in the *Book of Marriage*, lately put forward by Count Hermann Keyserling in Germany and now translated into English. Some twenty-four persons, men and women of very various characters and belonging to more than half a dozen different countries, have contributed to this large volume. That at the outset may not seem promising. With two dozen people to put forth their own notions of it, marriage can only be plunged into hopeless confusion. But that would be to reckon without the vigorous personality of Count Keyserling who has brought together the members of this orchestra (the metaphor is his own), assigned to each his part, and skilfully led them through the whole performance. Indeed if the writers may be compared to an orchestra, the work itself may be better compared to a piece of music in which the various elements, however distinct, form a harmony and, as the editor remarks, even the seemingly contradictory elements produce a valuable contrapuntal effect. The book is really an organic whole, which has been organized from all these far flung and apparently disparate parts by the forceful hand of a man who must be reckoned as a leading influence in the spiritual life of contemporary Europe.

Count Keyserling has so far been best known by his *Travel Diary* of a journey to the East, which, with an equally famous book by Spengler, is commonly regarded as one of the two chief books that have come out of Germany since the War. It is sometimes scoffingly said that the *Travel Diary* shows its author to have gone to the East and become a *yogi*. It would be more correct to say, on the contrary, that Count Keyserling illustrates the old truth that when a Westerner goes to the East he realizes for the first time how Western he is and learns all that that means. Count Keyserling belongs to a distinguished family of tough, old, aristocratic fiber in the Baltic region where Russia meets Germany. When he went to Japan and China and India, as he has described in his *Diary*, many things were revealed to him, including much that concerned the nature of love and marriage. He discovered in the East what it meant to be a European, not only what Europe could learn from the East, but what Europe alone could achieve. This *Book of Marriage* is

a kind of epilogue to the *Travel Diary*. It is also the most splendid and pregnant book on this question of marriage which in recent times we have seen.

The conception of marriage for Keyserling — a conception with which his collaborators are for the most part in general sympathy (I can at all events speak for one of them) — may at first sight seem opposed to that which in practice, if not in theory, is current to-day. The current feeling about marriage is, as we know, that it is neither so important nor so necessary as was formerly supposed, since, in an overpopulated world, children are no longer so indispensable as was once believed, while for women there are vocations open on every hand, and for both sexes the possibility of intimacy and sexual relationship outside marriage is greater than it has ever been before in our civilization. But the interesting point emerges that, in putting forward his large and dignified conception of marriage, all of this is willingly accepted by Keyserling. He emphasizes the importance of birth control; he welcomes the social and economic development in the position of women with all it has made possible in the attainment of greater sexual freedom on a wholesome, instead of a prostitutional, basis; and so far from being a propagandist of marriage, he repeatedly points out that there are a large number of people who for one reason or another are unfitted for the vocation of marriage and may be recommended to find sexual satisfaction and companionship outside it. Precisely what makes the modern conception of marriage, as Count Keyserling and his associates here view it, of such significance is that they accept these facts of to-day which to pessimists are the signs of moral dissolution and degeneration, as constituting the necessary platform on which alone can be erected a conception of marriage which to some seems almost too arduous and austere for ordinary human use.

THE MOUSETRAP MODEL

Marriage, as in recent times it has prevailed, might have been patterned on the ancient device of the mousetrap. Like the mousetrap, it was regarded as a piece of mechanism useful to society but not sufficiently attractive unless appetizingly baited; and when the inmates had by their own action become imprisoned and consumed the seductive bait, they were left to their own devices except where humanitarian feeling — going

beyond the less merciful pattern — had placed a string in the trap which by skillful manipulation might raise the door and free the captives.

Count Keyserling is altogether with the moderns in rejecting this conception, and is not even altogether in favor of the piece of string. There is no need to marry because we fall in love, or in order to gratify passion; that can be done outside marriage, and the people we fall in love with are not usually the most suitable for marriage. (On this point, however, we may perhaps be inclined to agree with the Count's sister, Countess Ungern-Sternberg, that, while love is not a sufficient reason for marriage, yet a marital unity may better develop in the shadow of passion than in a marriage of reason alone.) The old inadvertency in procreation should be abandoned. It has become our concern to raise the level of the race by the control of conception, for "the hour of eugenics is at hand." Individuality, again, must always be preserved, and marriage not be regarded as an excuse for encroachment on the rights of the other partner. It should, rather, become a method of high personal development. Equally, also, the art of love must be cultivated or there can be no satisfactory marriage at all. Moreover, as evolution proceeds marriage will tend to become less and less a routine form of sexual relationship. At present it is often only a method of legalizing and sanctifying a degree of meanness and baseness greater than may be found anywhere outside it. It will be seen that Count Keyserling goes as far as the most radical critics of our marriage system usually venture.

Yet on this basis, — and here is the originality of the work, — Keyserling emphasizes the discipline of marriage as in its very nature difficult, painful, even tragic. Those who imagined that, by minimizing the institutional aspect of marriage and liberating its personal aspects, they were to-day making marriage easy and comfortable, have been blind to the essential nature of life. The modern development of personality, so far from diminishing the problems of marriage, indefinitely increases them. When the marital bond was a rigid framework, not easy and sometimes impossible to break, the conjugal partners within it might flaunt their little revolts and persecute each other in private with a full confidence that they were running no risks of serious damage. Their discipline was imposed from without; but now it is imposed from within, by themselves, and that involves the

assumption of much responsibility and the exercise of much art. It is not less binding because it is free. Most wholesomely constituted people desire, and will continue to desire, to have children. They will go on feeling that the best guardians of children are their parents living together in a permanent union.

NEED OF PERMANENT UNION

And when we put aside the question of children — for marriage nowadays does not rest merely on the fact of procreation — and consider only the facts of personality, a permanent union is still required for development. In a series of transitory unions no two people can ever really know each other and the possibilities each holds; they only take the first step on a road which beyond all others leads to the heart of life. To the career of Don Juan no goal of achievement is placed. And on the other hand, all development involves difficulty and pain. The ideal of an easy and comfortable existence of marital bliss, the “happy marriage” of which so much has been heard and so little has been known, even if it were possible (save for those simple folk who live in a kind of spiritual sty), would be a false ideal. It would not even be true to human nature, wherein indeed its chief falsity lies. Difficulty and pain, at least as much as ease and pleasure, are demanded by human instincts. Life has been full of difficulty and pain from the first. It has become organized for meeting difficulty and pain and in so doing to achieve its sublime conquests. When it ceases to do so, its function is gone and the stream of life ebbs away. So it is that in order to avoid the dangers of ease and comfort, it becomes necessary, when all other means fail, to climb the Himalayas and discover the Poles, to conquer the air and navigate the depths of the sea. Man thus achieves, beyond happiness, a further happiness which embraces suffering and gratifies his deepest instincts.

It is the distinction of Keyserling that he ruthlessly applies this general truth, nowhere so well recognized as in our Western world, to the problem of marriage. In so-called “happy marriages,” he declares, “the problem of happiness is not really solved, it is merely dismissed.” Marriage, he asserts, is really and properly a tragic affair. There is, in other words, a state of tension. That is its value. That is the way in which it brings us into touch with the world and initiates us into the mystery of life. If we may compare the union of two people in marriage, as is

often done, to playing on a musical instrument, then it must always be remembered that there is no playing save on tightened strings.

The ideal of marriage presented by Keyserling may seem of rather an arduous and heroic character. But for how many people marriage is now arduous and heroic! All the while they are ostentatiously protesting how easy it is, how comfortable, how "happy." In time, perhaps, they will learn to be honest and not always be pretending, even to themselves, that marriage is what it is not and never can be.

But ardor and heroism are not the only features of this conception of marriage, though they are those which Keyserling emphasizes and sometimes even exaggerates. There are immense compensations, more than Keyserling has always made clear, in the type of marriage which is now tending to form among us. It is precisely the misfortune of the old conception of marriage that in its working out these compensations were mostly out of reach. The result of placing a halo of fictitious romance over marriage was that as soon as the halo evaporated the shock of being jerked into real life made it seem that nothing was left but makeshifts. There was a home life, there may have been children, perhaps some sort of sexual gratification, there was this, that, and the other, — often things that themselves had their trials, — and how poor they seemed after that romantic rainbow under which bride and groom had entered matrimony! But when marriage is approached with clear sight and knowledge, even with acceptance of the initiation of passion (which Keyserling is not in favor of accepting), that shock of failure can never occur. It is not only that the enlarging changes in which development consists are accepted from the first. There is even an acceptance of the fleeting nature of passion. If the partners began, as no doubt those who enter marriage will often still continue to begin, as lovers mutual and exclusive, that erotic relationship, in changing its character, will continue to be one of intimate erotic comradeship. In the past that was the rarest of happy results. To admit a decrease in mutual love, or an increase of love on either side for some third person, was such a denial of the conventional romance that it seemed an infidelity, a treachery, which neither partner could possibly admit to the other. They preferred to accept the loss of sincerity, without apparently realizing that sincerity is even more essential to marriage than

mutual erotic devotion. Thus the relationship of tender intimacy in the deepest and most delicate things of life was seldom attained in the old-world marriage, and when attained constituted a bond of the most beautiful and enduring sort. Those who are thus bound may rightly be called both comrades and lovers.

COMRADESHIP AND MARRIAGE

Keyserling believes, it is true, that comrades should not marry, but if we are thereby to understand that the married should not become comrades it is impossible to agree. If lovers had better not marry and comrades should never marry, two of the chief incentives to marriage are removed. There remains the desire for children, but if that is put first we are brought to a narrowly eugenic foundation for marriage. There is no doubt about the vast importance of eugenics, alike for the welfare of those who enter marriage, for the family, and for the race. But, rightly understood, eugenics can never furnish a motive of sexual choice. Its function is to furnish a class from which choice, whether of love or of sexual comradeship, can select. Classes of that kind have always existed, even, and indeed specially, among savages, and what we now have to do is to ensure that they are eugenically determined.

Thus it comes about that if marriage in our time is, on the one hand, becoming a more arduous vocation than it was of old, there is, on the other hand, less need to embrace it, while it also offers larger possibilities and greater privileges. If marriage is a discipline it is also an art. With the new freedom that marriage is to-day achieving and the new equality of the two partners, — impossible when the wife was in a state of abject economic dependence, — we are in the presence of a relationship which offers new opportunities of mutual development and new possibilities of further extension. That, of course, can only take place provided the two partners remain in intimate and true sympathy — or the marriage would cease to exist — and such erotic comradeship is the more easily maintained when the knowledge of the art of love has magnified the possibilities of affectionate intercourse and diminished the importance of the sexual act, which in a cruder age was both the alpha and the omega of sexual love.

The way in which the form of marriage is to-day being remolded beneath our eyes is well illustrated by the articles which

Judge Ben Lindsey has lately contributed to the *Red Book* and to THE FORUM. Judge Lindsey is known throughout the world for his work in the Domestic and Juvenile Court of Denver. He is regarded as the outstanding judicial representative of the modern method, initiated in the United States, of dealing with domestic troubles and juvenile offenses not by rigid rules and summary punishments but with a sympathetic consideration for the special facts and a due regard to the individual case. His success in the court has brought to him a constant stream of people who privately come to confide their difficulties and solicit his never failing advice and help. In his memorable book, *The Revolt of Youth*, published a year ago, he shows in the most instructive manner what the youths and girls of to-day are thinking and feeling in their approach to the question of sex, and what constructive ideas they are working out in practice to meet modern needs. Now he turns to the married people of to-day and reveals the hidden troubles, the secret sores, in American marriages.

Not, by any means, that these troubles are peculiar to America. In London an experienced physician has lately stated that in his observation only one marriage in four can be said to be even tolerably satisfactory to both partners. The difficulties are the same everywhere. But Judge Lindsey — while personally he remains content with marriage on its old-fashioned lines — is able to show that in America there is not only the consciousness of these troubles but a growing recognition of the ways in which they can be healed, and a new willingness to adopt those ways, however much they may be at variance with the notions that prevailed in the past. Men and women in marriage are beginning to realize that we are passing out of the stage where marriage was founded on a fiction. They are facing the facts of jealousy for what they are really in the long run worth, and they are no longer terrified even at the bogey of adultery, when it can be viewed from the standpoint of two partners who are united in an erotic comradeship which nothing can destroy because it is based on the equality and independence of each and an attitude of mutual sincerity. For in the absence of sincerity no true marriage, in any modern sense of the word, can exist; and with it all the adjustments in marriage which the complexities of life to-day demand may be adequately achieved.

The modifications that are now taking place in the form of

marriage have been rendered possible by a new attitude toward the whole subject of sex. The tabu on sex which had been handed down from medieval days — and indeed had its origin in the ideas of primitive savagery — has been broken. Those whose memories extend thirty years back can recall how at that time it was almost impossible for the young, whether boy or girl, to obtain any reliable information on questions of sex from parents or teachers, or to find any book (unless we except the Bible) which satisfied their natural curiosity. The only available sources of information supplied what was more misleading than no knowledge at all. Even medical students then (if, indeed, it is not often so still) received not the slightest instruction in the psychology or the hygiene of sex, so that we must not be surprised if they often remain unable to help their patients.

To-day the situation has totally changed. The young of to-day are calm in the presence of life because they are no longer tormented by its embarrassing mysteries. They can not only now learn what they want to learn from books but they feel free to learn by experience, so far as they may desire, from their friends of the other sex. The girl of to-day is undisturbed by things which still bring a blush to the cheek of her grandmother. This does not mean that the great, tragic facts of love have been abolished, for they lie at the roots of life itself. But at all events they can be faced honestly and with clear eyes. They need no longer be obscured by romantic fictions and silly superstitions.

It is notable and significant that this change in the attitude of the young is not confined to one country. It may seem specially marked in America, on account of the Puritanic soil from which it springs, but it is equally so in Germany (to say nothing of Russia, which is yet the great, young country of the future). It may be found in countries so unlike in their traditions as England and Italy. We witness a change, of almost revolutionary nature, which is taking place everywhere. For the first time in our civilization this problem of marriage is being resolutely confronted and firmly grasped with a new confidence of mastery, and the day of hypocritical evasions is over. When invited by Count Keyserling to state his convictions on marriage, Mr. Bernard Shaw replied: "No man dare write the truth about marriage while his wife lives, unless he hates her." It is a statement which the Shaw of the next age (if we can imagine this reincarnation) will never be able to make.

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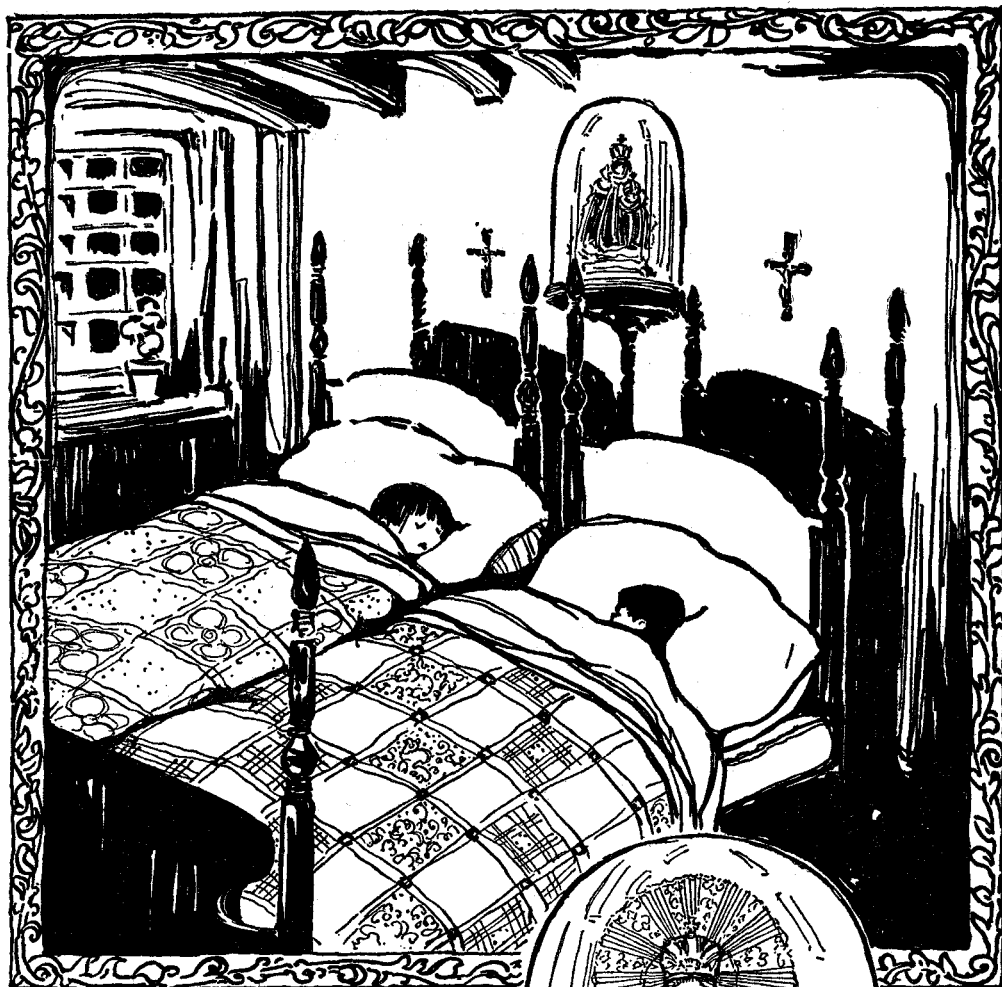
THE PRIZE POEM

Without ~ the great world dead, December snow,
But in the little room what cozy glow
Of firelight weaving shadows on the wall!
The kettle's song ~ peace brooding over all.
Above the beds, high on his sturdy shelf
Beneath a glass, the Blessed One Himself,
The Little Christ of Prague, is looking down.
Dressed in His splendid robe, His halo-crown,
He holds the world safe in one hand and spreads
The other over sleepy little heads
That trust it so. The hearth illumines Him,
As shines the Host in sanctuary dim,
The Infant God, Who till the new day's start
Shall guard the little brothers of His heart.
Hushed as a breath exhaled, His presence fills
This simple room, the Eternal One Who wills
To be the equal of the humblest here.
No hurt can come to us while He is near.
Jesus, Our Brother, watches while we rest,
Our own, as these are ours that we like best:
The lovely doll, the wooden horse, the sheep,
Safe in the corner, safe for us who sleep.
Beyond the curtained snugness of the room
Some kind of clock sounds through the snowy gloom.
The child in his warm bed with happy sigh
That One he loves is hovering near by
To fend away all danger and all harm,
Stirs drowsily, and stretches out his arm;
Makes vain attempt to rouse himself and then
Drifts back contented to his dreams again.

Richmond Hill, N.Y.

MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY



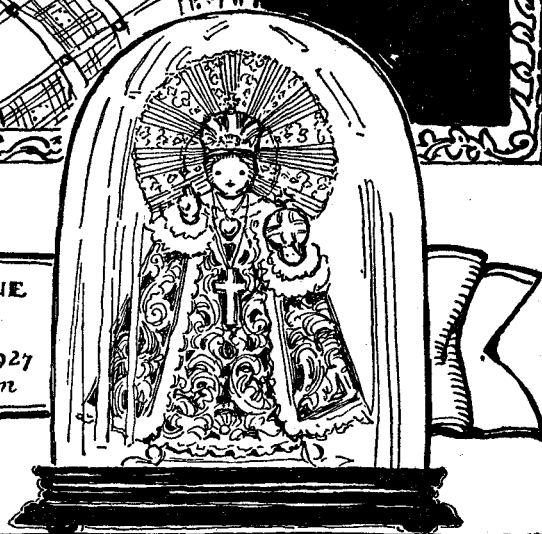


THE CHILD JESUS OF PRAGUE

By Paul Claudel

Forum Prize Poetry Contest 1927

Drawing by Sophia Balcom



L'ENFANT JÉSUS DE PRAGUE

IN June the Editor offered a prize for the best translation of "L'Enfant Jésus de Prague," which M. Claudel himself selected from among his works. From the one thousand versions submitted, that of Miss Molly Anderson Haley, of Richmond Hill, L. I. has been rated first. M. Claudel's original French is reprinted here for comparison with her translation and the five other representative versions.

L neige. Le grand monde est mort sans doute. C'est décembre.
Mais qu'il fait bon, mon Dieu, dans la petite chambre!
La cheminée emplie de charbons rougeoyants
Colore le plafond d'un reflet somnolent,
Et l'on n'entend que l'eau qui bout à petit bruit.
Là-haut sur l'étagère, au-dessus des deux lits,
Sous son globe de verre, couronne en tête,
L'une des mains tenant le monde, l'autre prête
À couvrir ces petits qui se confient à elle,
Tout aimable dans sa grande robe solennelle
Et magnifique sous cet énorme chapeau jaune,
L'Enfant Jésus de Prague règne et trône.
Il est tout seul devant le foyer qui l'éclaire
Comme l'hostie cachée au fond du sanctuaire,
L'Enfant-Dieu jusqu'au jour garde ses petits frères.
Inentendue comme le souffle qui s'exhale,
L'existence éternelle emplit la chambre, égale
À toutes ces pauvres choses innocentes et naïves!
Quand il est avec nous, nul mal ne nous arrive.
On peut dormir, Jésus, notre frère, est ici.
Il est à nous, et toutes ces bonnes choses aussi:
La poupée merveilleuse, et le cheval de bois,
Et le mouton, sont là, dans ce coin tous les trois.
Et nous dormons, mais toutes ces bonnes choses sont à nous!
Les rideaux sont tirés . . . Là-bas, on ne sait où,
Dans la neige et la nuit sonne une espèce d'heure.
L'enfant dans son lit chaud comprend avec bonheur
Qu'il dort et que quelqu'un qui l'aime bien est là,
S'agite un peu, murmure vaguement, sort le bras,
Essaye de se réveiller et ne peut pas.

Paul Claudel

IN BLANK VERSE

IT snows. The great world is dead. It is December
And yet how good it is in this small room!
The fireplace, filled with redly glowing coals,
Colors the ceiling with a sleepy light
And there's no sound but water's boiling sigh.
High up, set on a shelf, above the beds
Under the globe of glass, crowned with a crown,
One hand about the world, the other stretched
To succor children who confide in him,
Fine and serene in his long, solemn robe,
Magnificent beneath his yellow hat,
Prague's Infant Jesus reigns upon his throne.
Alone before the hearth which shines on him
Like a white Host withdrawn, the Infant God
Protects his little brothers till the dawn.
Hushed as calm breath exhaling into light,
The still, eternal presence fills the room
And touches each naïve poor innocence.
When he is with us, we are safe from harm.
Jesus is here, our brother, we can rest.
He is our own and all these good things too!
The marvelous doll, the rocking-horse, the sheep,
All three are quiet in the corner there.
We sleep, but all these fine things still are ours!
The curtain's drawn. . . . Somewhere, one knows not where,
Within the snowy night an hour strikes.
The child in his warm bed sighs happily,
Knowing he sleeps and knowing through the sleep
That Somebody who loves him well is near,
Moves a bit, murmurs vaguely, lifts an arm,
Tries to wake up and cannot stir.

Paris

— *Rosemary Carr Benét*

IN RIME

IT snows — and out of doors perhaps the world has died.
It is December — but how good it is inside
Here in this little room, before the sleepy glow
Of ruddy coals that fill the fireplace, and throw
Warm lights across the ceiling. Every sound is stilled,
Only the quiet murmur of a kettle filled
Boils softly through the night. Above between the beds,
There on a shelf before the open hearth which sheds
A drowsy light about him where he reigns alone,
The little Child Jesus of Prague sits on his throne;
Under a crystal globe, his crown upon his head,
Holding the world in one hand, with the other spread
To shelter all the little ones who trust in him.
He looks so lovable and sweet under the brim
Of that wide aureole, which like a yellow hat
Spreads out above his head magnificent and flat,
And underneath the weight of that long solemn dress
He looks wistful and small. The shadows seem to press
About him from the dark, and like the Host withdrawn
The Christ Child guards his little brothers till the dawn.
As softly as a gentle sigh across the gloom
It seems as if eternity has filled the room
Enveloping the humble things within it, till
They too become eternal, magical, and still.
When he is here, our Brother Jesus, then no harm
Can come to us, we sleep protected, safe and warm.
For as these simple things we love belong to us
He too belongs to us; just as the marvelous
Great doll, the wooden horse, the little woolly sheep
Who all sit quiet in their corner while we sleep,
Knowing that they are there. Far distant in the night
Beyond the close drawn curtains, and across the white
Wide space of snow, somewhere an hour strikes. The sound
Does not disturb the little child buried in sleep profound,
Happy in his warm bed, smiling as if he feels
Some one who loves him well is here. Softly he steals
An arm out of the covers, moves a little, sighs
Vaguely, but cannot wake no matter how he tries.

Philadelphia

— *Katherine Garrison Chapin*

CHAUCERIAN

FALLETH the snow. The grete world withoute,
On this Decembre nyght is dead no doute;
But, blisful Lord, withynne this lytel room,
How warm it gloweth — how the darke gloom
Is all to-scattered by the brennyng glede
That peynteth floor and walles with coloures rede.
Drip — drop — from eaves drowsy waters soun —
Lo! There above with shyning, bryght coroune,
Under his globe of verre, beyond our bed,
The infant Jesu stondeth overhead.
The rounde sphere withynne his hond he holdeth —
The other forth out-stretched, as who enfoldeth
The lytel trustynge bryddes, weke and smalle,
In robe solempne, full tendre to them alle;
With hat of yelwe gold magnificent,
He ruleth all the world Omnipotent.
Alone withouten any compaignye,
Biforn the hearth, as at the altars hye
The blessed Host. Alone till dawnes lyght,
He guardeth alle his lytel sheep aryght.
Softly and lyghtly as a breth distylleth,
The lyf eterne our narwe chambre filleth,
As for these sely creatures alle.
When he is nere, no ill ne can bifalle —
We slepen sauf, with Him, brother and guide,
Yea, He is oures, and alle goode thinges byside —
The wondrous doll, the stede of wood we see,
And eke the lamb, together alle three;
And as we slumbren, all the gaudes there
The curtaines drawen — below, man knoweth not where —
Muffled by snow and nyght the clokkes alarm.
The chylde withynne his bed ywrapped warm
Glad that he sleepeth, with the loved one nere,
Stireth a lyte, murmureth a drowsy chere,
Smyling with arm outstretched, to wake he deemeth,
But lo! how still his sleep, how depe he dreameth!

Boston

— *Charlotte F. Babcock*

BY AN AUGUSTINIAN MONK

DECEMBER snows! The great world's dead, no doubt,
But this small room, dear Lord, how snug throughout!
The fireplace filled with ruddy embers bright
Upon the wall reflects its drowsy light,
While on the hob a pot disports itself.
Above two little beds, upon a shelf
A statue crowned beneath a crystal globe —
One hand the world upholds — its robe,
The other spreads o'er babes that trust in Him;
Most loving in His regal mantle trim,
Superb in mighty hat of tawny tone,
The Infant God of Prague rules from His throne.
Before the gleaming hearth He stands alone,
Like Host the Tabernacle's depths within,
Till dawn the Infant guards His little kin.
As passes through the air a breath unheard,
So softly fills the room, th' Eternal Word.
Alike to all these homely, harmless things;
To us, no harm His presence ever brings.
We sleep secure, our Brother Christ is here;
Ours, He is and all these things so dear;
The talking doll, the gallant horse of wood,
The woolly sheep — all these are where they stood.
And while we sleep these things are ours for good.
Then draw the shades. Afar, we know not where,
A clock chimes through the snowy, darkling air.
In cozy cot the boy is pleased to hear
That as he sleeps a well-loved friend is near,
He stirs, throws out his arms, soft murmurs break,
He tries to rouse himself, but cannot wake.

Villanova, Pa.

— J. F. McGowan, O. S. A.

FROM THE NORTHWEST

THE wide December world is dead in snow,
But in our nursery, how warm the glow
Of drowsy embers on the wall and floor!
One hears the kettle humming — nothing more.
Above the two small beds, high on his shrine,
Beneath a crystal shade and crown divine,
The world in one hand and the other spread
To bless the children trusting his Godhead,
Clad in a robe of state, serene and mellow,
And wondrous quite, with his huge hat of yellow,
The little Christ of Prague holds throne and state.
Alone before the fire irradiate,
As in the pyx the hidden Host appears,
So stands the baby God till daylight nears,
Warding his little brothers from night fears.
Unheard as quiet breathing, in the room
God and the Veritable Presence loom,
One with each simple childish toy or treasure.
His power will save from harm beyond all measure.
Soundly we sleep, with brother Jesus here —
Our brother, truly, dear as our toys are dear:
The talking doll, the wooden hobbyhorse,
And the three woolly lambs penned up perforce
In the far corner. Even while we sleep
All these good gifts are ours to keep.
The shades are drawn. Far out of sight
In snow and darkness, strikes some hour of night.
The drowsy child in the warm happy spell
Of sleep, feels near some one who loves him well,
Who holds the gates of slumber for his sake,
Tosses a little arm, as though to break
The charm; moves, murmurs, tries, but cannot wake.

Spokane

— *Elizabeth Connes Lindsay*

ARE WE DEBAUCHED BY SALESMANSHIP? — A DEBATE

YES, says Mr. Chase. Gone is the day of quiet quality in manufacture and marketing. To-day wares must shriek their value at us — and the value is too often illusory. The rush and stress of modern life is whipped on to absurd excesses by high-pressure salesmanship, in which advertising is chief of the abuses but not by any means the only one. False statement, misleading statement, and too frequent inferiority in product are his chief accusations. In modern business, he asserts, ethics is at a discount, and a mad frenzy for sales, sales, sales is all that matters.

NO, says Mr. Durstine. To-day advertising is as well established as any other profession. Abuses do indeed exist, as they exist in every other field of human activity. Mr. Chase's picture is one-sided. The forms of abuse which he points out are either exceptional or are being rapidly rectified. The high pressure of modern salesmanship is merely an expression of the necessary — and in the main beneficial — pressure of modern life. He challenges not merely Mr. Chase's interpretation of the facts but even some of his statements of fact.

I — SIX CYLINDER ETHICS

STUART CHASE

IT is recorded that a certain advertising agency offered a reward of five hundred dollars to anyone on its staff who could secure the name of a very great lady in New York society as an indorser of a toilet preparation which the agency was handling. A young woman after several gallant attempts received the prize, amid the applause of her colleagues. The bait that she offered the matron was five thousand dollars; and her argument was to the effect that while the great lady did not need the money herself, the five thousand dollars would be very useful to help meet the constant appeals for charity with which all great ladies are deluged. What was a name and a picture against a Lady Bountiful helping as never before to bind up the broken hearted? The lady signed on the dotted line, and a million lesser ladies shortly learned the happy news that an idol of Fifth Avenue used daily the compound that was to be purchased in any drug store. As a matter of fact, she never used it, and never intended to.

In the winter of 1925 there was held a fashion show in New

York City. Across the brilliantly lighted hall passed mannikin after mannikin, gowned and hatted to the second. Particularly hatted, as the milliners were underwriting the exhibit. A committee of distinguished artists watched the mannikins and scored them according to the beauty of their hats, their faces, their figures, and the rest of their costumes, if any. The winners were to be found in rotogravure sections the country over, the following Sunday. A committee of distinguished society women, headed by the Duchess of Richelieu, sponsored the occasion. The whole enterprise was the creation of an astute counsel on public relations who had been called in by desperate milliners to avert a tragedy. The tragedy lay in the fact that American women were buying cheap and deplorably durable felt hats, instead of the feathers and laces and ribbons dictated at once by fashion and duty. So the distinguished artists and the distinguished society women recalled them to their duty, the milliners began to sell more ribbons, the counsel on public relations received his honorarium, and everybody was happy. Save possibly a few millions of women who could ill afford the higher priced hats.

These cases can be duplicated with a hundred variations in a score of fields. They are so common that they may be regarded as normal behavior. Only an antedeluvian would raise any question of ethics in respect to them. A woman sells her name, her picture, and a lie for five thousand dollars; a group of artists sell their professional integrity to help milliners stamp out felt hats — well, what of it? *For Gawd's sake, what of it? This is a free country, isn't it? They got away with it, didn't they? Applesauce! You ought to be ridin' in a berdic.*

Perhaps one ought. For the last speaker has all the weight of the ruling folkways behind him. His is the authentic voice of the herd, which, throughout all the records of anthropology, decrees that what is, is right. Before that sovereign law, one bows one's head. But it may not be altogether unprofitable to describe this new code of ethics which has won its way rather suddenly as such things go, and almost without our conscious knowledge, and to compare it with other codes which have been displaced.

In the last generation, the technical arts have built an industrial plant capable of producing goods a great deal faster than purchasing power has been released to absorb them. As

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an inevitable result, the world of business has shifted its accent from producing to selling. The great and pressing problem has been how to dispose of the volume of articles which mass production has made possible. Hence the higher salesmanship, advertising, sales quotas, the shattering of sales resistance, go-getters, the discovery of Jesus of Nazareth as the first advertising man, courses on the development of personality, pie charts, maps with red, orange, and violet pins, closing men, contact men, sucker lists, full line forcing, direct mail appeals, trade association drives, Paint Up Week, the conversion of real estate men into realtors, the conversion of advertising men into counsels on public relations, the conversion of undertakers into morticians. (One awaits expectantly the inauguration of a Get Buried Oftener Week.)

High speed selling has been so essential (with no fundamental change in the money and credit structure) and so universal, that it has profoundly affected both related and distant fields. Thus the clergy have taken over the technique in great numbers, and urge us to church with posters, sky signs, dodgers, and even veiled hints of sermons garnished with sex appeal. The charity organizations, the colleges, and the Y. M. C. A. yield to none in the consummate skill with which they sell the public their plans for new buildings, endowments, and the wherewithal to appease bigger and better breadlines. No politician worthy of the name is to be found without his publicity agent, endlessly busy on the job of selling the statesman to his customers. No respectable captain of industry fails to retain a counsel on public relations to sell his personality, his shiny new dimes, his marvelous whiskers, his throbbing brain, his great open heart, to the free citizens of the greatest republic ever heard of. Giant corporations sell at once the hind quarters of beef and a special brand of good will, as evidenced by full page spreads describing their worthy plans for the distribution of stock to their employees, or a glimpse at their welfare departments, or a modest appraisal of their secure niche upon the great scrolls of science. While the managers of tabloid newspapers will sell their movables, their shirts, their wives, their honor, and the immortal souls of themselves and their employees, for another fifty thousand circulation.

For better or for worse, we have entered the Age of the Salesman. The final objective of the salesman is to put it across, to get away with it, to secure the order. The signature on the dotted

line becomes the Supreme Good. It follows that any methods involved in this consummation, are, *ipso facto*, good methods. The new ethics is thus built on the ability to get away with it, by whatever means.

Perhaps another reason for the change is to be found in the increasing interdependence and specialization of the means of livelihood. It is all very well for a self-supporting farmer to tell his tempters to get behind him, but how about a clerk in a bank, or a machine hand in a cotton factory? To such the doctrine of the main chance is part and parcel of the law of economic survival. To voice sturdy and independent opinions is tantamount to losing one's job. Where is one to find another? The most elementary common sense accordingly forces the taking of the cowl of the yes man. And for a yes man to have a sense of honor is unthinkable.

Finally, the sheer multiplication of the means of communication, particularly the telephone, the press, and the radio, have raised to the nth power both the demands made upon persons in the public eye, and the facilities for amplifying their pronouncements. The sense of speaking to 20,000,000 breakfast tables, to 4,000,000 subway riders, or into 10,000,000 receiving sets, is more than human nature, guided by the old ethics, can stand. There remains nothing golden about silence, figuratively, or practically, in the face of such unparalleled opportunities to inflate the ego.

By way of contrast let us glance briefly at some of the articles of the code which salesmanship and the doctrine of getting away with it, displaces. For want of a better title, it might be termed the code of the freeman and the gentleman. Among its major tenets are, or were:

To stand on one's own feet — without the aid of spokesmen, official or otherwise.

To hold one's honor unpurchasable, whether the bribe be fame, advancement, or cold cash. As between dishonor and starvation, to starve.

To make one's word as good as one's bond.

To build friendships on the basis of love and affection, rather than on the basis of what one can get out of it.

To shake hands, to greet, to wish Godspeed, and to speak kindly, without an ulterior motive based on cash considerations.

To criticize forcibly, directly, and passionately, if need be,

without let or hindrance based on cash considerations or any considerations whatsoever.

To make honest goods and honestly to describe them — with no higher duties toward sales resistance at all.

To be modest, both in respect to one's achievements and one's goods, on the sound psychological premise that no reliability can attach to one's judgment of one's self. It has taken, at a conservative estimate, ten billion dollars' worth of advertising to uproot and utterly to destroy that premise in the public mind, but the job has been done. It is now, if you please, our duty to pat — nay, thwack — ourselves upon the back, as noisily, as frequently, and as expensively as possible.

Even to recite this ancient code, is to invite an odor of lavender and musk. It brings a tear, but it is quite, quite dead. Yet these are the imperatives which the generation that is now entering middle age took in with its mothers' milk. While still courtesied to in theory, it is as extinct as the dodo in the tangible practice of the great majority of adult, male Americans. A few white haired old gentlemen in the Back Bay, in Richmond, in Charleston, a very substantial, but declining, body of independent farmers, a handful of kindly faced country storekeepers still revere the ancient code and honestly try to act upon it. But no living specimens survive in either New York or Chicago, and for practical purposes it is unknown in any up and coming urban center. Floral Heights will have none of it; Main Street is shifting to six cylinder ethics with incredible rapidity.

"Sell thyself" rather than "Know thyself" is the categorical imperative of the age. And the end of that selling is always and forever to be reckoned in thirty pieces of silver or its multiples.

The ethics of the merchant have been under suspicion since time out of mind. In many civilized communities down the ages, the business man has been placed rather below than above the house servant, when grading the professions. Never, until the industrial revolution, did he reach the top of the heap. That his dubious notions of what constitutes honorable conduct should ever come to dominate a great nation would have been frankly inconceivable to any philosopher before 1900. Even such a doubtful moralist as Napoleon, rather than calling them pigs, went even lower and called the English shopkeepers.

In an atmosphere of well-nigh universal opprobrium, one cannot blame the merchants and the manufacturers of the nineteenth century for seeking to get out of the ruck. In England, many of them succeeded, and in the finest conceivable way — by introducing the code of the gentleman into their business transactions. Closely they dealt, but honorably. A generation ago, no small number of American business houses were aware of the Forsyte method, and took pride in a service honorably performed, a house honorably built, a sound article honorably sold — and did not vent that pride to all the world, at space rates.

But it has been difficult for honor and decency to subsist against both the age-long traditions of commerce and the terrific pressure engendered by mass production and a failing purchasing power. The philosophy of the main chance is thus still paramount in business, but instead of receiving the shrugs of the citizenry as heretofore, it now receives their shouts and applause. While every walk of life, from hod carrier to President, asks no more of God than the ability to emulate it. And so we have great ladies and great artists selling lies, counterfeit opinions, dishonorable indorsements, hack prose, hack pictures, or what have you, to any huckster that comes along whose words are sweet, whose check is large, and whose promise of publicity is unlimited. There is no sense of dishonor, we repeat, for everybody is doing it. It has been welded into the custom of the times.

They are doing it in so many ways that to describe the operations of the new ethics in any detail would fill a library. We can but observe briefly a few of the more outstanding exhibits.

Take for instance the rapid development of the phenomenon known to the trade as "ghost writing." This art, as practiced by a horde of bright young men and women, consists in the preparation of books, magazine articles, statements, speeches, and broadsides for the signature or delivery of dignitaries and celebrities — real and bogus — who employ the bright young persons. Thus captains of industry, moving picture sirens, famous murderesses, department store magnates, Mrs. Peaches Browning, elder statesmen, rush into print, or out upon platforms, with autobiographies, diaries, reminiscences, current comment, warnings, prophecies, and portents, not a word of which has come from their own pens, and Heaven and their secretaries alone know how much from their own brains. In this manner the personalities of both men of genuine talent and of stuffed shirts are lubricated

in a common stream of standardized publicity, buttered with secondhand phrases, and made as monstrous and alien as any Mayan idol buried in the forests of Yucatan. They cease to be fallible human beings, susceptible to intelligent appraisal, and become corporate entities, with a good will valuation based on the publicity investment, and issues of preferred, common, and management shares, just around the corner. Who would not subscribe to a few shares in Charles M. Schwab, Inc., at 110 and accrued interest?

It took Mr. Ivy Lee hardly five short years to transform Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Senior, from an agent of Mephisto, to a kindly old gentleman, showering his caddies with dimes. Name your mask, and a reliable agent can be found to sell it to the country, doubtless on installment payments if you so desire.

Furthermore, a curious theory is held to apply to the whole phenomenon. It is universally held that the cardinal requirement is to keep one's name in the headlines, regardless of whether the comment be favorable or unfavorable. No opportunity for free publicity whatever its nature, is to be disregarded. This is axiomatic.

Consider the fundamental technique of advertising goods. (The word "goods" is euphonious, a quaint survival of the ancient code.) A manufacturer of God knows what retains an agency to market his product. Short of opium and the more deadly varieties of arsenic, the agency accepts the mandate with enthusiasm. Competition being what it is, clients are not to be found behind every bush. The problem is to break down consumer resistance to the product. The common citizen, by hook or by crook, must be made to want it, demand it, wake up at night and cry for it. In the struggle, all the sometime considerations of ordinary decency and humanity are thrown to the winds. The assault is founded upon the latest clinical and laboratory findings of psychology. No up-to-date advertising agency would think of doing business without the assistance of a staff of psychologists of the highest scientific attainments.

The product is considered, and the agency and its experts run down the table of available chords upon which to play. Shall it be snob copy, keeping up with the Joneses, an appeal to class prejudice, vanity, shame (halitosis), the accusing finger of scorn, the dear old flag, flattery, envy, fear (four-out-of-five), home and mother, greed, the pathetic desire for cultural advancement, or

sex appeal? (The last type of copy is selling goods faster than any other technique at the present time.) These carefully prepared and doctored impulses, in the hands of trained canvassers and agents, and on a million printed advertisements, billboards, and letters, are frequently no fairer to the consumer than had the seller hit him over the head with a club, left a bottle of colored tap water beside him, and picked his pocket. The nearer the patient approaches a state of complete hypnosis, the more signal the honor to the advertiser.

Here are the instructions of an advertising manager to Mrs. Helen Woodward when she was preparing to write copy for an infants' food, as recounted in her recent book (she wrote it herself) *Through Many Windows*:

As for this baby-food, for God's sake put some sob-stuff in it. You know. And make it beautiful, too. Make it beautiful, make the words sing. Heavens! There isn't a woman that cares about facts. That kind of stuff you write for the *Woman's Home Companion*, that's what gets 'em. Tears! Make 'em weep!

That this technique sells goods is not to be denied. Often, indeed, it sells goods of excellent quality, reasonably priced. But caught in this net of primitive stimulus and response, the consumer is stripped of all standards of judgment, his native sense is overwhelmed with psychological reactions which reduce him almost to an automatic idiot, and he never knows whether the thing he buys is worth the money he pays for it, whether it is a good product ridiculously overpriced, or whether it is just so much junk. The advertising agency applies the same laws in selling the sound with the shoddy, and in the hurly-burly there is no court of appeal. How many manufacturers have gone cascading to eternity because their goods were better than their advertising? And how many jerry-builders taken up residence on Park Avenue?

A concern manufacturing roofing paper accumulated large stocks during the War hoping to sell the material to the government. The Bureau of Standards tested the product and found it far below quality requirements. Nothing daunted, the concern dumped the whole inventory on the general public by means of a well engineered advertising campaign. They put it over. Good for them. Who is there to raise a word of criticism or objection — save possibly the vendees of the condemned roofing paper?

The significant fact, furthermore, is not the plight of the con-

sumer upon whom is unloaded a misrepresented product, but the calm, nay cheerful acceptance by the advertising copy writer, of the chance to further the unloading. Instead of avoiding the opportunity as the ethics of the professional man have heretofore dictated, he accepts it eagerly, almost reverently, as a challenge to his ability to put it across. There is no higher crown than the simple motto: "P. S. He got the job."

Consider the million tangled trails girdling the country with indirect impulses to buy. How much did the florists have to do with the establishing of Mothers' Day? How much did the paint manufacturers have to do with the establishment of Clean Up Week?

Can you identify a "contact man" when he stands you a drink in your club or turns up at a week-end party or joins a theatre party of your friends? Do you know who is paying for his clothes and his Harvard accent, and what he is trying to sell? Do you know what sucker lists you are on, and how much your name is worth on the open market to buyers of sucker lists? Do you know what private arrangements are behind the ostensibly fearless and independent book reviews you scan, and the number of drops of perspiration lost by publishers in consummating those arrangements? Do you know if the entertaining and instructive articles you read in the popular magazines are the honest opinions of their authors, or made to order merchandise, guaranteed to offend no advertiser, at so much a word?

Do you know by what means, and for what end, a certain tabloid newspaper forced the sovereign state of New Jersey to reopen the Hall-Mills case? Do you know what the selection of college presidents, skilled in the snaring of endowments, is doing to education? Do you know — if you live in New York — that the surgeon who takes out your appendix probably splits the fee with the doctor who recommended the operation? Do you know who engineers the changes in the style of clothes that you buy and the relentless principles upon which that engineering is based?

Do you know the "Mothers' Club" game in selling children's books from door to door? Do you know how many trade associations are organized at the present time to make you anything from halitosis to sauerkraut conscious? Do you know a tithe of the hidden forces allied to somebody's balance sheet which lie back of the publicity you scan, the news that you read, the pic-

tures that you see? Do you know a gold digger when you meet one?

Business principles, having become the higher good, are embraced by all the world of labor. If there is a wageworker left alive who does not operate on the sovereign rule of all the traffic will bear, he should be put in a museum and preserved for posterity to boggle at. Giving the boss the minimum of work which will get by is exactly what the boss gives to his customers, and is so understandable, and perhaps not altogether deplorable. What is deplorable — yea, tragic — from the standpoint of the older ethics, is the collapse of the standards of workmanship which so frequently accompanies this wholesale adoption of businesslike principles. Again, it is not so much the effect on the wood or the metal — though the sheer waste of good, raw material runs into staggering totals — but the effect on the man who has lost all pride in the work of his hands. To tear from one's inner motivation the spirit of craftsmanship and the pride of work, is almost to destroy the very fabric of character, the very meaning of life itself.

A girl swims the English channel, a boy flies from New York to Paris, another becomes the greatest half-back ever known. Is there any limit to the callous proposals for capitalizing the achievement and so dragging these children into the dirt? Under the muddy boots of hucksters, the carved beauty of their deeds is trampled and disfigured. A brave and gallant spirit is flung into a sideshow and made to grimace and clown; to act when he is no actor; to write when he is no writer; to indorse cheeses and soaps and cigarettes that he has never touched; to play the fool for all the world to gape and titter at. And for this bottomless indignity, a bag of gold is universally held to balance the account in full. He, and the procurers who have exposed him for sale, have cleaned up big, and every requirement of the six cylinder code has been met.

Have you looked into the eyes of the young men with the old faces who droop, smoking, from every doorway along Times Square and Broadway on a summer evening? Is there one of them, poor devil, who has not his price, in three figures? They only follow in miniature the Hon. Albert B. Fall, whose only fault lay in the fact that he did not quite get away with it.

And on all fours with this behavior is the conscious and deliberate fostering of arrested mental development, the writing down to the moron level, of the business men who run the tab-

loids, the movies, the true confession magazines, the radio. Such entrepreneurs recognize no responsibility whatever for trying to raise the level of popular education through the stupendous and unparalleled forces at their disposal. If more money is to be made by promoting the mass production of imbeciles, their mandate under the new ethics is clear. Make it.

Finally we have to record what is perhaps the most curious and the most significant item in the whole phenomenon of changing ethics — the ever growing number of barrels of holy water with which business is being sprinkled — nay, drenched. Commerce is taking upon itself all the sanctions of the church, and so slowly but surely transforming its common street behavior into a semisacred cult whose rituals are not to be profaned.

Witness for instance the pious historical labors of Mr. Bruce Barton and the phenomenal sale of his book, *The Man Nobody Knows*. He discovers the welcome fact that the founder of Christianity was also the founder of the arts of selling and advertising. Here was the first man who knew how To Put It Across Big. Sober citizens the nation over read this book by the hundreds of thousands and nod their heads in approval. To them there is no longer any distinction between the ringing call of a prophet and the ringing call of a soap factory. The ringing is all that counts.

We note the Ten Commandments for Retail Dealers, widely distributed among shopkeepers. Commandment the first begins:

"Thou shalt love thy business, and it only shalt thou serve."

The identification of God with the cash register could hardly be more complete. So instant was the success of this new decalogue that other merchants' associations have followed suit. Indeed, on our desk lies the Ten Commandments for Philatelic Wholesalers.

The whole gospel of "Service" is an attempt to identify religion with commercial enterprise. Instead of a normal, profit-seeking individual with an eye single to all the traffic will bear, the business man becomes, under the sanctions of this gospel, a Servant to the People, a Washer of Feet at the Banquet, a Benefactor of Humanity, or what have you.

The Hon. Charles D. Marckles welcomes the Northwestern Lumbermen's Association into the everlasting arms with these words:

As I sometimes wonder about the problem of life, and the reason we lumbermen are permitted to enjoy the blessings of this earth, the thought has come to me that we are expected to do something more than accumulate wealth for ourselves. . . . I sometimes think that our real purpose is to build, and create the desire to build, homes for the people. . . . When we stand before the Great Judge he will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servants. As you have provided homes on earth for my children, even so I have provided a home for you where everlasting happiness and eternal peace shall be your reward in Heaven."

In the same strain is the speech of the Hon. Carl Weeks before the Rotary Club of Waterloo, Iowa:

Men have sought to define what Rotary is — what is the secret of its hold upon man. I say Rotary is a manifestation of the divine.

While the chief editorial writer of the *Chicago Tribune* contributes the following:

Just as Liberty Bonds, which have intrinsic value, are essential to the saving of the nation and of personal advantage to everyone who purchases them — but must nevertheless be urged upon the people; so the Bible must have back of it a group of men and women who will devote themselves to its general circulation.

In other words, sell the Bible as you sell Liberty Bonds, oil stock, or wall board.

To the older ethics this alliance between business and religion appears as cant and hypocrisy, but to the new it is accepted as sound and self-evident doctrine. The unbridgeable chasm between behavior animated by selfishness, however enlightened, and behavior animated by the true spirit of unselfish service — is utterly ignored.

To complete the picture, while business becomes more divine, the divines, following the dictum of the *Chicago Tribune*, become more businesslike, thus cementing the sacred bond. Here, for example, is the notice of a forthcoming sermon as announced by a pastor of New Kensington, Pennsylvania:

Listen Girls!

A BEAUTY SECRET THAT NEVER FAILS

This is the Sermon Topic

Sunday 7:45 P.M., First Baptist Church.

Luxurious Hair — How to have it!

Keep that School-Girl Complexion!

Good Song Service

Full Orchestra

The Rev. J. W. Ham speaking before the Roanoke, Virginia, Real Estate Board, says, in part:

Moses was a real estate man. He saw wonderful possibilities in Canaan. Quicker returns would come by developing Canaan than by fooling around in the deserts of Egypt.

The Rev. S. P. Weaver of West Bridgewater, Connecticut, offers five gallons of gasoline to the man or woman who brings the most people to church on Sunday. The title of his sermon is "Signs for the Autoist." Not to be outdone, the pastor of the Methodist Church in Lauder, Pennsylvania, preaches on, "God's Selected Chauffeur." While the Rev. B. G. Hodge of Owensboro, Kentucky, takes the pulpit to speak on "Solomon, a Six-Cylinder Sport." All lit up with this inner glow, the business man proceeds upon his way, confident that whatever methods he employs to ease the customer of his money are, as it were, anointed methods. He serves. Furthermore, to do him no unwarranted injustice, it should be pointed out that the customer usually is also a disciple of the new ethics, equally intent on getting away with it, through whatever means may come to hand. Thus, as one big family, we cheerfully take whatever is not nailed down, on the highest moral grounds.

Enough of this speculative anthropology. The laws which govern the changes in the folkways are inscrutable, and no single commentator may hope to follow them with any accuracy. A tendency only has been recorded, and that with dubious verihood. It is more than time to get back to business.

A person whom the author knows as well as he knows himself, goes to review a book which gives indirect stimulus to a young but aspiring industry. He is, this person, an accountant of sorts, as well as a writer. The review editor believes him independent, and desirous of describing the book. As a matter of fact he loathes the book, but a client (connected with the industry aforesaid), with his eye full of meaning, has asked him to review it favorably. The philosophy of putting it across demands it, the wife and kiddies expect it, his duty is clear.

And under the weight of the granite of a thousand churches, the iron of a million printing presses, the pulpwood of a billion newspapers bury the man who wrote:

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

II—TWELVE CYLINDER CRITICS

ROY S. DURSTINE

RECENTLY in Franklin P. Adams's column in the *New York World* appeared a couple of paragraphs devoted to Vincent Richards's article in *Liberty* telling why he turned professional.

"Queens endorse cold cream," said Mr. Richards. "Actresses praise pipe tobacco. Society women pose in the latest clothes. They all get paid for their statements but no one thinks it unethical."

"Footfault," replied F. P. A. "There are a good many of us who think it unethical; some of us consider it downright crooked, not only in the person who endorses this or that without knowing anything about it, and signs her name as a user of something she doesn't use, never has used, and never will use; but also in the concern bribing the endorser."

To one who has never believed in the use of the paid testimonial, these are encouraging signs. Changes in thought about advertising practice come gradually. When enough people believe one way, the rest just have to come over. The elimination of paid testimonials from advertising will not be accomplished by resolutions or legislation — not even by such energetic protests as Mr. Chase's. It will come about when enough people realize that it hurts the believability of all the rest of advertising.

Anything which discredits all advertising ought to be eliminated. Paid testimonials certainly discredit legitimate testimonials. And yet there is no stronger form of advertising than the legitimate voluntary testimonial — rare though it is. A surprising number of advertising men will read Mr. Chase's observations on testimonials with great pleasure. He expresses very vividly what they always have been saying and practicing in their daily work. They will be a little amazed at the white heat he displays because he seems to be under the impression that he has discovered something new. They have been far ahead of him in their aversion to this type of advertising. They have been refraining from using it, talking against it, advising against it.

One of the world's really great pianists is an inventor. He has patented and sold a great number of devices used to-day on

automobiles. He receives a large income from his royalties on inventions. Experimenting in a mechanical laboratory is only a hobby with this musician but it is a very paying hobby. A certain radio manufacturer sent a receiving set to this pianist after he had played for one of the manufacturer's broadcasting concerts. Presently came the strongest possible letter of endorsement from this musician. He was speaking voluntarily and he was speaking as an authority on electromechanism as well as music. His was the kind of testimonial that all others pretend to be. No one had asked him for it. He was not in need of publicity. He was prompted to write it only by his admiration for another man's craftsmanship. He composed it himself and wrote it with his own hand. Some letters like that come to every good manufacturer, many to some. More power to them and to their use in advertising. They are genuine, sincere, convincing.

The first step away from this ideal form is the passive testimonial. A book about to be published is sent to a list of celebrities who are asked to give their opinions. The assumption is that they are to like it. And right there we encounter a very human trait which accounts for a great share of the nonvoluntary testimonials. It is this: Many people are so glad to see their names and their pictures in print, either because they feel that it helps them socially or in their business or because they just like publicity, that they are only too happy to say a few kind words about a new book or a new play or any other piece of respectable merchandise.

From this, it is hardly a full step to the person who never saw nor used the piece of merchandise but who by some agreeable excuse is inveigled into accepting a check for endorsing it — for charity, as Mr. Chase says, or as a nest egg for a child or as a favor to a persuasive young person whose job is to plead that she can get a good job if she can get a few women of Mrs. Vandergrift's type to recommend this product.

This is very mild compared to the next step, which is taken wholeheartedly and with one bound by the people who see the commercial possibilities in this situation and grab them. Then you get the wholesale endorsers. Lindbergh was and is the refreshing exception. But you needn't fly to France to have the chance to collect assorted sums. Recently an agent appeared in advertising circles with an amazing list of names — unbelievably prominent in the world's corridors of fame — all of whom would

endorse nearly anything at \$5000 per eulogy. And you know how cigarette smoking helps the voice.

In the speech before the American Association of Advertising Agencies over a year ago, Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins, one of its members, said among other things worth heeding:

The very fact that this traffic exists, the very fact that testimonials can be bought in that off-hand manner, and that publicity or money is traded to actresses, society women, and professional beauties in return for an insincere endorsement of a product of which they know nothing, the mere fact that the service exists and that knowledge of the service can become public property, not only vitiates confidence in that kind of advertising, but undermines all advertising. A rotten apple standing next to a sound one will cause the sound one to rot. Rotten advertising running in publications alongside of sound advertising will affect the sound and cause it to rot in the public mind.

It seems fairly evident, thank goodness, that the life of these testimonials is pretty definitely limited. Most advertising men will be sincerely glad when it will be as impossible to think of a good advertising agency's publishing a paid testimonial as it is now to think of its handling the advertising of a stock swindle or a tuberculosis cure.

The point worth remembering particularly is that changes of this kind occur only when there is a sentiment in their favor within the group of people most affected. That sentiment exists and is growing rapidly.

From a casual reading of Mr. Chase's jeremiad, you would hardly suspect that this is so. There lies the danger of his generalizations. His technique in the present article is exactly like the method pursued in *Your Money's Worth*, of which he was part (and apparently, now, a considerable part) author. There are two explanations for it: Either he delights in seizing upon a few sensational and isolated episodes from which he can spring into a generalization; or he likes to shut his eyes deliberately to a true, full picture of the facts because he believes that to make a point, you must give yourself a safe margin of exaggeration. Apparently no one has ever explained to him that to be heard in the market place, it is sometimes better not to shout but to whisper.

It seems to be possible to find lawyers willing to take either side of the most scandalous legal cases. But that doesn't mean that the legal profession is to be judged by their standards. Perhaps we can take Mr. Chase's word for it that some surgeon

in New York "probably splits the fee with the doctor who recommended the operation." But humanity's debt to the medical profession is not canceled by this isolated case, even if it exists. You may even find an accountant who is willing to go Mr. Chase's unfortunate friend one better and falsify an income tax statement instead of merely a book review. But that doesn't mean that there aren't thousands of honest C. P. A.'s. Advertising has a right to be judged, too, by the prevailing sentiment rather than by the culpable exception.

But suppose we get a little deeper into Mr. Chase's objections to the American situation. Does it really help matters much to fling our arms to high heaven and shriek so? All of us are here whether we like it or not. Is it better to retire to our libraries and write pieces about how discouraging everything is or to do an honest day's work in the thick of things? The great American habit of rushing around is not particularly new. People have been discovering it, as Mr. Chase has, since long before Charles Dickens came here and remarked: "By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry 'All right!' an American cries 'Go ahead!'" which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries."

The pace of these United States seems as headlong to some people like Mr. Chase, as New York's gait seems to the visitors from Toledo and Denver and Oconomowoc. Many Americans think that other Americans are hurrying pell-mell and getting nowhere. They wish their countrymen would stop stepping on the gas and enjoy the scenery. And even though they drive slowly themselves they complain that the view is spoiled by a billboard. But they overlook a number of things. America isn't composed of one kind of civilization. You can take your pick. If a billboard spoils your view, you can read a book until your train gets out where they are few and far between. Or, if you are motoring, you can think serene thoughts until the road turns. If you hate to mingle with the cutting-up trade at the rush hour, you can buy an abandoned farm and spend your life before an open fire. The rural free delivery will pass your door to carry your manuscripts to market and bring back the checks.

The conditions of modern American life have simply evolved. They have their roots far back in the motives that brought the early settlers to this country, in the European environment from which they were escaping, and in the obstacles that confronted

them. There has been no house committee making rules to discomfit the members. No one has said, "Let's all be go-getters." Our forefathers were obliged both to go and to get. We have inherited an urge.

It's not unnatural that in the general mix-up there has been a tendency to lose sight of what we were going after and to think that the mere act of go-getting had something worthy about it. Here is a country in which the population has doubled in forty-five years. When the Civil War began, there were only thirty-two million people in all of the thirty-four states. When Charles Dickens visited us in 1842, the whole country had no more people in it than New York and Illinois have to-day. Allan Nevins in his *American Social History* quotes that observation by Mr. Dickens with many others that are revealing for those who think that the go-getter has come into existence only since Peter B. Kyne wrote about a blue vase and since the Rotarians started having lunch together. For example, this account of a breakfast scene at Niblo's Hotel in New York is taken from Thomas Hamilton's *Men and Manners in America*, published, in 1833:

The contrast of the whole scene, with that of an English breakfast table, was striking enough. Here was no loitering nor lounging; no dipping into newspapers; no apparent lassitude of appetite; no intervals of repose in mastication; but all was hurry, bustle, clamor, and voracity, and the business of repletion went forward, with a rapidity altogether unexampled. The strenuous efforts of the company were, of course, soon rewarded with success. Departures, which had begun even before I took my place at the table, became every instant more numerous, and in a few minutes the hall had become what Moore beautifully describes in one of his songs, "a banquet hall deserted."

A lot of things have happened to these United States since Charles Dickens was here — things which have made us hurry. One wave of immigration after another hit us. The incoming Germans doubled their numbers from 1881 to 1890. The Irish were already here, and coming strong. The Italians began their inrush in the late eighties. In the decade from 1820 to 1830, less than one hundred and thirty thousand foreign-born people arrived. From 1910 to 1920, nearly six and a half million arrived. Since the World War the "transient" immigrant has all but disappeared. Even before that, two-thirds of those who came liked it so much that they stayed.

A man around forty has watched this country do its best to digest this wave of immigration as well as automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, macadam roads, aeroplanes, subways, radio, telephones, electric railroads, the movies, typewriters, and modern advertising.

Is it any wonder that older and less adaptable civilizations laugh when they see us running up on our own escalators? We can't wait. Things will catch up with us and pass us by if we don't hurry. All right, suppose they do. Many of them don't matter anyway. Let's not be swept off our feet — not even by a desire to curse at the speed of American civilization. It just can't help going so fast. Everything that has happened since our forefathers had to claw a living out of the wilderness has made it hurry. We can't stop its momentum by grouching about it. If we don't want to run, let's walk or sit down and rest. But if we do, let's not complain because the rest of this country of ours doesn't sit down and rest too.

Is it any wonder that each of us looks at things from his own viewpoint? Is it any wonder that the hardest job is to try to keep them sorted out?

One of the New York papers recently contained this piece of news:

"Advertising," said the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman to the weekly luncheon of the Rotary Club at the Waldorf, "is a thing of imagination and is advancing in beauty and execution every day."

That's one side and the other is that an advertising man has written a book about religion and people have bought it by the hundreds of thousands. The dominie tells us all about advertising and the advertising man writes religion. What a country! And then we come to the closing sentence of the news item. It says:

Rotary bowed its head for one minute in memory of Ernest R. Ball, who wrote "Mother Machree"!

Of course, it sounds as if it came from the Americana section of the *American Mercury*. But wait a minute. Are we so ready to laugh at Rotary Clubs because they are really funny or because someone tells us they are?

Did you read Booth Tarkington's *The Plutocrat*? At first you probably hated that loud Middle-Western millionaire. But how he did straighten out before you as you grew to know him through Booth Tarkington's eyes! Things aren't so funny or so vicious or

so curious when you really get to know them. Superficial impressions are nearly always misleading. Twelve cylinder critics who grab a few symbols and generalize about them are about as reliable as these foreign novelists who visit the good hotels in New York, Chicago, and Hollywood, and then, after a month's visit, write a blast at American life. They just don't know American business. Coming upon it for the first time, they see the ancient evils and fail to realize that business itself has been cleaning house and has made itself as good as it is to-day. And that is really surprisingly good.

It's all right for every man to have his own viewpoint but the danger lies in adopting a viewpoint the way a house adopts paint — by having some one lay it on. It's the fashion now to be captious about American business — especially about American business men. There seems to be a paying market for satire on this subject. The same kind of people who go into hysterics at the mention of the word "conference" are having some great laughs at things that are about as fresh and humorous to American business men as that "Hello, is Mr. Fish there?" joke must be to the telephone operator at the Aquarium.

People remote from business swallow whole the surface ideas advanced by the critics of business. Those of us who wear long, gray beards can remember when Elbert Hubbard published a little magazine called *The Philistine*. It was the wise-cracker of its day and all the bright boys could hardly wait until the next number came out. Now we have Mr. Mencken's *American Mercury*. In ten years who will it be? Stuart Chase?

Few people actually move forward. They only change from one circle of bigotry to another. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick was talking about that in one of his talks this spring. He said that some of the younger generation declare that they want more freedom when what they really want is to be allowed to conform to a new but just as blinding set of standards. You know what he meant. The little "cutie" doesn't *really* want to dress as she pleases. She wants to dress like a John Held cover. Where's the freedom in that? If she painted her lips green instead of vermilion — or, which would be even more daring, didn't paint them at all, that would be freedom.

The world seems made up of different planes of poses. Each looks down on the one just over there, forgetting that the people on another plane somewhere up there are looking down on *it*.

Obviously Mr. Chase isn't posing. He is much too sincere for that. But he is being influenced, consciously or not, by the badly informed and smug people who pick up some catch phrases and put them into newspaper paragraphs or plays or funny papers to lambast business. Most of the people they are lampooning have broken their own desks by pounding — and passed on. But the lambasters have no way of knowing that, for they have no first-hand acquaintance with business.

For example, Mr. Chase has a great many things to say about advertising agencies. Most of them are no more typical of the good agencies of the country than machine-guns are typical of home life in Chicago. He is describing the appointment of an agency to market a manufacturer's product.

"Short of opium," says Mr. Chase, "and the more deadly varieties of arsenic, the agency accepts the mandate with enthusiasm."

First error. Any self-respecting agency looks at a prospective client's product with caution. A product of merit is the only one worth advertising. The fact that here and there an unworthy product has made a success through advertising does not disprove the rule that the outstanding and permanent successes of advertising have been made for products of genuine merit. One agency in the past few months has asked to be excused from advertising an amusement enterprise spending a million dollars annually in advertising, a real estate undertaking of size and substance, any number of proprietary articles, and a new rubber heel which probably wouldn't give the public full value. Together they represented two million dollars worth of advertising, refused for the very reason which Mr. Chase denies.

"No up-to-date advertising agency would think of doing business without the assistance of a staff of psychologists of the highest scientific attainments," says Mr. Chase.

Error number two. An excellent example of generalizing from an isolated case. There is one psychologist of high attainment in one New York advertising agency. So far as those familiar with many agencies know, his situation is unique. Again:

"The advertising agency applies the same laws in selling the sound with the shoddy," says Mr. Chase. And: "Instead of avoiding the opportunity as the ethics of the professional man have heretofore dictated, he accepts it eagerly. . . ."

Any number of cases could be cited to refute this third error.

This incident is typical: Not so many years ago, an obscure copywriter was assigned the job of preparing some advertisements for a certain baby food. One reason for his selection was that there was a very new baby in his own home. He talked to a number of baby specialists. He visited public clinics. He read Dr. Holt's big book as well as the small one that was ruling his home just then. And finally, a little white around the mouth because he needed that job just then, he politely but flatly refused to write anything advocating that food for babies. Was he fired? Was he ground under the heel of his boss as Mr. Chase's working friends seem to be? He was not. He was told to put his ideas in a memorandum so that the boss could explain to the client why the agency didn't want to advertise that food for babies.

Throughout Mr. Chase's writings run two characteristics — an incorrigible sentimentality for the good old days and a breathless desire to save the American people from the financial ruin of "a failing purchasing power." Full appreciation of the disaster can be obtained from the recent report of the Bureau of Internal Revenue published on November 3, 1927 in the *New York Times* with the heading "Highest Standard of Living in History Attained Last Year by American People." The dispatch of the Associated Press ran:

"The highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world was reached last year by the American people," the Bureau of Internal Revenue said to-day in a report showing that the 117,000,000 persons in the United States had a total income in 1926 of nearly \$90,000,000,000, an increase of about \$27,000,000,000, or more than 43 percent, in the five years since 1921.

The bureau's figures revealed an increase in the nation's income for each year since 1921, when a total of \$62,000,000,000, was recorded. . . .

"This great increase in income," the bureau said, "is not the result of an increase in the price level, for the average price of consumed goods was actually slightly less in 1926 than in 1921."

You find his sentimentality expressed perhaps unconsciously in such phrases as "an odor of lavender and musk," "took in with its mother's milk," "kindly faced country storekeepers," "still revere the ancient code." Can you remember an old-fashioned grocery store before modern sanitary packing came into existence? The sugar barrel was open, and the flies buzzed in and out. Crackers were exposed to the casual, grimy fingers of every idler. Tea and coffee were scooped out as they were needed and

if their bins had covers, it was usually too much trouble to put them back. The cheese knife lay in the dust on the counter. The cheese itself never seemed to wear its screen hat. Pickles and olives and butter lay in open tubs. Candy lost its sheen in open trays but drew plenty of flies.

To-day the sealed tins and bottles and cartons that line the shelves of a modern grocery bring to your table the products of a thousand farms and gardens and orchards, prepared under rules unbelievably severe. Those who come to know such manufacturers are always amazed at the sincerity of their methods. Nothing is too much trouble to insure a little greater cleanliness, a little surer sanitation, a little higher quality.

"If there is a better grade of flour, buy it," says the head of the largest bread baking company to his purchasing agent.

To buy in bulk, even at a saving of a few pennies, and even disregarding the burden of added household labor, is unattractive to the American woman. For she knows that she would be sacrificing her confidence in what her family is going to eat.

Were the good old days so good? Ask Rupert Hughes. Read William Mackay's diary of the early days of our Republic.

"How melancholy a thing it is," he murmurs, "that the liberties of men should be in the hands of such creatures! I cannot call them men." He is referring to the federal fathers, excepting Washington.

Are you familiar with "the diverting practice of bundling" as described by W. E. Woodward? Almost any days have a way of looking good as they sink into retrospect. Even the '90's are now being described as gay.

Can it be possible that the explanation of Mr. Chase's admiration for former periods is not so much that he loves them as that they offer a useful contrast, a sure-fire contrast of simplicity, with no relatively greater merit to the present American scene? No one believes that American business is even remotely perfect. But is it any worse for Ivy Lee to give the world a perhaps too favorable portrait of John D. Rockefeller than for Mr. Chase to give the world a too unfavorable picture of the American business man? You needn't go to Richmond or the Back Bay, to find people doing a busy day's work in thousands of offices according to that code which Mr. Chase outlines. There may be one exception — the spokesman. Just what his authority is for including that is not quite clear. The amanuensis is old enough

to have a Greek name. He can't accuse the modern American business man of inventing that institution.

In fact in the good old days of American history there is one excellent precedent. A famous general, cornered in battle, was told by his aide that the enemy demanded his immediate surrender.

"Tell the blankety-blank-blank-blank to go to blank," remarked the general. Whereupon his aide wrote and dispatched a message which read: "American courage fights forever!"

One can almost hear Mr. Chase giving himself an exhortation like the one Mrs. Woodward received:

As for modern business, for God's sake put some sarcasm into it. You know. And make it scientific, too. Make it scientific, use technical phrases. Heavens! There isn't a reader who cares about facts. That kind of stuff you wrote in *Your Money's Worth*, that's what gets 'em. Jeers! Make 'em laugh!

Finally, it may be well to observe a twelve cylinder critic out of the library. A certain man of Mr. Chase's school of fault-finding, another twelve cylinder critic (missing on two or three, perhaps), recently was invited to work out some of his ideas under practical conditions. He obtained a job under the watchful eye of another economist and was told to go ahead and economize. They gave him all the rope he wanted and it took him exactly three weeks to get so hopelessly snarled that it took several plain, hard-working business men a long time to untangle the knots.

P. S. He lost the job.

OUR WISER DAUGHTERS

WARWICK DEEPING

Forum Table Talk



Drawings by Johan Bull

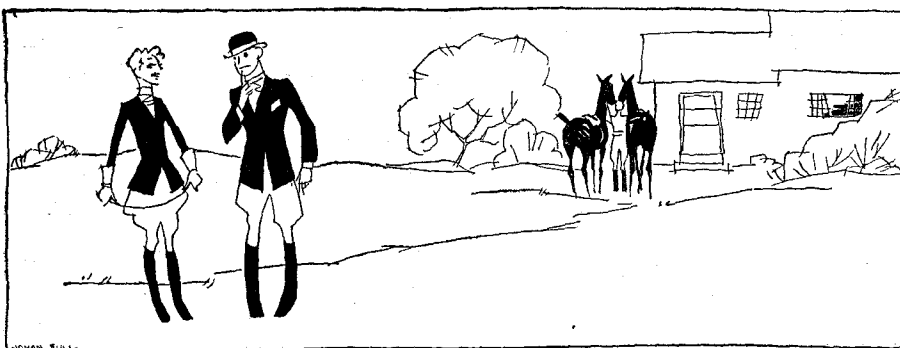
WHAT would the New Eve have said to the Old Adam and the Serpent? How would she have accepted Adam's shirking of the responsibility: "The woman tempted me"? I can see the New Eve handling the situation in a very different manner and allowing Adam to understand he was no sportsman.

In our family it was the tradition that a woman should be adoring. I can remember my little, old, maternal grandfather — dear old autocrat that he was — deporting himself like a bespectacled emperor, and his crown was a stovepipe hat.

I have pondered on the passing of the top hat. Yet women, without exception, seem to approve of the top hat and to regret its decadence. My own wife would lead a revival. I shed the head-gear early, but was not the shedding of it a sign of man's descent from Victorian pomposity, a putting away of the double crown of the Pharaohs, because the Neo-Georgian woman has found him out?

How shall he appeal to the New Eve? As Pharaoh or as Moses among the bulrushes or as a brown rabbit that is easily scared? I have heard a soldier and a man of stout experience exclaim: "These young things frighten me to death. I don't know what the devil to say to them." I have heard a young thing at a dinner table take an eminent diplomat to task over his collars and ties. On another occasion I asked a sprightly young woman if she had any views upon parents. She had. She said, "Parents are better disciplined than they were."

Admirable frankness!

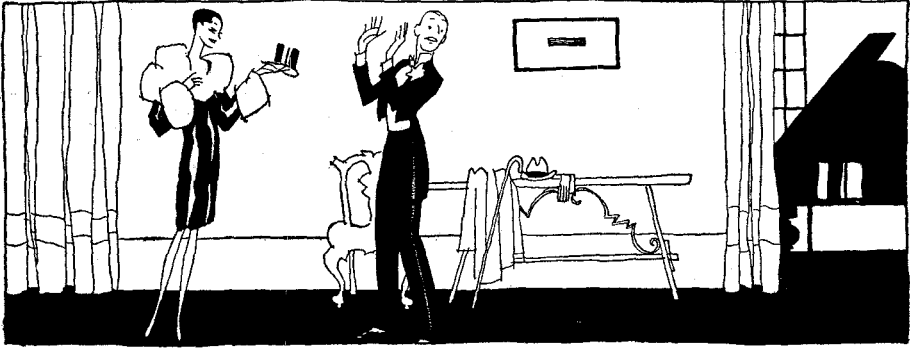


The accusation is that the New Eve lacks mystery and has no reverence. She is apt to say just what she thinks about men and about particular men. She may say very frankly what she thinks about the middle-aged and flirtatious married man. And hear Miss Eve on her brothers! She is more ready to look life straight in the eyes. You do not get so many downward glances and self-conscious posings and flushings. Man does not cause the same tumult, unless he happens to be a Valentino or a Borotra.

But there is a rightness in that. It seems to me that the New Eve is more ready than the Old Eve to cry, "Well played!" I don't think she cheats, as some of her sweet sisters used to cheat at croquet. All youth is apt to be a little raw and dogmatic and aggressive, and sometimes this cockiness conceals an immense diffidence. Sons criticize father's golf and his handling of the family car, because father's maturity brings a nice and balanced cunning — and youth is not cunning.

For generations the world has held up hands of horror over the "New Young Man." Because man insisted on being allowed to be new, woman was not allowed to be new. She was supposed to inherit her mother's chair, cookery book, and knitting. But woman is reasserting her freedom. Her very newness is a symbol. The New Eve causes consternation because of her newness. She is doing just what the young men did and doing it with vehemence. Hence raised hands and questionings, "What has become of womanliness?" Young Eve claims the prerogatives that belonged to her brothers. I don't think it is so much that she is new as that she is a frank, more natural, freer waisted, more free breathing creature, with her skirts sensibly shortened. She does not deign to humbug man as he used to be humbugged.

And isn't it for man's good? Man has to play the game on his



merits now that Eve is playing it to such good purposes. What a tyranny he has exercised for generations, especially the base tyranny of money! What humiliations have been suffered by women who do not own a check book! I admit that lowered eyes and blushes had a charm. So has the frank glance that asks, "What manner of man are you? Stand up and be considered."

But has womanliness ceased? And what is womanliness? We read of viragos to-day stoning the police and screaming to their men to do violent and cowardly things. So did the women of Paris of the Terror and the Commune. It is just the cruelty of young souls, children, and such souls always will be with us.

But is gentleness dead in the New Eve? Is she less of the essential woman because she is better and more reasonably dressed and better groomed and better washed than were her mothers? She doesn't read so much poetry. She can write devastating and ruthless books. She displays her courage and that almost fanatical thoroughness which many a business man will vouch for. She can bring devotion to her work. That she will fail man in the great issues, I, for one, cannot believe. If, in her newness, she has lost a little of that gentleness, as she has lost the crown and clouding of her hair, it seems to me that it is just a phase of her newness, of her exuberant, new youth. Man will have to rise a little higher to reach and touch that gentleness.

Sometimes it would seem that in the stress of modern life, woman is more generous than man. Man is an envious beast. Socialism was the conception of a man. I can never see woman as an out and out socialist, especially a mother. I have never met a woman who was a convinced socialist. I know they exist, but I think woman could produce something more human and vital than socialism. Let her try.

THE CITIZENSHIP OF THE POPE

GINO SPERANZA

THE recent suggestions that the Pope should be given back at least a portion of his former territories and restored to temporal rule over them lends special timeliness to Mr. Speranza's article. The Pope is "a citizen of no mean city," certainly; but is he also citizen of any of the countries of this earth? And if so, what does that mean to the other countries — and to their governments? And if he becomes a temporal ruler, what of his original citizenship then? Is it divided — or is it canceled?

TO ask what is the citizenship of the Pope seems a simple question, but there is no quick, direct road to its answer. Possibly many Americans would say, off hand, that the Pope is, of course, an Italian citizen; which, very likely, both the Duce at the Foreign Office in Rome and the Cardinal Secretary of State at the Vatican would deny. The chances are, as we shall see, that both these high officials would ask to be excused from answering at the present time. The fact is that our question involves some politically sensitive issues of a distinctly European complex which every Chancellery in the world knows and is preparing for, except perhaps, our own State Department. Which makes it more than ever necessary that such issues should be clarified on this side of the Atlantic, and made easily understandable to the average citizen, Catholic or Protestant, in our country.

Heretofore, issues like those involved in our inquiry were largely theoretical for American Catholics. But they have become of practical importance among us through the elevation to the cardinalate of several American prelates.

These new Princes of the Church, our fellow-citizens, are now lawfully in line for the Petrine succession. As good Americans, they as well as the rest of us are entitled to know with exactness and official certitude whether, for example, in the event of their elevation to the pontifical throne, they would have to forego their American citizenship; or whether they would thereby acquire a new and different citizenship from that of their nativity; or, lastly, whether such high dignity would involve a dual citizenship, alien to, and unknown to American jurisprudence.

It has been said that the Pope cannot be a "foreigner" to any Roman Catholic — which is perfectly true but does not enter into the question before us. What is here involved is a matter of law and politics, not of religion; and the issue arises not

because of what the Church teaches and stands for in faith and morals, but because of what the papacy claims as a civil sovereignty.

One difficulty in dealing with political issues regarding the Catholic Church is that their roots extend very far back in time and spread into an ancient world very unlike that of our own day. Here for instance, in seeking an answer to our apparently simple question, we have to go far back in history to the times of Charlemagne. For it was just after his death, when questions arose over the partition of his vast dominions, that the political theories and claims of the papacy first found "definite expression and actual application." At that time — that is, in the ninth century — and for almost four centuries thereafter, the "core of mediæval political thought" was *the relation of the ecclesiastical or papal power to the secular or civil power*.

Of this age-old discussion, in which the leading part was taken by the higher clergy, we can only say in this brief outline that it "followed closely the trend of objective fact . . . toward a well rounded theory first of ecclesiastical and then of papal hegemony in world politics." In other words, during those centuries the papal authority was, in theory at least, politically supreme all over Europe which, at that time, was all Roman Catholic in religion and Roman-Latin in culture.

In the fourteenth century, however, the theory of papal hegemony in world politics began to decline under the attacks of learned men within the Church itself, the conflict taking objective form in the struggle between Pope and Emperor for political control, or in the resistance by each against what was deemed an encroachment upon the rights of the other. Among the great Catholic scholars who contributed their learning to an anti-papal theory of political supremacy the most popularly known is Dante. His political treatise, *De Monarchia*, is perhaps the first book which breathes some of the spirit of the modern, independent State. Other learned Catholics who challenged the theory of papal hegemony in politics were Marsiglio of Padua and the Englishman William of Ockham, both of whom developed theories and ideas on sovereignty of "the highest significance in the history of political theories in its modern phases."

The great challenge, however, came with the Reformation in the sixteenth century. That tremendous movement was not in its deeper significances a conflict between two conceptions of

religion, and is not so considered in this study. It was primarily, as Professor Gove so succinctly puts it in a recent Harvard publication, "a stage in the secularization movement which has resulted in splitting up of the mediæval theocratic state into free religion and free state." Such secularization or laicization, as it is called in Europe, is the last phase in that process of cleavage between religion and politics which we have briefly traced to its historic origins and rapidly followed in its development, first as a conflict of claims between Pope and Emperor, then between sacerdotal preëminence and princely independence, and later as a struggle between theocratic and civil government.

This process is still going on in our day, but manifests itself in new forms which tend to become obscure in their causation the further we move away in time and point of view from the mediæval world.

But to return to our inquiry. While the world has profoundly changed since the Middle Ages, the papacy, as an ancient institution claiming divine origin, has refused to recognize the validity or righteousness of some of the changes, though from the days of Galileo on it has reduced — or has had to reduce — the number and the character of its challenges to the changing order. Among the historic changes it still refuses to recognize as valid is the one which concerns this inquiry, its deprivation by the Italian people of the temporal possessions of the Holy See, known as the States of the Church, and of its sovereignty over any part thereof. The insistence by the papacy that such historical event, though officially recognized by every state including ours, constitutes "usurpation" of its territory and its sovereignty, creates what is known to-day as the Roman question.

Stated in its basic terms the Roman question is a conflict between two political sovereignties — the Italian state and the papacy — each disclaiming any intent or desire of encroaching upon the particular jurisdiction of the other, but actually operating upon the same territory and exercising like sovereign attributes. The movement began with the Risorgimento when the Italian people, weary of the misgovernment of various petty rulers and despots, resolved to drive them out and set up a constitutional government as a united nation. In this process of political liberation the Italians, although Roman Catholics, did not stop short of the Popes, but forcibly deprived them of the various principalities (constituting about one-third of the Italian

peninsula) which the Holy See, with the aid of Austria, France, and the Bourbons, had governed as the "States of the Church." Finally in 1870, upon the refusal of General Kanzler, commander in chief of the papal troops in Rome, to surrender peaceably, General Raffaele Cadorna, a devout Catholic and patriot in command of Italian regulars, trained his artillery on the military defenses and captured the Eternal City — the last remnant of papal territory.

Shortly thereafter Rome became the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, the Popes being allowed the free use of the Vatican palaces and grounds, the Lateran, and other places. In 1871 the Italian parliament enacted legislation by which the Italian state guaranteed to the Popes peaceful enjoyment forever of the places so occupied, gave the papacy free use of the Italian telegraph, railway, and postal systems, recognized and guaranteed the inviolability of the person of the Pope and his right to receive and send diplomatic officers. The Popes, however, have declined all these proffers, and, as a protest, refused, and still refuse, to leave the Leonine City — as the Vatican is called — wherein they claim to be, technically, "prisoners."

Nevertheless, it is quite certain that, to-day, the papacy would not claim the return of all the fiefs constituting the former States of the Church. Probably it would be satisfied, territorially, with the present Vatican possessions, or with the addition of Villa Pamphili, or the oft mentioned "strip to the sea." But whether the territory be large or small, the crux of the Roman question would always remain. For what the papacy claims to-day, as yesterday, as centuries ago, is *sovereignty*.

What is the nature of the sovereignty thus claimed, and how does it differ, if at all, from the general or our own politico-juridic conceptions of sovereignty? Pius IX, shortly after Rome had been captured, stated officially that he could not consent to "be subjected to the rule of another prince," explaining that "the civil sovereignty of the Holy See has been given to the Roman Pontiff by a singular counsel of Divine Providence."

In an article in the official papal organ, the *Osservatore Romano* of June 19, 1922, it is stated: "Liberty and independence, in the full meaning of the words, required by the nature of things and essential to a spiritual power, can become concrete only through the medium of sovereignty. In the present position of the law of nations such sovereignty can only exist if it is based on territory."

Likewise the present Pontiff in his Encyclical of December 23, 1922, said: "The divine origin and nature of Our power as well as the sacred right of the community of the faithful scattered throughout the entire world, require that this sacred power should be independent of all human authority, should not be subject to human laws. They require in fact that these rights and power should be completely independent and that this should be made manifest."

So much, then, for the papal claim to sovereignty as involved in the Roman question. Now, what is the theory or principle of sovereignty in contemplation of the civil law, generally, and of our law in particular? How is it derived, and what are its attributes and implications? In its simplest form we may quote Grotius's definition of a sovereign as "the power whose acts are not subject to the control of another." And our own Justice Story defined sovereignty as "the supreme, absolute, uncontrollable power."

Thus far, then, there is essential agreement between the papal and our own conceptions. The difference appears when we inquire into how such independent power is acquired or derived. Chief Justice Jay in a leading opinion which will help to throw light on the character of the papal political theory, contrasts, in general, the difference between European and American concepts regarding the origin of sovereignty. Speaking for the United States Supreme Court, he says: "In Europe the sovereignty is generally ascribed to the prince; here it rests with the people; there the sovereign actually administers the government; here never in a single instance; . . . their princes have personal powers, dignities and preëminences; our rulers have none but official; nor do they partake in the sovereignty otherwise or in any other capacity than as private citizens."

We have here, then, a marked difference, if not an antithesis, between one of our fundamental political principles and that at the basis of the Old World monarchical system of the divine right of kings, shared by the papacy as a political sovereignty.

But, further, sovereignty implies certain attributes, including the right to govern. This is an unchallengeable and universally recognized power inherent in sovereignty. But, we may ask with Bismarck, how is the papacy going to govern to-day, even over such a small territory as is involved in the Roman question?

Are not its political theories, its claim to divine origin, the very method by which a prelate is raised to sovereign power as

Pope, in conflict with modern liberal principles of government? How could any of those "constitutional mechanisms" which we have preëminently made our own in our political life ever be applied by the Sovereign Pontiff? Universal suffrage within his sovereignty, consent of the governed, separation of Church and State, freedom of conscience — none of these could possibly have a place in such a government and, historically and actually, never had.

There is one unescapable consequence of such papal claim to sovereignty, however, which has a particular bearing upon our special inquiry. It is the effect of such claim upon the citizenship of the claimant. Can it be seriously denied to-day that any one claiming "civil sovereignty" and "liberty and independence" as the Pope does, and exercising the powers and attributes of such sovereignty wherever permitted, cannot possibly retain his status as a citizen of his original civil allegiance? Is Pius XI an Italian citizen? Would or could our Cardinal O'Connell, if elevated to the throne of Peter, remain an American citizen? Or Cardinal Hayes or Cardinal Mundelein?

Let us look at the actual and measurable facts. Before 1870 the Popes not only claimed sovereign rights but were able to exercise them. Most of the pontiffs were racially Italian, but only some among them were born within the political boundaries of the States of the Church. That is, there were Popes who were not, by birth or national allegiance, papal citizens. Yet these, on becoming pontiffs, considered themselves, and were considered as acquiring a new and different political allegiance from that of their land of birth. Thus Giulio de' Medici, politically a citizen of the Florentine State, became, as Pope Clement VIII, a foreigner to his fatherland; and Pietro Barbo, a citizen of the Republic of Venice, as Pope Paulus II, not only acquired a new political allegiance but actually fought against some of the political policies of his native land.

From the moment of his election as pontiff, then, whatever had been the flag of his country, the Pope had to recognize a new and different flag as the symbol of his political allegiance — the yellow and white flag of the Church Temporal. He became a ruler, separate from and often, as history tells us, in violent opposition to the land of his native and national allegiance.

And what is the record since 1870? The various Popes, including the present one, have been native Italians, all of them, with the

exception of Pius IX, born, politically, citizens and subjects of the Italian state. Is there ought to indicate that any one of them considered he owed allegiance to the Italian government, or deemed himself a citizen of that country and subject to its laws?

Pius IX summoned Catholic princes to coöperate in restoring the temporal power and forbade Italian Catholics to vote or hold office under the Italian government, a command of a distinctly political character reiterated by some of his successors. Until after the World War the papacy forbade the display of the Italian flag in any religious building in Italy and to this day it regards the Kings of Italy as "usurpers" in Rome.

Whenever and wherever they have been allowed, the Popes since 1870 have continued to function as independent political sovereigns as in ancient times. They have maintained nuncios and legates at every political court that would receive them, demanding for them not only all the privileges and immunities of diplomatic officers, but actually claiming precedence for them. They have protested against the acts or omissions of independent sovereign states and advised Roman Catholic citizens of such states how to make such protests manifest and effective against the civil power; and they have negotiated treaties or concordats with such sovereign states as were willing to permit the exercise of such an undoubted attribute of independent political sovereignty.

To-day, as before 1870, the flag of the papacy — the flag carried in nonreligious processions by Catholic citizens in our streets — is the yellow and white standard of the civil sovereignty claimed by the Popes. The flag recognized by the exalted prelate who came as representative of the Roman pontiff at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago was neither the flag of his allegiance as a native Italian subject nor the white standard with the crossed keys of the Church Spiritual, but the same yellow and white flag of the Church Temporal.

There can be little question, then, that on the claims and acts of the Popes themselves, the Roman pontiff to-day is what Roman pontiffs have always been — a claimant to a status and political allegiance different from the status and allegiance of his birth and nationality. As Pope, he is, on his own claims, legally and internationally, a foreigner to himself as a man and as a citizen. It is not even that he has two allegiances and two flags, for one of necessity excludes the other.

No one knows this truth better than the Roman Curia. It is a truth instinct in the Roman question and constitutes the chief reason why that question has been kept alive but never settled. Nor is it likely to be settled while the principles of constitutional government and of the separation of Church and State remain the dominant political principles of western civilization.

It is in the hope of preventing a clear and open discussion of this political issue that the choice of a Pope since 1870 has always fallen on an Italian. Obviously a foreign-born Pope claiming sovereign rights over even half a dozen blocks in the very heart of the political capital of United Italy would bring out too vividly the serious dangers involved in the political claims of the papacy. It would show in all its nakedness the irreconcilable political conflict involved in the Roman question.

However that may be, it would seem clear that American Catholics, and indeed all Americans, are entitled to know exactly and officially what these claims of the papacy, wrapped up in the obscurities of mediæval philosophy and the greater obscurities of Continental political intrigues, really mean, and what they imply for our citizens of Catholic faith. The failure of the Holy See at clarification is not only putting the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States and in other American countries on the defensive, but tends to place it under political suspicion.

The "open diplomacy" we have demanded of Europe since the War may well be extended to the political claims of the Holy See; nor can it be claimed that such an issue is a matter solely for the Fascist ruler and Pius XI. Such clarification is especially due American Catholics in view of the fact that mediæval political theories and claims of Continental Popes have never found much favor among English-speaking peoples of that faith, who, indeed, have, at times, forcibly resisted their application.

We cannot here go into the long and impressive record of such English-speaking dissent, dating back to the Catholic barons at Runnymede, and before them; but the following very brief extracts from an American ecclesiastical publication may give some idea of what was the American Roman Catholic stand on this question within the memory of living men.

In making Peter the ruler of his kingdom He (Christ) did not give him (the Pope) dominion, or wealth, or any of the appendages of royalty. The (papal) primacy is essentially a spiritual office, which has not of divine right any temporal appendage.

These were the views publicly set forth by a distinguished American Bishop, who was both a devout Catholic and, as a citizen of the Republic, a believer in the principles for which this country stands.

The overwhelming majority of Continental Bishops in the Roman Catholic hierarchy — most of whom have been and are alien to our political history, ideals and principles — overruled the sentiments expressed by this and other American Roman Catholic prelates, and, under the iron rule of the papacy, these critics of a political theory wholly opposed to that of their country had to submit.

But not, let us hope, forever! A claim to earthly sovereignty which by its nature bars every loyal American from the highest dignity in Christendom cannot long go unchallenged. A little of the Yankee's "I want to know" may lead to another American contribution to the political freedom of the world.



Woodcut by Clarence Lynch

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"SLATER'S PINS HAVE NO POINTS"

VIRGINIA WOOLF

SLATER'S pins have no points — don't you always find that?" said Miss Craye, turning round as the rose fell out of Fanny Wilmot's dress, and Fanny stooped with her ears full of the music, to look for the pin on the floor.

The words gave her an extraordinary shock, as Miss Craye struck the last chord of the Bach fugue. Did Miss Craye actually go to Slater's and buy pins then, Fanny Wilmot asked herself, transfixed for a moment? Did she stand at the counter waiting like anybody else, and was she given a bill with coppers wrapped in it, and did she slip them into her purse and then, an hour later, stand by her dressing table and take out the pins? What need had she of pins? For she was not so much dressed as cased, like a beetle compactly in its sheath, blue in winter, green in summer. What need had she of pins — Julia Craye? — who lived, it seemed, in the cool, glassy world of Bach fugues, playing to herself what she liked and only consenting to take one or two pupils at the Archer Street College of Music (so the Principal, Miss Kingston said) as a special favor to herself, who had "the greatest admiration for her in every way." Miss Craye was left badly off, Miss Kingston was afraid, at her brother's death. Oh, they used to have such lovely things when they lived at Salisbury and her brother Julius was, of course, a very well known man, a famous archæologist. It was a great privilege to stay with them, Miss Kingston said ("my family had always known them — they were regular Salisbury people," Miss Kingston said) but a little frightening for a child; one had to be careful not to slam the door or bounce into the room unexpectedly. Miss Kingston, who gave little character sketches like this on the first day of term while she received checks and wrote out receipts for them, smiled here. Yes, she had been rather a tomboy; she had bounced in and set all those green Roman glasses and things jumping in their case. The Crayes were none of them married. The Crayes were not used to children. They kept cats. The cats, one used to feel, knew as much about the Roman urns and things as anybody.

"Far more than I did!" said Miss Kingston brightly, writing her name across the stamp, in her dashing, cheerful, full bodied hand, for she had always been practical.

VIRGINIA

Perhaps then, Fanny Wilmot thought, looking for the pin, Miss Craye said that about "Slater's pins' having no points," at a venture. None of the Crayes had ever married. She knew nothing about pins — nothing whatever. But she wanted to break the spell that had fallen on the house; to break the pane of glass which separated them from other people. When Polly Kingston, that merry little girl, had slammed the door and made the Roman vases jump, Julius, seeing that no harm was done (that would be his first instinct) looked, for the case was stood in the window, at Polly skipping home across the fields; looked with the look his sister often had, a lingering, desiring look.

"Stars, sun, moon," it seemed to say, "the daisy in the grass, fires, frost on the windowpane, my heart goes out to you. But," it always seemed to add, "you break, you pass, you go." And simultaneously it covered the intensity of both these states of mind with "I can't reach you — I can't get at you," spoken wistfully, frustratedly. And the stars faded, and the child went.

That was the kind of spell, that was the glassy surface that Miss Craye wanted to break by showing, when she had played Bach beautifully as a reward to a favorite pupil (Fanny Wilmot knew that she was Miss Craye's favorite pupil) that she too felt as other people felt about pins. Slater's pins had no points.

Yes, the "famous archæologist" had looked like that, too. "The famous archæologist" — as she said that indorsing checks, ascertaining the day of the month, speaking so briefly and frankly, there was in Miss Kingston's voice an indescribable tone which hinted at something odd, something queer, in Julius Craye. It was the very same thing that was odd perhaps in Julia, too. One could have sworn, thought Fanny Wilmot, as she looked for the pin, that at parties, meetings (Miss Kingston's father was a clergyman) she had picked up some piece of gossip, or it might only have been a smile, or a tone when his name was mentioned, which had given her "a feeling" about Julius Craye. Needless to say, she had never spoken about it to anybody. Probably she scarcely knew what she meant by it. But whenever she spoke of Julius, or heard him mentioned, that was the first thought that came to mind: there was something odd about Julius Craye.

It was so that Julia looked too, as she sat half turned on the music stool, smiling. It's on the field, it's on the pane, it's in the sky — beauty; and I can't get at it; I can't have it — I, she seemed to add, with that little clutch of the hand which was so

characteristic, who adore it so passionately, would give the whole world to possess it! And she picked up the carnation which had fallen on the floor, while Fanny searched for the pin. She crushed it, Fanny felt, voluptuously in her smooth, veined hands stuck about with water-colored rings set in pearls. The pressure of her fingers seemed to increase all that was most brilliant in the flower; to set it off; to make it more frilled, fresh, immaculate. What was odd in her, and perhaps in her brother too, was that this crush and grasp of the fingers was combined with a perpetual frustration. So it was even now with the carnation. She had her hands on it; she pressed it; but she did not possess it, enjoy it, not altogether.

None of the Crayes had married, Fanny Wilmot remembered. She had in mind how one evening when the lesson had lasted longer than usual and it was dark, Julia Craye had said, "It's the use of men, surely, to protect us," smiling at her that same odd smile, as she stood fastening her cloak, which made her, like the flower, conscious to her finger tips of youth and brilliance, but like the flower too, Fanny suspected, inhibited.

"Oh, but I don't want protection," Fanny had laughed, and when Julia Craye, fixing on her that extraordinary look, had said she was not so sure of that, Fanny positively blushed under the admiration in her eyes.

It was the only use of men, she had said. Was it for that reason then, Fanny wondered with her eyes on the floor, that she had never married? After all, she had not lived all her life in Salisbury. "Much the nicest part of London," she had said once, "(but I'm speaking of fifteen or twenty years ago) is Kensington." One was in the Gardens in ten minutes — it was like the heart of the country. One could dine out in one's slippers without catching cold. "Kensington was like a village then, you know," she said.

Here she broke off, to denounce, acridly, the draughts in the Tubes.

"It was the use of men," she had said, with a queer, wry acerbity. Did that throw any light on the problem why she had not married? One could imagine every sort of scene in her youth, when with her good, blue eyes, her straight, firm nose, her piano playing, her rose flowering with chaste passion in the bosom of her muslin dress, she had attracted first the young men to whom such things, and the china tea-cups and the silver candlesticks, and the inlaid tables (for the Crayes had such nice things) were wonderful; young men not sufficiently distinguished; young men of the

cathedral town with ambitions. She had attracted them first, and then her brother’s friends from Oxford or Cambridge. They would come down in the summer, row her up the river, continue the argument about Browning by letter, and arrange perhaps on the rare occasions when she stayed in London to show her — Kensington Gardens?

“Much the nicest part of London — Kensington. I’m speaking of fifteen or twenty years ago,” she had said once. One was in the gardens in ten minutes — in the heart of the country. One could make that yield what one liked, Fanny Wilmot thought, single out for instance, Mr. Sherman, the painter, an old friend of hers; make him call for her by appointment one sunny day in June; take her to have tea under the trees. (They had met, too, at those parties to which one tripped in slippers without fear of catching cold.) The aunt or other elderly relative was to wait there while they looked at the Serpentine. They looked at the Serpentine. He may have rowed her across. They compared it with the Avon. She would have considered the comparison very seriously, for views of rivers were important to her. She sat hunched a little, a little angular, though she was graceful then, steering. At the critical moment, for he had determined that he must speak now — it was his only chance of getting her alone — he was speaking with his head turned at an absurd angle, in his great nervousness, over his shoulder — at that very moment she interrupted fiercely. He would have them into the Bridge, she cried. It was a moment of horror, of disillusionment, of revelation for both of them. “I can’t have it, I can’t possess it,” she thought. He could not see why she had come then. With a great splash of his oar he pulled the boat round. Merely to snub him? He rowed her back and said good-by to her.

The setting of that scene could be varied as one chose, Fanny Wilmot reflected. (Where had that pin fallen?) It might be Ravenna — or Edinburgh, where she had kept house for her brother. The scene could be changed and the young man and the exact manner of it all; but one thing was constant — her refusal and her frown and her anger with herself afterward and her argument and her relief — yes, certainly her immense relief. The very next day perhaps she would get up at six, put on her cloak, and walk all the way from Kensington to the river. She was so thankful that she had not sacrificed her right to go and look at things when they are at their best — before people are up, that is to say. She

could have her breakfast in bed if she liked. She had not sacrificed her independence.

Yes, Fanny Wilmot smiled, Julia had not endangered her habits. They remained safe, and her habits would have suffered if she had married. "They're ogres," she had said one evening, half laughing, when another pupil, a girl lately married, suddenly bethinking her that she would miss her husband, had rushed off in haste.

"They're ogres," she had said, laughing grimly. An ogre would have interfered perhaps with breakfast in bed, with walks at dawn down to the river. What would have happened (but one could hardly conceive this) had she had children? She took astonishing precautions against chills, fatigue, rich food, the wrong food, draughts, heated rooms, journeys in the Tube, for she could never determine which of these it was exactly that brought on those terrible headaches that gave her life the semblance of a battlefield. She was always engaged in outwitting the enemy, until it seemed as if the pursuit had its interest; could she have beaten the enemy finally she would have found life a little dull. As it was, the tug of war was perpetual — on the one side, the nightingale or the view which she loved with passion — yes, for views and birds she felt nothing less than passion; on the other, the damp path or the horrid, long drag up a steep hill which would certainly make her good for nothing next day and bring on one of her headaches. When, therefore, from time to time, she managed her forces adroitly and brought off a visit to Hampton Court the week the crocuses (those glossy, bright flowers were her favorites) were at their best, it was a victory. It was something that lasted, something that mattered forever. She strung the afternoon on the necklace of memorable days which was not too long for her to be able to recall this one or that one; this view, that city; to finger it, to feel it, to savor, sighing, the quality that made it unique.

"It was so beautiful last Friday," she said, "that I determined I must go there." So she had gone off to Waterloo on her great undertaking — to visit Hampton Court — alone. Naturally, but perhaps foolishly, one pitied her for the thing she never asked pity for (indeed she was reticent habitually, speaking of her health only as a warrior might speak of his foe) — one pitied her for always doing everything alone. Her brother was dead. Her sister was asthmatic. She found the climate of Edinburgh good

for her. It was too bleak for Julia. Perhaps too she found the associations painful, for her brother, the famous archæologist, had died there; and she had loved her brother. She lived in a little house off the Brompton Road entirely alone.

Fanny Wilmot saw the pin on the carpet; she picked it up. She looked at Miss Craye; was Miss Craye so lonely? No, Miss Craye was steadily, blissfully, if only for a moment, a happy woman. Fanny had surprised her in a moment of ecstasy. She sat there, half turned away from the piano, with her hands clasped in her lap holding the carnation upright, while behind her was the sharp square of the window, uncurtained, purple in the evening, intensely purple after the brilliant electric lights which burnt unshaded in the bare music room. Julia Craye sitting hunched and compact holding her flower seemed to emerge out of the London night, seemed to fling it like a cloak behind her. It seemed in its bareness and intensity the effluence of her spirit, something she had made which surrounded her, which was her. Fanny stared.

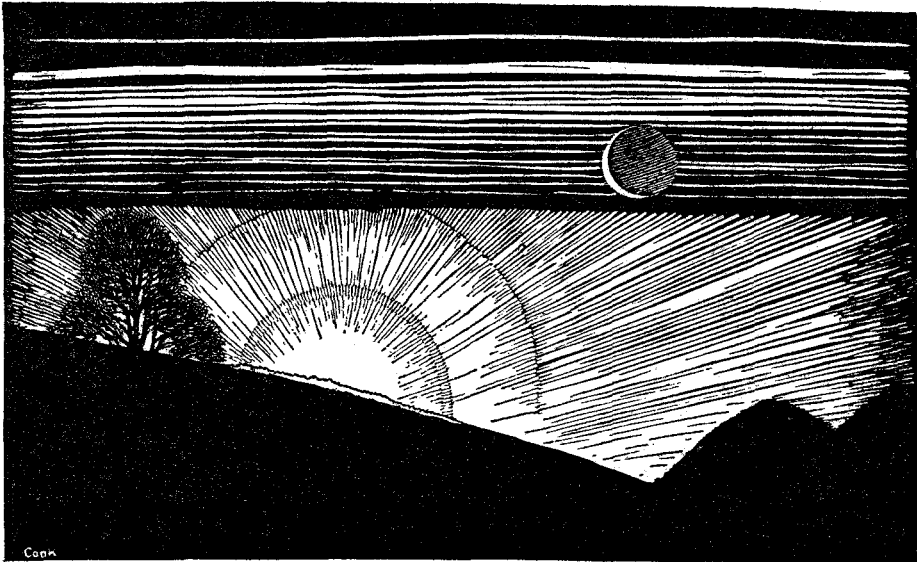
All seemed transparent for a moment to the gaze of Fanny Wilmot, as if looking through Miss Craye, she saw the very fountain of her being spurt up in pure, silver drops. She saw back and back into the past behind her. She saw the green Roman vases stood in their case; heard the choristers playing cricket; saw Julia quietly descend the curving steps on to the lawn; saw her pour out tea beneath the cedar tree; softly enclose the old man's hand in hers; saw her going round and about the corridors of that ancient Cathedral dwelling place with towels in her hand to mark them; lamenting as she went the pettiness of daily life; and slowly aging, and putting away clothes when summer came, because at her age they were too bright to wear; and tending her father's sickness; and cleaving her way ever more definitely as her will stiffened toward her solitary goal; traveling frugally; counting the cost and measuring out of her tight shut purse the sum needed for this journey, or for that old mirror; obstinately adhering whatever people might say in choosing her pleasures for herself. She saw Julia —

She saw Julia open her arms; saw her blaze; saw her kindle. Out of the night she burnt like a dead white star. Julia kissed her. Julia possessed her.

"Slater's pins have no points," Miss Craye said, laughing queerly and relaxing her arms, as Fanny Wilmot pinned the flower to her breast with trembling fingers.

YOUR FIRST SHORT STORY

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Woodcut by Howard N. Cook

IS LIFE WORTH PROLONGING?

HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, M.D.

LORD BACON, one of the world's greatest thinkers, once advised physicians to make greater efforts to prolong human life. The medical profession has been slow in acting on this advice, yet in the last few decades a certain advance has been made and some success attained. To-day we see the result in the way good health has been increased and death warded off, for a number of years at least.

The question is how far these efforts can go. A glance at a few statistics throws some light on this query. In the Middle Ages a span of only twenty-five years formed the expected duration of human life. In 1900 the span had doubled, reaching approximately fifty years. In 1901, according to Dr. Dublin, a new born baby had in the United States registration area an expectancy of life of 49.24 years while in 1926 it has risen to 57.32, a gain of 16 per cent. In New York City during a fifty year period, life expectancy has increased nearly sixty per cent.

A possible further increase in the length of human life can undoubtedly be augmented by future efforts. It is now recognized by physicians and health officers that fully one-third of the number of deaths are induced by preventable causes that can at least

be warded off for a time. The United States offers the best field for such efforts, as its death rate is now the lowest in the world, with the exception of New Zealand.

There is no physiological reason why human life cannot be further prolonged. One has only to glance at the analogy seen in the lower forms of life, where the animal lives on an average five times the period of the growth of its bones. This requires about twenty years in the human animal, so that to complete the analogy, our lives should reach the hundred year mark. Let us, therefore, get away from the psalmist's "three score years and ten," which has so long and apprehensively influenced our thought and feeling. While the Bible is the best source from which to seek spiritual guidance, it cannot be considered an authority on scientific questions. If, however, one wishes light on this problem from the Scriptures, a much earlier passage referring to man that is also flesh affords an opinion more in keeping with present thought and effort: "Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." (Genesis 6:3)

If one lives to be sixty without evincing special weakness in any vital organ, life should be prolonged to ninety or one hundred years. Such an individual is built on the principle exhibited by Holmes in his inimitable poem, the "One Hoss Shay." This remarkable vehicle was so uniformly well constructed that it gave way all at once and fell to pieces without any preliminary rattle or jog. The end of the human body should be like the passing of the wonderful "One Hoss Shay" that lasted, just as the human body should endure, one hundred years, and then

Went to pieces all at once—
All at once and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

The serious question to be considered, however, is not whether human life can be prolonged but whether the effort is worth while. Unless advancing age can be made fairly healthy, efficient, and happy it will otherwise become a burden and had better cease. One unfortunate tendency of the day is the widespread belief that efficiency practically ends at a comparatively early period. The problem is not new, since Strabo, the Greek geographer and historian, born in the century before Christ, made the following statement: "The law, it seems, ordained that those above sixty years should be compelled to drink hemlock in order that there might be sufficient food for the rest."

Many centuries later Dr. Osler's famous remark as to the ages at which different kinds of usefulness largely ceased, again brought this subject to the fore. The two periods of forty years and sixty years were mentioned and he further stated that the effective work of the world was done between the ages of twenty-five and forty; also that efficiency of another sort might end at sixty years. This pronouncement came at a psychological moment. The idea spread like wildfire. The daily newspapers made a feature of it, and the comic journals had pictures of chloroform being quietly administered to the decrepit man of sixty, and a new verb, "to oslerize," was coined to describe the process. This single unwitting remark has done great harm. It came at a time when there was a marked tendency to speed up in all kinds of work. Business and professional life were carried on at a pressure needlessly high, both for prolonged efficiency and continued health. If the actual working years of life are to be so short, it has been the general belief that this needless hurry should be increased rather than lessened.

It is time to consider how much truth lies in this opinion and, if it is erroneous, what can now be done to bring about a sounder feeling on the part of the public. There is danger lest this idea become fixed into a social tradition. If this occurs, it will hardly be worth while to try further to prolong life.

A glance at what many persons have accomplished in their later years shows that the world would have lost heavily if creative efforts had ceased during this period. It will be realized that prolonging life has been well worth while in a multitude of cases, as otherwise there would have been a great waste of valuable assets. Dorland, in an interesting and exhaustive study published in a little book entitled *The Age of Mental Virility*, finds that many of the finest achievements in business, statesmanship, literature, and many other activities have been wrought by men long past sixty. In looking over the whole field of endeavor he even discovered that most of the masterful achievements of the thinkers and workers of the world have been made by men working in the decades from forty to seventy. This author compiled and analyzed the records of four hundred men famous in all lines of intellectual activity in order to find when these persons performed the work of their lives, and he found that ninety of them attained their greatest accomplishment at an advanced age.

In the whole four hundred records, the average duration of

mental activity was forty years. Galileo, Bancroft, Buffon, Goethe, Lamarck, Verdi, and Herbert Spencer produced their masterpieces between the ages of seventy and eighty-five years. Titian painted one of his great pictures at ninety-eight; Joseph Jefferson continued to be a successful actor at seventy-five; at the same age Handel wrote one of his immortal oratorios. Moltke planned the successful campaign of the Franco-Prussian War at the age of seventy. It is a remarkable fact that many of the most successful generals in the World War were comparatively old men. The broad grasp of events, the concentration and quick decisions required in leading a military campaign certainly depend upon the highest powers of body and mind. If such great abilities can be exercised in the destructive agencies of war, what a wide field must lie open to those who are advancing in years and experience in the constructive activities of the world in times of peace.

At the present day the following men are still active in the game of life: Paul von Hindenburg, eighty years of age; Georges Clemenceau, eighty-six; Arthur James Balfour, eighty-nine; Elihu Root, eighty-two; Oliver Wendell Holmes, eighty-six; Chauncey M. Depew, ninety-three; George F. Baker, eighty-seven; August Heckscher, past seventy. Dr. W. W. Keen, approaching ninety, is still looked to for sane advice, and Edison is producing original scientific work at eighty. It is therefore untrue that there is a dead line at fifty, sixty, seventy, or even eighty as far as intellectual possibilities and usefulness are concerned, since this is entirely an individual matter.

Perhaps the most unfortunate effect of the belief in an early loss in efficiency is that large employers of labor, both manual and mental, look askance at persons who are passing middle age. No matter how efficient a man may be, renewed employment now becomes almost impossible when his hair has turned gray. All sorts of pathetic subterfuges are employed by aging men and women to conceal the ravages of years. They know that in the present state of the public mind there is little hope or chance for them in the battle of life. Some of the newspapers have even gravely discussed the possibility of utilizing elderly clerks and business men as office boys with the idea that their reliability would compensate for other kinds of disability.

The white collar man, who suffers most from this common "superstition," has recently become vocal in denouncing the

idea that has caused his class so much suffering. That the question has become urgent is shown by the letters recently appearing in the public press. Many bitter complaints are registered against the hardships endured by middle-aged men and women who cannot secure employment. One poor fellow found what he considered a logical conclusion as shown by the following news item in the *New York Times*, July 14, 1927: "Believing that the Government should pass legislation that all persons over fifty years old should be put to death, John Fiore, fifty-three, despondent, attempted to murder his wife, Angelina, forty-three, and shot and killed himself at his home." This man was the father of nine children and could not see his way out. The question has lately become so pressing that an organization of jobless middle-aged men has been formed to try to improve their condition. The problem, however, cannot be settled until the public point of view regarding age changes. It is not only an individual but a social problem. It has been estimated that about eighty per cent of elderly people in the United States are dependent.

There are many other factors besides poverty to be considered here, for by conserving the later and riper years of life much may be done for civilization. There are rampant many wild and destructive theories whose crudity can be exposed by those who have lived to refute them. A great deal of the valuable experience of life is lost by its being brought to a close too early.

Is life worth prolonging? Yes, if man is encouraged to continue in productive work. No, if all chances of accomplishment are lost too soon.

KU MUNG MOANS THE PASSING OF HIS YEARS

THE rose is dangling
On its broken stem —
Its petals are dropping
One by one.
Who shall gather them together
To make a rose again?

— *Paul Eldridge*

THE AMERICAN CREDO

AGNES REPPLIER

Forum Education Series — I

THE United States is a country of diverse theologies and one creed, of many churches and one temple, of a thousand theories and one conviction. The creed is education, the temple is the schoolhouse, the conviction is the healing power of knowledge. Rich and poor, pretentious and plain, revivalist and atheist, all share this supreme and touching confidence. Our belief in education is unbounded, our reverence for it is unfaltering, our loyalty to it is unshaken by reverses. Our passionate desire, not so much to acquire it as to bestow it, is the most animated of American traits. The ideal democracy is an educated democracy; and our naïve faith in the moral intelligibility of an established order makes clear the path of progress. Of all the money expended by the Government, the two billions it pays for the instruction of youth seems to us the most profitable outlay.

Mr. William Allen White says in a recent issue of *Harper's Magazine* that America is "the paradise of capital." It appears so to the casual observer; but, after all, the wide world is the paradise of capital and has been since the stone age, when capital was a bit bulkier than it is now and was the reward of muscle rather than acuteness. America is really the paradise of education, which is a word to conjure by. The capitalist may be consistently courted; but he is also consistently disliked. It is not in human nature to regard him otherwise than with hostility. While he flourishes, we quote Sidney Smith's witticism, and laugh — a trifle hollowly. When trouble comes to him (as to other men) we begin to think that maybe there is something after all in Emerson's doctrine of compensation.

Aware of this universal enmity, the capitalist seeks to buy his way into favor by gratifying his country's ruling passion, by smoothing and decorating those academic paths, which he honors all the more if he has never trod them. He gives lavish millions to educational institutions, having been made to understand that it is no longer worth his while to offer less than a million to any flourishing American college. Should he be temperamentally unfitted for these high flights, he seeks some humble byway where

he can do the trick on a modest scale. He buys, refurnishes, and opens a country schoolhouse where a little girl who never lived was never followed by a nonexistent little lamb. This is felt to be at once a tribute to American education and to American letters.

A somewhat similar idea must have possessed the minds of the enthusiasts who bought and preserved the small frame building in which Walt Whitman once taught school. The teaching was a brief and negligible episode in Whitman's life. Without training and without any burden of knowledge, the most that can be recalled of him as a pedagogue is that he dressed neatly and wore a black coat. But the association of a poet and a schoolhouse is sacred to all good Americans. What is really striking about Whitman's youth — the fact that at thirteen he could set up type rapidly and accurately — interests nobody. We do not approve of thirteen-year-old boys' being able to do anything remunerative.

If we compare the modest and deprecatory tone in which the capitalist speaks of himself and of the business of money-getting with the grave appreciation shown by the educator for the cause which he represents, we realize that both these experts understand and conform to their country's prejudices. I say educator as apart from teacher. The teacher may be an untrained, ill-paid girl, valiantly striving to impart what she does not know to a handful of reluctant rustics. The educator is high up in the scale and, while as ill-paid as ever, has the proud consciousness that he is the exponent of his country's creed, of what Barrett Wendell in a petulant moment once called the great American superstition. The addresses made every year on schools and schooling are weighted with laudations. A solemn self-sufficiency marks their periods. They deal in abstractions; but abstractions of a sacred and elevating character. Possibly they revive our fainting spirits. Certainly they please an acquiescent public which naturally likes to feel it has the right idol on its altar. No political party would be mad enough to propose a capitalist as candidate for the presidency; but an educator in the White House typifies that spirit of diffused culture which is our proud prerogative.

Over fifteen million children attend the public schools in the United States. Their numbers are stupendous, and so are the sums spent in educating them. We can rightly claim to have the most comprehensive school equipment in the world. Is it not the plain duty of a democracy to extend to every boy or girl as much knowledge as he or she can assimilate? To extend it, moreover, on

the easiest possible terms, in the pleasantest possible manner! The American child has, we are told, a right to demand that, "at every level of his instruction, he will have a teacher especially trained to meet the peculiar problems of that particular period" — which is a large order. The American youth has an equal right to demand that every state college shall furnish him the higher education on a low enough level to meet his moderate mental equipment. It is not so much a question of scholarly standards as of what the taxpayer wants for his money.

The pride and boast of our country (and it is a laudable pride and boast) is the costliness of our high schools. The rivalry is keen, and no money is begrudged to these spacious and stately edifices. A contributor to the *March Atlantic Monthly* sums up the "great American secret" — the secret of our wealth, power, and leadership — in this telling sentence: "The grandchildren of a Finlander who trailed reindeer over the snow are able to acquire their education in a \$4,000,000 high school, in a mining town in Minnesota, equipped with electric stoves to do their cooking lessons on, and with everything else in proportion."

This is a magnificent truth, and affords the writer, editor, and reader proud thrills of satisfaction. Moreover, there is nothing the country has to give to which the Minnesota-born Finnish boy may not aspire when he leaves the \$4,000,000 high school and faces life. He may become a party boss, he may be appointed to represent the United States in foreign lands, he may appoint himself counselor at large to the people in general, like Senator Borah. On the other hand, there is just a possibility that, with wild blood flowing in his veins, this child of the north may look unfavorably upon his textbooks and regard his educational palace as a prison. Through the plate glass windows he may glimpse in fancy the frozen wastes his eyes have never seen; and the image of the reindeer may appear to him more beautiful than the rattling, gasping flivver his rich acquaintance drives. That passionate cry of Andrew Lang's to the gypsy vagabonds who were his sires, and who bequeathed to him unsuitable instincts forever pulling at his heartstring, has found an echo in other hearts too young and strange to worship at the shrine of production.

It is because of our unassailable enthusiasm, our profound reverence, for education, that we habitually demand of it the impossible. Teacher and pupil alike are expected to perform a series of miracles. The school day must hold two days' work

without crowding or fatigue. The child must wander at ease, yet with close and gratified attention, through diverse paths of learning. The world of art, no less than the world of scholarship, invites participation. A convincing little volume by Mr. Woodbury and Miss Perkins proves beyond the shadow of doubt that all children can draw; and that what they need and should have are courses of "observation and representation." They must be taught to look at things and to reproduce what they have seen, whether its outlines are as simple as a pig's or as complicated as a lobster's. Musicians are no less certain that a child's salvation lies in music, which, it seems, he can not only enjoy, but compose in tender youth, just as he can write stories and draw pictures. Dramatists are well aware that all children can act and conceive that acting is the only art which can give them the coveted power of self-expression. Play-leaders, lifting their voices high above the din, assert that play and play alone can develop in young Americans those qualities of wisdom, understanding, counsel, and fortitude which our fathers ascribed to religion.

Meanwhile there are things to be taught which arouse no semblance of enthusiasm. The harassed teacher must see to it that her (it is pretty sure to be "her") artistic, athletic, dramatic, and musical little prodigies master the multiplication table. The multiplication table is a practical asset, and practical assets rank high, although we are seriously told, and evidently expected to believe, that the old, narrow purpose of fitting a boy to make a success of his life is no longer a factor in education. To-day the school prepares both boy and girl for citizenship, for the service of their country. This preparation begins with the kindergarten and ends with the last day and hour of college. President Lowell has gone so far as to say that we can give the world neither scholars nor leaders unless we arouse in the heart of youth "a love and desire for the things it has no use for now." A brave word which will not perceptibly affect the horde of American undergraduates, taking their leadership for granted, and eager only to get on.

While one set of educational experts are urging a diversity of occupations, another set, equally importunate, are demanding that more time and attention be given to studies of their selection. I read recently in *Education* an amazing article on the teaching of history to high school students. Now history, while undeniably the greatest of all studies, has had a hard time of it, partly because

it "discourages and antagonizes children" — so, at least, we are told — and partly because it has been crowded out by more highly favored work. Dr. Arnold thought himself liberal when he deducted one hour a week from the all-pervading Greek and Latin of Rugby, and devoted it to modern history. He seemed quite unable to understand why, in that ample provision of time, the students made so little progress. American schools, public schools especially, subordinate history to mathematics and rudimentary physics, which are to them what the classics were to England.

In no wise discouraged by this somewhat cloudy outlook, the writer of the *Education* paper demands the impossible as seriously and as determinedly as though he were drawing upon the resources of Helicon. In the first place, the pupils must be given a satisfactory motive for studying history; they must be convinced that it is worth their while to bestow on it their time and attention. This done, the teacher should quicken their acquiescence into enthusiasm by arousing in their minds an appreciation of noble lives and high achievements. He should make them sympathetic on the one hand and judicial on the other. He should avoid textbooks and reiterated questions. If he desires to find out what his class knows (which is but natural), "he should adapt his interrogations to the especial need and character of each student, and in this fashion cultivate the pupil's powers of oral description." Indeed, "to make the recitation really vital, the teacher should see to it that the students do most of the talking, questioning, and criticizing." The use of the blackboard is kindly permitted him, but only that he may cover it with "drawings and diagrams to illustrate the routes of armies, or the plan of a mediæval manor."

Artist, actor, and orator as well as instructor, this versatile genius is expected to be "brilliant, enthusiastic, fair-minded, sympathetic, firm, and skillful in narration." "His lessons should be constantly enlivened by anecdotes, illustrations, stories, and dramatic postures." He should joke with his classes "in clean harmless fashion." "He should make the ancient Greeks live again in their minds." Above all, he should have a large stock of historic details always ready for use, and, to ensure this supply, "he must do wide outside reading, especially in memoirs and biographies." Why with such capacity and equipment, and with all the educational institutions of the country competing for his services (for, if such a paragon exists, there can be but one), he

should content himself with the modest post and less than modest salary of a high school teacher (even in a four million dollar school-house) is a point left to the reader's consideration.

It is the sacrosanct character of education in the United States which provokes such flights of fancy. What is a creed without miracles, and why exalt the educator unless he can accomplish the miraculous? The need of limit, the feasibility of performance, belong to less hallowed things. Thousands of people all over the country are now asking that American children shall be "educated for peace"; not in the general way in which they have always been educated, but with an intensive purpose which will require a brisk overhauling of history. Whatever they learn of war must be to its discredit. Eliminate Cæsar, condemn Napoleon, and remember that Washington was a good farmer and an admirable man of affairs.

It is true, as Will Rogers remarks, that he got further as a soldier than in these avocations. It is true also that Lincoln was a great fighting president, calling for successive drafts of troops, thousands upon thousands and again more thousands of men, until the land was stripped bare of its youth. It is true that our flag was primarily a flag to fight under and was first raised over a conquered fort. But details like these can be softened by an adroit teacher; and school children can have their attention turned from the concrete, which is always hazardous, to generalizations, which are always safe. They can be taught such axioms as these, which are culled at random from an "Educate for World Peace" paper: "Rational men and women will not again permit nations to stumble into war." "The love and understanding between the United States and the Chinese were brought about by a common education." This last is in the nature of an enigma. One is reminded of the old picture puzzles with faces hidden in the trees. "Find the love. Find the understanding. Find the common education."

There are critics who object to warlike pictures ("Washington Crossing the Delaware") on schoolroom walls. There are critics who object to war poems ("Sheridan's Ride") in school readers. There are critics who object every year to Christmas carols, because a great many taxpayers do not hold with Christians. There are critics who think that "a light coat of moral disinfectant" is an insufficient substitute for religious instruction. There are critics who complain bitterly that our public schools

are turning out a race of young mutineers who have no respect for the established order. There are critics who pour molten waves of wrath upon our public schools because of their slavish subservience to the established order. "Education," they say, "is the propaganda department of the State, and of the existing social system." And there are critics who now and then speak a word of truth and wisdom, as did a writer in the *New Republic*, who remarked that what we ask of our schools is education, and what we get is literacy.

If, under existing circumstances, we did get what we ask, the miraculous would be a matter of everyday occurrence, and we should all be justified in our great American creed. It is possible for the average teacher to impart information of a sort to large classes of children whose mentality is less conspicuous than their sturdy physical well-being. It is not possible for the average teacher to make these children think, to provoke their voluntary attention and independent judgment, to transmit to them a moral and intellectual tradition which is no part or parcel of their inheritance. Every year some malcontent rushes into print with a list of queries to which high school students, or possibly normal school students, have given unexpected answers. They have opined that De Valera was a Mexican bandit, Lloyd George the king of England, and Henry Cabot Lodge a place where societies meet. These erroneous statements have been accredited to ignorance rather than to an incapacity for thought. The students, at some period of their young lives, had probably heard of the three contentious gentlemen; but they had never opened the pores of their minds to even a languid interest in their contentions, and were liable to be betrayed by the misleading sound of syllables.

A young Englishman teaching in an American school said that what struck him most sharply about American boys was their docility. He did not mean by this their readiness to do what they were told, but their readiness to think as they were told, in other words to permit him to do their thinking for them. This mental attitude is not wholly confined to youth, nor to the United States. "There is no expedient," said Sir Joshua Reynolds "to which men will not resort to avoid the necessity of thinking." The simplest and easiest method of escape is to choose a newspaper and stick to it; to pin our faith in matters social, political, foreign, and domestic upon its solemn dictum; to read the books

it praises most conspicuously (the chances are it praises all), to see the plays it recommends.

What is called the individual trend of education, encouraging a child to decide what studies he likes best or dislikes least, is a great economy of effort. When I am told that the modern educator is able to take "the child's point of view," and recall Barrett Wendell's dark saying, "no normal boy ever learned anything he could avoid," I realize the progress that has been made in the conciliating science of pedagogy. Had my teachers taken my point of view concerning, let us say, the French irregular verbs, I should have been a better and a happier child; but I should not have acquired the polite language of France.

At present the freedom desired by a great many young Americans is the freedom to leave school before the legal age. It is true that the "ascendent curve of education" is eagerly welcomed by intelligent boys and girls, young men and young women, who have either a desire for self-advancement or a natural turn for culture.

The literate can always become the educated if they are so minded. Franklin had two years' schooling, Lincoln less than twelve months. It is the proud boast of Gary, Indiana, that sixteen per cent of her adult population attend evening classes. Young people who work in the day time and study at night stand undaunted by circumstance. They are the masters of their fate, without any need to brag or bluster about it. If the country at large were as keen for education as is Gary, twelve million Americans would now be going to night school, and a vast deal of money would be wisely spent in teaching them.

On the other hand, there are a great many boys, and nearly as many girls, who want only to go to work. The boys, active and possibly industrious, take no interest in lessons; not because they are ill-taught, but because they have study-proof minds. They may take kindly to trade schools or to any kind of manual training, if they can get it; but books are not for them vehicles of instruction. They waste their time, play truant when they can, slip into vicious ways, and join the ranks of juvenile delinquents. Such headlines as "Seven Brooklyn Schoolboys Guilty of Series of Thefts," "Small Boys Figure in Boston Crime," tell their own tale.

By the time these lads are old enough to be permitted to work, they have lost their taste for labor. They have acquired

bad habits and bad records. The chances of life are against them. When we are casting about for responsible shoulders upon which to lay the blame for youthful transgressions, when we are censuring parents, homes, churches, city streets, and godless education, does it ever occur to anyone that a year or two of enforced idleness may have something to do with the matter? Young Americans are admittedly too eager to earn — and spend — money; but to eradicate this impulse we should have to make over the country.

The amazing report of the New York League of Women Voters that there are 345,000 fifteen-year-old wives in the United States is rendered still more incredible by the charge that a large proportion of these tragic youngsters have married, with or without their parents' consent, in order to escape from school and go to work. They were ready to take this serious and irrevocable step to gain their purpose and sometimes they failed of its accomplishment. Two years ago the superintendent of schools in Chicago decreed that men who were married to girls sixteen years old or younger must see to it that their wives went to school. Otherwise they — the husbands — would be fined or sent to jail as if they were parents. California has been equally insistent with indifferent results. The advent of babies is calculated to confuse the issue.

Not long ago, five girls in New York City were charged with truancy. They had all five cut school and secured work in shops and millinery establishments. It did not appear that they were driven to this step by any stress of poverty. Neither were they wayward or badly behaved. They simply — being young Americans — wanted more money to spend. It was represented to them that they were too young to regulate their own lives and that their education was still lamentably incomplete. They pleaded that they were unable to attend part-time schools, because these were open only by day, and no employer would give them the hours off. The judge said that laws were made to be obeyed, that the girls had decent homes to live in, and that they must finish the necessary studies, which were certainly not of an exhaustive nature. Four of the five received his words flippantly or tearfully, according to their dispositions; but the fifth spoke words of painful truth. "You can take me away from work," she said, "and you can send me back to school. But you can't make me learn a thing while I am there, and I won't."



HOPÍ INDIAN HOUSE

CANYON COUNTRY

WOODCUTS

BY

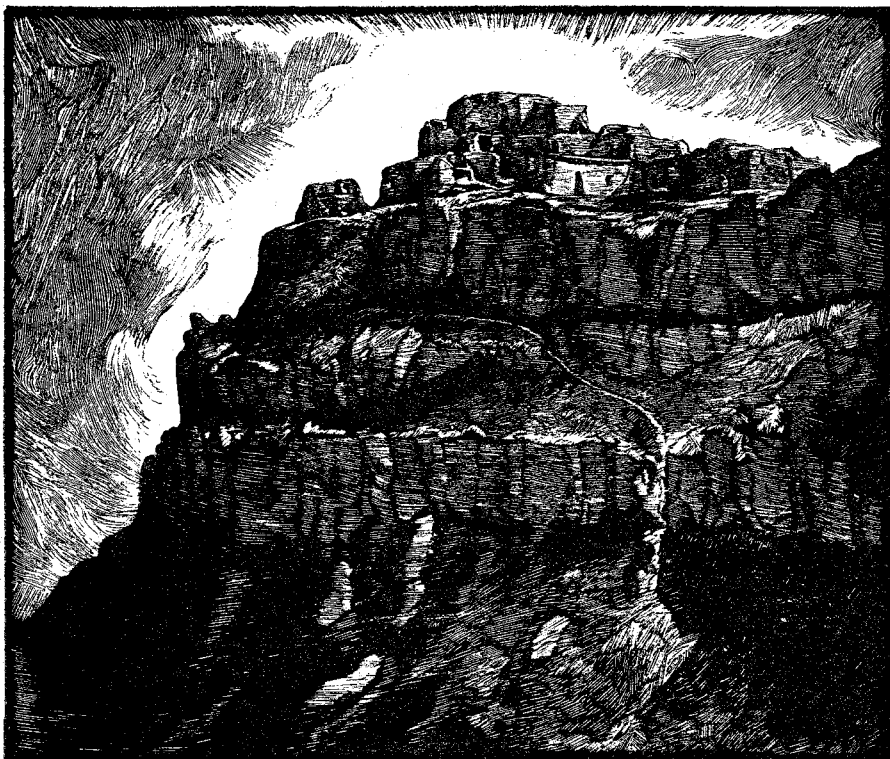
HOWARD

COOK



PUEBLO IN THE DESERT

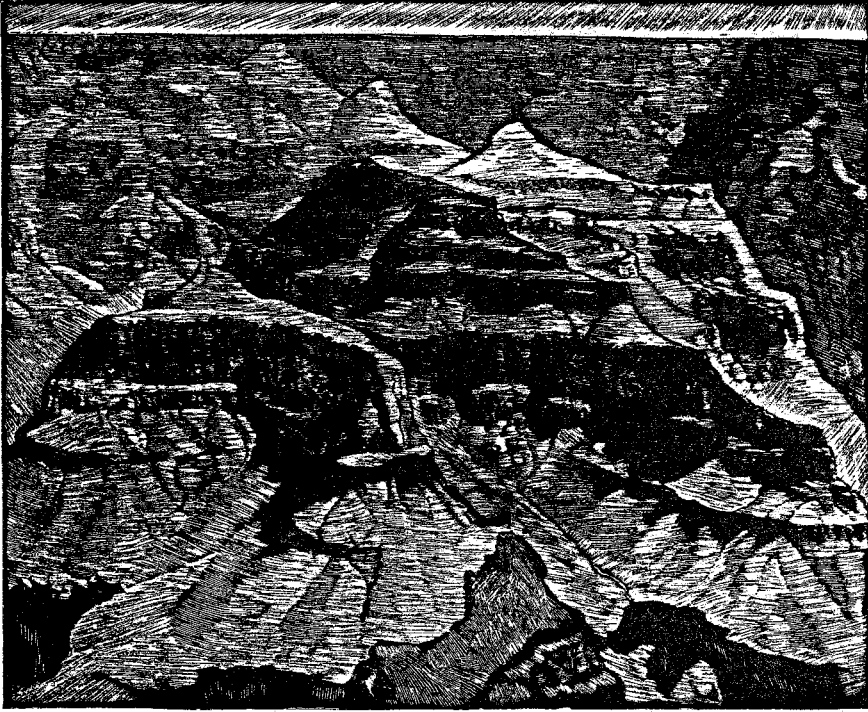
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WALPI MESA, ARIZONA - HOPI INDIANS



COLORADO RIVER



GRAND CANYON - KAIBAB PLATEAU



ARE HEROES HEROES?

FITZHUGH GREEN

Drawings by Erick Berry

THE technique of hero worship in most countries falls into a formula that, like the Einstein theory, limits the infinite. England embellishes the home-coming of a popular idol with all the colorful stage properties available in a kingdom. She then relegates the superman to a niche in her staid English country life and keeps him safe thereafter, conveniently on display like a piece of classic sculpture or a painting. Such was the fate of Marshal Haig. Spain knows that every toreador will sooner or later be gored by a bull. So she fêtes each silken hero to mad proportions, conscious that chance will terminate the frenzy of popular acclaim before it consumes the acclaimers. There was the passionate Velazques, disemboweled before his admirers only last July. France, dowered with centuries of experience, makes of Joffre a "Papa," of Gouraud a useful bestower of decorations, of Clemenceau a loved cartoon.

Not so America. Without discrimination, we seize upon the man who has become colorfully conspicuous and accord him a notoriety which, alas! expresses our emotionalism a good deal more than it does our admiration. We are as indiscriminating in our hero worship as a *nouveau riche* in a cellar of rare vintages. Our formula is that any sufficiently colorful act of daring, skill, or ingenuity makes a hero. We measure heroism not by bravery

but by the dramatic quality of its exhibition. We compare favorably with mediæval France, where a woman screaming in childbirth was nothing, while sexless Jeanne d'Arc, suffering from hallucinations, became a saint.

Now drama is struggle, and triumphal struggle should be exploited as an inspiration to other men. But what we want to inspire other men to be is heroic, not spectacular. Toward figures like Byrd and Lindbergh, Ederle and Bobby Jones, we are grossly unfair because we emphasize, not their contribution to science or athletics, but principally the vivid way they have forged ahead of other men. Their success should certainly be applauded. But when our applause becomes a subjective hysteria instead of objective appreciation, we breed false standards and corrupt ambition.

Fear is an instinct. Courage is control of fear by will power. It requires no hairsplitting definitions to establish the fact that true heroism is conscious courage. From this it follows that evaluation of a hero should spring, not from achievement, but from the conscious ratiocination that leads to that achievement. Tunney, clear-headed, was far more heroic in skilled retreat from Dempsey than a groggy Dempsey crushing Firpo with sledge hammer blows. Were this not so, we should set the courage of a maniac fighting ten keepers on a pedestal five times higher than that of the citizen pitting his strength against two highwaymen.

Classes from which the greatest number of so-called heroes come have tacitly recognized this fact for a long time. Military men cultivate self-hypnosis among their troops — they term it "morale." Aviators are fatalistic. They universally say, and believe, "My time is coming when it comes." Prize fighters dull doubt by cramming their brain cells with strategic minutiae. Acrobats numb their apprehension with monotony. Criminals take "snow" before the crime.

Let me illustrate a few aspects of this "hero" question by citing from my own professional (naval) experience.

A great stimulant to so-called courage is emotion. There was a hospital corps man attached to our marine unit on the western front during the World War who risked his life many times in his work of tending wounded men during action. He was as careful as possible to take no unnecessary risks. He was agile in reaching wounded men who had fallen in the open. And he stood well with his surgical seniors for the deftness with which he could cut

away bloody garments and apply first aid to shredded flesh and bone. This man was not considered a hero in the performance of his duty until one drizzly autumn morning, not long before the armistice, he was busily trotting about behind the "big push." The air quivered with unending concussions and death was all about him. But he did not take unusual chances or relax his ordinary vigilance until the moment when he leaned over a very gory victim of man's folly who showed signs of agony, though his face had been almost completely sheared off by a steel fragment.

This hospital corps man suddenly recognized the horror as his buddy, his comrade in misery, his brother in the stinking trenches. The sight turned him cold, a clammy, emotionless cold. He wiped his hands. He did not care especially to live any longer after what he had seen. Numb to his former apprehensions, indifferent to the fact that he was a very useful factor in his own forces, he strode out into the maelstrom of death. For ten hours he single-handedly brought back wounded men from spots where it seemed none could live. Every minute of the time he was under hot fire, completely exposed and visible to the desperately fighting enemy. Grief and fury made him indifferent. He lived and was decorated as a hero. Yet because the emotion of his wild grief had stunned his fear, his true heroism ended where his acts for which his country extolled him began.

Another great impellent to heroism is man's consciousness of what may be termed his "social self." By this I mean the part of him nourished by the recognition he gets from other men. Like many other animals, man is gregarious. The normal man feels an irresistible urge to remain near his fellows. Martin Johnson tells me the herding beasts of Africa exhibit a wild frenzy of anxiety when any one of them suddenly finds himself alone, and lose no time hurrying back to the group.

Man also feels this keenly and in a more matured way. He is forever conscious of what other men think of him, how they esteem him, especially. Conversely, no greater agony can be imagined than a man adrift among his kind, wholly unnoticed. Says Locke: "Nor is there one in ten thousand who is stiff and insensible enough to bear up under the constant dislike and condemnation of his own club. He must be of a strange and unusual constitution who can content himself to live in constant disgrace and disrepute with his own particular society. Solitude many

men have sought and been reconciled to; but nobody that has the least thought or sense of a man about him can live in society under the constant dislike and ill opinion of his familiars and those he converses with. This is a burden too heavy for human sufferance; and he must be made up of irreconcilable contradictions who can take pleasure in company and yet be insensible of contempt and disgrace from his companions.”

A man's fame, his honor, his reputation for all that is thought fine, are integral parts of the terrific emotional voltage concealed within him — his social self. The prevalent and common acceptance of this truth is shown by the conventional way in which one man's action is tolerated while another is condemned, depending on the walk of life to which either belongs. Thus a layman may



flee Chrisobal black with plague, although the priest or doctor would be dishonored by retreat. The soldier faces death under circumstances where a civilian with equal physical equipment can run.

I can relate the case of Commander Edwards, my Annapolis classmate, because he has been a real hero several times. Once when he was distinctly not a hero, but only professionally competent to a rare degree, U. S. Navy General Order No. 123 was issued in Washington reading as follows:

The Navy Department takes pleasure in announcing the award of Honor to Lieutenant Commander W. A. Edwards, U. S. Navy, for heroism in rescuing 482 men, women, and children from the French military transport *Vinh Long*, destroyed by fire in the Sea of Marmora, Turkey, on December 16, 1922.

Facts of the case were briefly as follows: At dawn the officer of the deck on Edwards's destroyer sighted a vessel to starboard. While he strove to make her out in the dim light, he saw a flash of fire burst from her stern. He put his helm hard over and called Commander Edwards, who was sleeping in the pilot house. This was simple routine. In the brief space it took for the swift American craft to reach the bigger vessel, the latter burst into flames from end to end. Edwards manned his rescue boats and hove to near by while they sped to the side of the doomed transport.

He relates: "I saw the French captain at the end of his bridge ready to answer me. Smoke billowed out of his after hatch. Hose played on the flames. Orders were being shouted. A confused mass of sailors, soldiers, women, and children, were visible roaming anxiously about the decks."

Words cannot describe the intensity with which Edwards was conscious of his *social self* at this moment: terrible danger at the heels of half a thousand human beings, their eyes turned appealingly to him for succor, and some twenty years of naval training establishing his inner conviction that it was entirely up to him to save the day. He hailed the French captain, who raised his megaphone to reply. Says Edwards: "I strained my ears. But his words never came. His ship answered for him. Out of her waist rose a wide tongue of yellow flame. With it went a cloud of wreckage. The big after mast sprang skyward as if released by a spring. A terrific roar deafened us. The transport had blown up amidships. This was my first hint of the dreadful experience

just ahead. At my signal our boats went down. They did not wait for orders to pick up the torn wretches who had been blown into the sea. Also there were those who, maddened by fear, began throwing themselves over the transport's side."

It was a dramatic situation, enough to make the story-writer's mouth water: the light, little destroyer rolling in the trough of the sea and the blazing transport that had suddenly turned out to be a vessel of death because of the cargo of explosives aboard her.

There wasn't time to take the people off by boats. Two more small explosions littered the water with burning débris. At any moment might come the final eruption and blow to eternity the huddled wretches still aboard the Vinh Long. But Edwards had his own ship and men to think about. Many were burned and half blinded by the last explosion. The final blast that must annihilate the transport would also crush the destroyer if she were near. Edwards had two obvious courses: stand clear and save his own ship, picking up survivors after the transport blew up; or run alongside in a desperate effort to take on as many as possible, despite the risk that his own ship would be sunk if the last grand detonation came before he got away.

In the few chaotic seconds in which he had to decide, he stood conspicuously at his bridge-end before the eyes of his own men as well as of the French multitude. Cries of the dying echoed in his ears. It is no disparagement of his feat to say that under the circumstances simple courage did not motivate him. The uncontrollable power that crystallized his decision could only have been that which sprang from his matured social self: hundreds of his fellow men looked to him for action; to disappoint them would shatter their esteem and his honor.

"Stand by to ram!" he cried.

The order electrified his hearers on both ships. The destroyer sprang forward; her sharp bow pierced the transport's belly, flooding the magazines. Nearly five hundred souls were taken off as the Vinh Long sank. It was a fine display of seamanship and resourcefulness. But Edwards wasn't the hero the official record made him out to be. I know personally of four times when he was infinitely more courageous, when neither emotion nor the jealous guarding of his social self, but only simple courage, prompted him to great deeds.

In listing instances to illumine my point it is necessary to use

cases where the hero has other exploits to fall back on. Else I risk belittling his prestige.

General Smedley Butler, U. S. Marine Corps, figures prominently and frequently enough in the Navy to stand some analysis of one of his several feats of valor. On November 17, 1915, during the Haitian insurrection, Smedley Butler was in command of detachment out to capture old Fort Rivère. This fort was the strongest outpost of the native insurrectionists. It was an old French bastion structure, about two hundred feet on the side and constructed of thick, stone walls. These walls had the usual loopholes, which constituted the only apertures save a small breach in the southern wall, used as an entrance. Naturally those besieged kept this entrance well covered with the rifles of picked marksmen inside. Certain death seemed to await the first man who dared enter.

Butler found himself confronted with the alternative of waiting for the stronghold to fall after a lengthy siege, or of breaking through the unscalable walls. Little reflection was enough to tell him that siege was impracticable because there was more food for those within the fort than for those without. Breaching such walls as those of which the place was built was totally out of the question without much equipment the marines lacked.

The leader faced failure. He who had ordered and bullied, urged and cajoled his men over the tough, jungle trails while tracking the enemy to this lair was on the brink of having to admit his expedition was abortive and his military judgment a hollow sham. A hundred per cent positive character like Smedley Butler could no more endure such an outcome to his efforts than he could turn coward and run. Risk to his physical body was of minor consequence as compared with jeopardizing his social self as focused in his honor.

Smedley Butler made up his mind almost automatically. Fire from the native bandits was constantly passing through the hole in the wall by which the marines must enter. It was known the natives would give no quarter. But the American leader did not hesitate. He snapped a laconic order to his platoon leaders and strode forward. By a miracle he got through unscathed. His brave men crowded through at his heels. A terrific hand to hand mêlée ensued. In ten minutes the surviving twenty-three marines held the fort.

For this fine performance of duty Smedley Butler was granted

the Congressional medal of honor and officially branded as a "hero." Yet the courage he used, bolstered as it was by one of mankind's most potent stimulants, was far less than he used on a number of other occasions which were never even recognized in official correspondence.

There is a not too fine distinction between will on the one hand and conviction on the other in connection with exercise of real or apparent courage. The greatest hero is he who, trembling with full comprehension of peril, declines to flee. Conviction that danger will pass him by may subtract any or all of his fear. Without fear there can be no true courage. Spiritual sense of duty as distinct from the social sense acts like conviction, or is the same, in mitigating apprehension. Nurse Cavell's intellectual contempt of consequences must have saved her agony that tormented many a poor, terrified wretch forcing his unwilling flesh across no man's land in France.

Conviction rather than will no doubt has much to do with the making of our air heroes of recent months. Months and years of flying have implanted faith in the flier's heart. He knows that, if his engine stops, his plane must succumb to gravity. He knows engines sometimes do stall. But his conviction is that his own engine will not stall, that gravity will not get its clutches on him.

William James says: "Most maniacs know their thoughts to be crazy, but find them too pressing to be withstood. Compared with them the sane truths are so deadly sober, so cadaverous, that the lunatic cannot bear to look them in the face and say, 'Let these alone be my reality!'" Our best air pilots are among our sanest citizens; they have to be if they are to survive. But their mental processes in contemplation of danger are in this matter of false conviction parallel to those of the demented. They know that danger exists for them while they are in the air. Yet, paraphrasing James's words, compared with easy flight the truth of existent danger seems to the pilot so cadaverous that he cannot look it in the face and say, "Let this be my reality."

Lindbergh, hailed as the air hero of the year, describes with superb naïveté a parachute jump when he was lost in fog and darkness about a year before his Paris flight. "At 5,000 feet the engine sputtered and died. I stepped up on the cowlings and out over the right side of the cockpit, pulling the rip cord after about a 100-foot fall. I was falling head downward when the risers jerked me into an upright position and the chute opened." He

made three other parachute jumps. He mastered the art of trick flying, becoming capable of doing stunts in the air that the cleverest bird could not duplicate. He had many hundreds of hours in the air. Naturally it followed that when he hopped off for Paris the conviction within him that he was safe was well-nigh impregnable to fear.

Making this point need not in any way reflect on the extraordinary competence of Lindbergh as a flier and his dash and spirit as a pioneer. Indeed, it should clarify and make more sane the national appreciation of what he has done for aviation and America.

Sadly enough, the great *raison d'être* of a "hero" like Lindbergh is not his heroism but the fact that he satisfies the intense subjectivity of the human race. It was not the objective man, the two-legged pilot, the air-chauffeur with his hands on the stick, who last May loosed a torrent of mass emotion such as the world has never seen. Rather, it was the subjective Lindbergh: the creature of our imaginations representing what we yearned to be — young, handsome, triumphant, modest, adored, rich, daring. Because the lad so perfectly fitted this image he was accorded the hysterical adulation of the mob. That he was a supremely good air pilot went unnoticed save for passing mention.

It is this blind subjective hero worship that is so disturbing. Surely its surest and promptest injury was to the very profession which aroused it — the tragic Pacific air race which cost many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of equipment. There was avowedly no true goal in this wretched performance save that tempting pinnacle reached but a few weeks before by Lindbergh.

I shall now cite two instances in which nearly as clear-cut human courage was exhibited as I believe is possible. In neither case did the brave man become a conventional "hero." His act was not colorful enough and did not receive the necessary notoriety to stir public interest.

The first case was that of my old Annapolis comrade, Lieutenant Commander William Corry. "Bill" was not an excitable chap, but he could think on occasion and he habitually kept his head. In other words, he was agreeably normal. On October 3, 1920, he took off in a plane at Hartford, Connecticut, with a friend, Lieutenant Wagner. At an altitude of thirty-five feet the motor suddenly stalled. A tree was just ahead. Wagner, piloting,

tried to swing the machine but only succeeded in starting a side-slip. The plane crashed and instantly burst into flames.

Corry was thrown clear. Though injured, he was able to struggle to his feet. A terrible sight met his eyes. Through the holocaust that had been his plane he saw Wagner struggling to extricate himself from the fiery wreckage. There was no crowd to cheer or help. Corry had to act alone and against the anguished protest of every nerve in his body. He hobbled to the blazing wreck and entered the flames. Wagner died that night. Corry died five days later as the result of the burns he had received in his effort to save his friend. Yet had he lived, no cheering crowd would have lined the streets to see him pass and fill the air above his scarred forehead with a snowstorm of confetti.

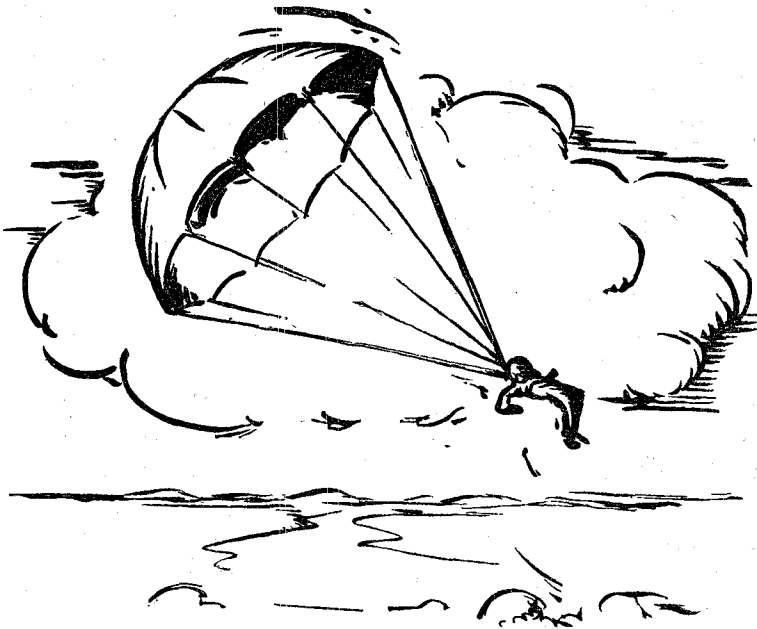
My second case is that of Henry Breault, Torpedoman Second Class, U. S. Navy, attached to the submarine O-5. On the 28th of October, 1923, the O-5 collided with the Steamship Abangarez and sank in one minute. At the time of the collision Breault was in the torpedo room. Feeling the shock, he sprang up the nearest ladder and found himself on the deck of a sinking ship. Picture the situation. It was early evening. There was much confusion, shouts, bells, siren of the ramming ship. Men were plunging from the deck of the doomed submarine into the sea. It was right they should. Presently she would disappear with a swirl beneath the black waters of the Gulf of Mexico and her vortex would draw down all but the strongest swimmers.

Breault hesitated. He could swim and he saw full well what all the others were doing to save themselves. The reason he hesitated was that he suddenly recalled his shipmate Brown had been asleep in the compartment beyond the torpedo room hatch when the collision came. At this moment Brown was being trapped by the inrushing waters. It was too late to rescue the man. Calling for help would do no good. In the dusk none would notice a single frantic figure shouting unintelligible cries. How easy it would have been for Breault to slip into the sea and be congratulated on his lucky escape a few minutes later. Instead he chose a desperate course. More quickly than he emerged he leaped back down the ladder up which he had come. Against an inrushing torrent of water he swung the steel door closed and sank with the O-5 to the bottom.

When Breault stumbled through the inky darkness of the sleeping space he found Brown and roused him. Together the

pair spent a galling thirty-one hours stopping leaks in the plates about them. Then a wrecking tug got a purchase around one end of the submarine and raised it to the surface. Breault opened the hatch and collapsed, exhausted but alive, into the ready arms of his admiring rescuers.

Breault received a medal and his name is in the Navy's "Hero File." But he isn't a hero in the modern sense of the word. The "heroes" we applaud generally deserve the highest commendation. But the indiscriminating hero worship which is rapidly becoming an American habit is bad for us and bad for the "heroes" and still worse for the immature youths who witness it.



CHRISTIAN UNITY

S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D., LL.D.

LAST March, in the pages of *THE FORUM*, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, general chairman of the American Committee which prepared the World Conference on Faith and Order called to meet in August at Lausanne, Switzerland, presented a prologue to the Conference. As Mr. Hughes declared, this Conference afforded "an opportunity to discuss faith and order—not to conceal disagreements, but to ascertain in how much we agree." On the twentieth of August the Call to

Unity was unanimously adopted by the full Conference. A published report of subsequent procedure is now available. *THE FORUM*, however, has asked Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, to draw conclusions from the Conference and present them to our readers. As Mr. Hughes's pronouncement constituted the prologue, Dr. Cadman's may be considered the epilogue to one of the world's most constructive congresses.

THE Bishop of Manchester has publicly stated that the Lausanne Conference was a complete and unmitigated success. I heartily indorse his judgment. Its conciliar activities were not intended to provide a basis for the reunion of the Churches represented. On the contrary, Bishop Brent and those associated with him in this noble enterprise did everything possible to prevent so erroneous a conception of its purpose. No informed delegate in that assembly believed it had been convened to abolish by fiat the historic separatisms of Christianity. Desirable as their abolition is and ultimately inevitable as I personally hold it to be, it would have been retarded and not advanced by premature steps in its direction. The supporting laymen and deeply interested clergymen for whom this report is written have the right to ask what was designed and done at Lausanne. First, the Conference met to ascertain the existing grounds of agreement and to what extent they could be relied upon for federalizing measures. Its second aim was to discuss recognized differences in a perfectly candid yet amicable spirit. The results surpassed sanguine expectations and the volume of the proceedings of the Conference, which is presently to appear, will justify the immense sacrifice and toil involved in its origination and accomplishment. Its temper from first to last was confederal, not controversial. Its outstanding result was an increased consciousness of the essential oneness of all Christians, and a correspondingly diminished consciousness of their divisions. From the intellectual standpoint, it gained and maintained a higher level than any similar assembly known to me. One need not particularize on this issue. It suffices to say that from the opening note struck by the sermon of its President, Bishop Brent,

to the final utterances the mental calibre and grasp of the debates left little room for adverse criticism. There was a marked absence of those futilities of mere clerical mechanism which have injured previous ecclesiastical gatherings. Honors were equal and none sought them for himself. The sound and fury which have too often marred the peace and prosperity of councils were supplanted by a prevalent brotherliness and courtesy. These chosen leaders of Churches numbering four hundred millions of adherents were aware of the dignity and worth of the task they had undertaken and they discharged it admirably.

During the three weeks of the Conference we discovered that disagreements lurk behind the identity of words, and that widely different interpretations can be honestly given to the same formulas. When one recalls the errors and misunderstandings due this single yet prolific source one feels grateful that it was uncovered at Lausanne. The difficulties of the delegates were heightened by their enforced use of English, German, and French. It was well-nigh impossible to translate the original speeches with exactitude and quite impossible to reproduce the personal force of the speaker. But as the eventful days passed, Greek Catholics, Anglican Catholics, and the sons of the Reformation obtained a clearer vision of the irrespective positions, which their delightful contacts in committees and receptions intensified and broadened. The Conference unanimously accepted the findings of its Commissions on the Call of God to Unity, the Content and Scope of the Gospel Message, and the Nature of the Christian Church. It naturally revealed traditional differences upon the nature of the Christian ministry and of the Sacraments of the Eucharist and Baptism. Nevertheless, if a bold speculator had predicted the acceptance of these findings he would have been reckoned a vain dreamer.

It is a fact, and one still creative of grateful wonder, that the Conference itself, dispassionately considered, was an achievement of capital significance. But this is by no means all. It proclaimed the end of sectarianism for its own sake and also the genesis of a new unity. If, as Carlyle averred, the beginning moment is the supreme moment, what was done at Lausanne in August, 1927, is sure of a good verdict hereafter. There the Churches really set out on the road to reintegration and recovery, and by so doing turned back the tides that have flowed toward division in East and West for the past fourteen hundred years. It is likely to be a

long and arduous journey. But the route has been indicated, and I am convinced that *nil desperandum* is the working motto of its pilgrims. They dare not and they cannot retreat into the wilderness of past schisms and weaknesses. It is now vitally urgent that the rank and file of the Churches of America should rightly apprehend the mutual goodwill, sympathetic comprehension, and determination for further coöperation experienced by the five hundred and more delegates at Lausanne. Once this apprehension is ours as a nation, the cause of Christian unity can be safely entrusted to the oversight of divine guidance, the advocacy of those elect spirits which it will unfailingly secure, the good sense of our constituencies, and the ameliorating processes of time.

PRAYER

LORD, loose my tongue in poesy,
For melodies I fain would echo come
From every hill and stream and tree;
But if in song-joy I grow deaf to Thee,
Lord, keep me dumb!

Lord, give clear visioning to me —
O, mirror all Earth's beauty in my mind;
But if mine eyes, pride-dazzled, see
All Nature's loveliness yet see not Thee,
Lord, keep me blind!

— *Leo C. Robertson*

THREE PUZZLES IN NATURAL HISTORY

H. MUNRO FOX

Drawings by Silvia Baker



I — WHAT IS THE MEANING OF PLAY?

WHAT purpose does play subserve in nature? Is there any reason for the apparently aimless expenditure of energy by young animals? The answer to these questions is that play enables the young animals to learn the full use of their limbs and of their capabilities. The only exception to the rule is afforded by love-play. This is instinctive behavior which augments sexual desire in the service of the propagation of the race.

The play of the young seems to be just a sort of training in those actions which will be of vital importance to the full grown animal. This is not the only interpretation, however, that has been given to the phenomenon of play. The philosopher Herbert Spencer thought play to be an expression of an overflow of surplus energy. The life processes of the young, he said, are so energetic that they express themselves by useless activities. It is only quite lately that Gross, the subdirector of the famous Zoölogical Station at Naples, has indicated what is probably a truer explanation of the play of animals. He pointed out that young animals often play when not in fullest vigor. Young dogs chasing one another continue to do so until tired out, until no more energy remains to them. That play is rather a preparation or training for serious life activities than an outlet for useless energy is shown by the fact that the play always imitates the most serious pursuits of later life. In play it is often a matter of fighting, of hunting, or of flight.

Predacious animals push stones or pieces of wood with their paws and run after the inanimate objects as later on they will chase their prey. With cats, the mother brings wounded mice

or other creatures for the young to play with and so learn to hunt. Later on, the parents take the young with them on real hunting excursions. This time of schooling may last eighteen months, as with lions.

The young of animals possessing natural weapons play at fighting just to learn the methods. Young lions, wolves, and bears pretend to fight with one another without really making use of their teeth or claws in earnest. The mothers often join in the game. Young deer butt at one another with their heads long before their antlers have grown out.

Not only the young but fully grown animals play together. We have all seen this in dogs. Here it is a matter of exercise, of keeping the muscles in training and the fighting capacity up to the mark. Perhaps this play of grown-ups is seen more in domesticated than in wild animals because the natural instincts have here less chance of being exercised. Even insects seem to play. The soldier caste of ants engage sometimes in mimic battles. When the ants from the same ant heap fight in this way among themselves, they never injure one another. This, surely, is a true example of play.

The naturalist Köhler, who made such an intensive study of chimpanzees in Teneriffe, gives an extremely interesting insight into the play of these animals. Apes in their play seem to show a real joy or pride in their capabilities — a pleasure in being able to accomplish actions. This is not far removed from the pleasures of an athlete. If a chimpanzee has been taught to use any sort of tool, the creature will repeat the action again and again, on its own as it were, from the pure pleasure of being able to do it. This is a step higher than the play of lower animals. Chimpanzees often learn to do things quite alone and then repeat the actions again and again. This was true, for example, with one of the animals which continually removed the cover of the outlet drain of the cage. Carrying this object away became a sort of sport, which was repeated until it became boring.

Difficult actions were often undertaken by the chimpanzees just for fun. Water, for instance, was always available in a bowl, for drinking at mealtimes, but one of the apes would always drink it through a straw, once this trick had been acquired.

The chimpanzees played the most astonishing games with hens. The hens in a neighboring cage would assemble behind the bars while the chimpanzees were eating, in the hope of picking up

scattered crumbs. There was all the more hope of this since the apes, already interested in the chickens, took their meal near the fowl enclosure. Now one of the chimpanzees would hold out a piece of bread to a hen and, just as the latter was on the point of pecking at it, would pull it back again. This play would be repeated a hundred times. Sometimes two chimpanzees would tease a hen. One would entice her with a piece of bread and just as she was about to seize it, the other would poke the hen with a stick.

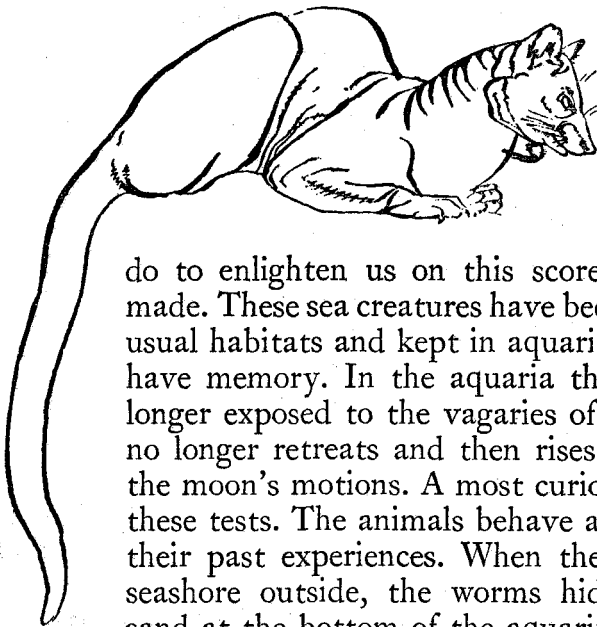


Here, then, is true play among animals. With the apes it seems often to be a mere amusement, with the lower animals it is a form of exercise.

II — HAVE ANIMALS ANY NOTION OF TIME?

As far as we are aware, animals have no notion of time in the sense we have. The future means nothing to them, and for this they are much happier than we are. They live for the present moment only. They have no fears of what may happen to them in days to come — no fear, then, of death and no yearning after immortality. Neither do we suppose that they have any clear conception of the past, although undoubtedly they have unconscious memory. The formation of habits depends on this. But they don't consciously think over the happy days of youth gone by, nor brood over the sorrows of old age.

Have animals, then, any conception of time at all? A number of lower creatures that live on the sea shore are exposed to regular periodic changes every time the tide goes down. Sea snails, worms, sea anemones are left high and dry each time of ebb tide. Twice in every twenty-four hours the snails must retire into their shells, the worms retreat into the mud, and the anemones have to close up their lovely flower-like corolla of tentacles. This they must do to avoid being dried up or scorched by the sun. If there is any memory of past events in the primitive



brains of these lowly creatures, surely it should show itself in such regularly repeated events of their lives. What can scientific experiment

do to enlighten us on this score? The test has been made. These sea creatures have been removed from their usual habitats and kept in aquaria to see whether they have memory. In the aquaria they are, of course, no longer exposed to the vagaries of the tides. The water no longer retreats and then rises again in response to the moon's motions. A most curious fact emerges from these tests. The animals behave as if they remembered their past experiences. When the tide retreats on the seashore outside, the worms hide themselves in the sand at the bottom of the aquarium, the snails retreat into their shells, and the anemones close up. On the first day after their captivity, they behaved in this way just as if they were still on the shore, although they no longer risked any dessication. On the second day, they behaved as before, but more lazily. On the third day, the response was less again, and so on from day to day the tidal influence decreased. Here then we have a memory, which gradually fades. But it is a long and rash step to say that the memory of the retreat of the water at low tide is a conscious one.

If we admit conscious memory to these molluscs and worms, we must concede it to trees, too. In northern climates, trees lose their leaves in winter. The reasons are various. Trees have no kidneys. They store up their waste products in their leaves instead of getting rid of the waste day by day. When the leaves are overladen with waste they are shed, and later fresh leaves are formed. And there are other, stronger reasons why the leaves should be shed in autumn. Leaves offer a great resistance to the wind. A tree with all its leaves on would be uprooted in the winter storms, just as a tent would be blown over. And yet another reason. Plants lose water all the time by evaporation from the leaves. This water is renewed from the soil by the roots through a process known scientifically as osmosis. Osmosis, however, goes on so slowly in the cold that it would be insufficient in

winter to make up for the loss of water to the air from the leaves.

But how does all this bear on the question of the time conception of living things? Quite simply. If northern trees are transplanted to hotter climates — to Egypt for example — they behave just as they did in their colder home. They shed their leaves in the autumn. Yet there is no longer any reason why they should do so at that particular time of year. Storms do not endanger their lives. And the soil temperature does not fall so low that the water loss from the leaves cannot be made up from the ground. The trees simply retain the habit formed in past generations in the colder northern climes.

Can we say, then, that trees have a memory of the past? Hardly, for plants possess no nervous system, in which we know memory to be located. Thus we are placed in a very difficult situation in interpreting the behavior of the sea creatures in their aquarium. Have they any conscious memory of the tides or is it as unconscious as the behavior of the plants?

Apes are the animals most near to ourselves anatomically, yet close observers maintain that chimpanzees show in their behavior no conception of future events. Only animals which hunt their prey must have some conception of the very near future. For when waiting for moving prey which has disappeared momentarily behind an obstacle, they stay there to spring until the moment when the victim is calculated to reappear in the open. They estimate at least this short time interval.

III — HOW DO BIRDS AND INSECTS FIND THEIR WAY HOME?

Most people have heard of astonishing instances of insects finding their way home over great distances. But it is only lately that naturalists have formed a clear conception of the mode in which the creatures accomplish such feats. Formerly it was put down vaguely to "instinct." But what actually does this word, "instinct," mean? It might be an inherited memory — memory of the road, acquired by former generations and passed on to the offspring. Or again it is conceivable that insects might smell their way home; or that they may have already seen the way and remember the landscape; or that they make use of some mysterious sense quite unknown to us. Which of these explanations is the true one? We shall see that to-day zoölogists have formed

a clearer conception of what actuates the insects than merely to state that "instinct" is responsible.

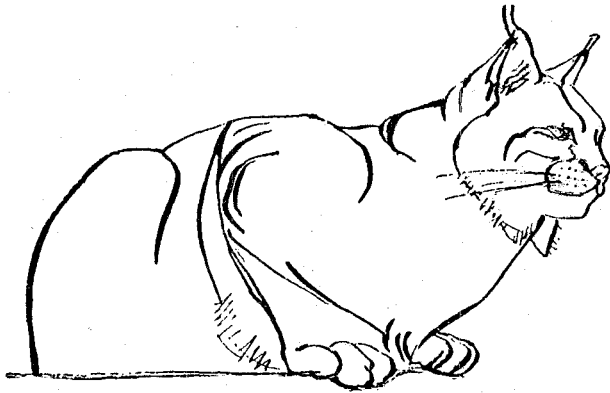
First, however, let us see what are the facts to be explained. To what extent do insects exhibit this homing instinct?

Bees and wasps offer the most striking instances. Many so-called digging, or fossorial, wasps leave their nests to engage in hunting expeditions. Food is required for the young grubs in the nest. The wasp goes forth to kill other insects and brings the prey back to the nest, often from considerable distances. The famous French naturalist Fabre made some experiments to find out actually how far the wasps could sally forth and then find the nest again. He caught a number of the digging wasps and marked each one with a white spot. He then put them into a paper box and carried them a distance of two miles from the nest before letting them free. These wasps flew straight back home. On another occasion he marked ten individuals and carried them away into a town three miles away. The wasps were not liberated until the following morning. Five of them then found their way home.

Another naturalist took a number of bees away from their hive in a box and let them loose in a stone-breaker's yard. The bees flew up into the air and then some of them, after circling once or twice, flew away home to the hive. The remainder, however, did not fly home. They came back to the box whence they had been liberated. These bees were then purposely scared away, and the box was moved to a neighboring heap of stones. The bees now returned, not to the box, but to the heap of stones on which the box had previously lain. This sense of locality was very puzzling. All sorts of explanations were proposed, many of them fanciful, before the true reason was found.

It is now clear that the sense of sight is responsible for the insects' behavior. The bees find their way home simply because they have previously flown over the country and seen it. In other words, they know its geography. In the instance quoted above, some bees knew the appearance of the whole country right back to the hive. Others were unfamiliar with it, and recognized only the short path over which they had just flown from the box on the heap of stones. These then returned to the heap of stones on which the box had been opened.

But how do we know that this simple explanation is the true one and that nothing more mysterious is involved? The following



experiment makes the matter clear. Twenty bees were marked, each with a spot of paint, and were then put in a box. The hive from which they were taken stood on the edge of a lake. The twenty bees were taken in their box six miles inland and then let free. Seventeen of them returned to the hive. These same seventeen bees were put into the box another day and taken only three miles out over the lake. When liberated, they flew round in all directions but none came home to the hive. It is obvious that they could not find their way back over the water for there were no landmarks to guide them. Nor had they ever been over the lake before in search of food.

It is not so astonishing that bees can return for such long distances over known country when one thinks of their rate of flight. They can cover ten yards a second. Thus a journey over several miles occupies a few minutes only. The impressions to be stored up in memory are therefore not so great. Bees fly out from home in search of food, usually for about two miles. Instances are known, however, of a return home from as far as ten miles away.

After bees are first "born" inside the hive or, more exactly, after they have hatched out of the chrysalis stage, they remain for a few days at home before taking their first flight. When the young bees fly out, they make short trial flights at first. This is not in order to test their wings but in order to get to know the neighborhood. They fly a yard or two, circle around, and then fly on. Each trial flight is longer than the last one, until finally they get to know and remember all the landmarks around the hive. Of the bees carried in the box to the heap of stones, probably those which did not fly home but returned to the stones

were young bees which had not yet completed their reconnoitering flights.

Bees have been compelled to find and to learn a new and unfamiliar path home. A hive was placed in a room which had two windows. The bees flew out of the nearest window. The latter was then shut. In vain the bees tried to return home by the outward path. Eventually, after many trials, they found the second open window and the longer path back to the hive. The memory of this new path persisted. For when next day both windows were opened, the creatures flew out and came back again by the longer path through the second window.

The whole business of the return home seems to be very automatic and to involve no intelligence on the part of the bee. Take the following instance: If the entrance to the hive is four inches wide, a returning bee always goes in by the same corner of the entrance. When the particular corner is blocked up, but the rest of the entrance hole left open, the bee is completely baffled. It tries in vain to force its way in through the obstacle, although the open road lies just beside it. This seems all the more strange since the bee has found its way home by sight over a great distance, maybe of several miles.

Again if, after the bees have sallied forth in search of honey, the hive is moved a distance of one foot only, the returning bees go to the place where the hive previously stood, not noticing their home standing just to one side. The same experiment has been made with a swallow's nest. The animals seem not to orientate themselves by visible objects at the hive or nest itself, but by landmarks lying farther off.

Ants, too, have a well developed "sense of locality." This permits them to make long foraging excursions away from their nests. But with ants it is not the sense of sight which is chiefly concerned in finding the way. In the first place, ants run along the ground and do not fly like bees. To the ants, small inequalities in the ground are great obstacles and would prevent their seeing landmarks. Not only is this true but in many kinds of ants the worker caste, which do the foraging, are quite sightless. For these creatures the senses of touch and of smell are mainly responsible for pathfinding. The sense of smell in insects is situated in the antennæ, or feelers. With these feelers, which are continually in movement, the ants smell not only odors in the air but on the ground. Along an ant path leading from the nest to the foraging

ground, the nest smell diminishes as the distance from the nest increases. At the same time, the food smell decreases as the nest is approached. Thus the direction to be followed along the path is indicated. An ant which is traveling toward the nest can be taken up in the hand and put down again in another spot on the path. Immediately and without hesitation it starts off in the same homeward direction.

The direction of the sun's rays is also utilized by ants in finding their way along their paths. In one experiment, the direction of the light rays falling on the path was reversed by means of a mirror. Whereas the sunshine had previously fallen from the west it was now reflected from the east on to the moving army of ants. Immediately, they reversed their direction of march.

The mode in which homing pigeons find their way back has long been a mystery. Carrier pigeons can return from distances of two hundred miles and, in rarer cases, of even six hundred miles. What sense is responsible for such remarkable performances? A mysterious magnetism has been suggested. But setting aside this unscientific assumption, two serious theories have been put forward. The one is that the series of successive body movements to right, to left, up and down, on the outward journey is automatically registered. The second theory is that sight is concerned, just as it is for bees and wasps. The first of the two theories, then, supposes that all the movements of the bird's body during the outward flight are automatically recorded in the brain. On the return journey the film, as it were, would be unrolled in the opposite sense, and the various movements made in reverse order until the pigeon arrived home. Let us consider for a moment how the bird's body movements could so be recorded.

Birds, like ourselves and like fishes, have an apparatus in the inner ear which records the movements of the head. This apparatus has nothing to do with hearing although it is situated in the ear. It is called the labyrinth. The way in which it works can best be explained by thinking of a simple imaginary model. Take a basin half full of water on a table. Turn the basin sharply round. The water does not move round as fast as the basin. It lags behind and then slowly moves. Now, if a bristle had been attached to the inner wall of the basin, projecting into the water, this bristle would have been bent over by the backward lag of the water when the basin was turned.

Come back now to the so-called labyrinth inside the ear. It



consists of closed semicircular tubes containing liquid. Into the tubes project microscopic hairs. These hairs are connected to nerves. On each side of the head are three semicircular tubes arranged perpendicular to one another. Now when the head is turned, the liquid in one or other of the semicircular tubes lags behind the movement of the tube itself. This lag bends over the microscopic hairs, and the result is telegraphed by the nerves to the brain. Thus the brain knows — unconsciously, of course — in

which direction the head has moved. For the carrier pigeon it might be that the successive movements to right and left, up and down, in the outward flight are automatically recorded through the labyrinth. On the return flight, the same movements would automatically be carried out in the reversed direction.

This very attractive theory held the field for some time. It seems now more probable, however, that it is the successive visual impressions that are automatically impressed on the bird's brain, or, in other words, are remembered. The succession of visual impressions has been called an optical melody. That this is the true explanation is borne out by the fact that if homing pigeons are taken in an airplane above a cloud layer and then liberated, they do not find their way home again. The visible landmarks are missing.

The problem of how migratory birds find their way is much more difficult. Admitting that in birds which make their first migratory flight unguided by their fellows some inherited cause is responsible, we must ask whether optical impressions are concerned or whether it is an inherited memory of successive flight movements which affected the labyrinth of ancestors; or again, whether some other factor is concerned. These problems remain to be solved. Many migrations are from north to south or from south to north. Is it possible that birds can perceive the direction of the earth's lines of magnetic force?

DO WE NEED REGIONAL GOVERNMENTS?

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

WHAT! More government?" is likely to be the average reflection of the average citizen of this much governed country on hearing a Harvard professor propose a third set of governments, mid-way between the state and nation. That, in brief, is what Professor Munro would like to see. His reason is that there are certain regional interests which are now neglected and which can be adequately provided for only by a new set of regional governments. New England and the Southwest are two of the regions.

IT is a common remark that we have "too much government" in the United States. My own conviction is that we have too little. A good deal of our ineptitude in the handling of socio-political problems is the result of a shortage in governmental apparatus. We have the nation and the states — with nothing in between. This bipartite allocation of powers and functions was devised, one hundred and forty years ago, for a nation of only four million people, living simple lives in relative isolation, at a time when land could be had for the asking, and when equality of economic status was no mere fiction of American life. It was devised to meet the governmental needs and problems of that primordial day and was ample for the ends immediately in view. But during the intervening decades the number of states has nearly quadrupled, the population has increased almost thirtyfold, and the problems of public administration have been accentuated a thousand times over.

The result has been a spread between the states and the nation far wider than the founders of the Republic could ever have anticipated. In their relation to the problems of American economic and social life the states have been gradually receding as entities of political action, whether regulative or constructive, until to-day they are all but powerless in some of the fields ostensibly reserved to them by our scheme of government. They claim jurisdiction over the problem of regulating child labor, for example, but are altogether unable to cope with it.

Under these circumstances the inevitable is happening. When a problem of industry or social welfare becomes too big to be handled by the authorities of the individual states, there are only two alternatives under present conditions. One is to confess our helplessness and bear the evils as best we can; the other is to demand that Washington take the problem in hand, whether it belongs there or not. It is natural that a practical people should

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prefer the latter alternative. They will continue to prefer it, and no theory of division of powers will stand in their way. Jurists may sob over the "vanishing rights of the states," but it is a fair guess that these rights will continue to dwindle as our problems keep growing in size. The steady erosion of state powers is bound to go hand in hand with the increasing complexity of our economic and social life. Nothing in the realm of political prophecy can be more certain than that the intrepid rear guards of the states' rights army are fighting for a lost cause. Or, to change the metaphor, they are "plowing the seashore."

We have gone on the assumption that only two kinds of issues can confront a government, namely, questions affecting a single state and questions affecting all the states. But this theory does not square with the facts. Many important issues and problems nowadays affect a group of states, a region, or a section. They are problems too big for any single state, yet not big enough for the nation as a whole. They should not be loaded upon an already overburdened Congress, yet they are obviously beyond the competence of any single state legislature. They would belong by right to regional governments, if we had such things.

Take a couple of timely illustrations. There is the Colorado River project, a matter of intense interest to the states of the Pacific Southwest. Six commonwealths are vitally concerned in the proposed utilization of this waterway for irrigation and power. By means of conferences and joint commissioners they have tried to reach some agreement which would allow the project to be carried through without prejudice to the riparian rights of each state; but thus far they have not been successful. The only available mechanism for reaching a consensus proved too cumbrous. So the whole problem has now been thrust upon Congress for solution.

But Congress as a whole is not particularly interested, nor is there any good reason why it should be. Senators and Representatives from New England and from the southeastern states can hardly be blamed if they fail to get excited about the apportionment of water from a stream two thousand miles away. Most of them doubtless have an idea that the Colorado River belongs to Colorado. At any rate the action of Congress, when and if it comes, is altogether unlikely to have much relation to the merits of the question. It will be determined, in some part at any rate, by the assiduity of the rival lobbyists who are now thronging

the halls of the Capitol. But if we had some provision for regional governments this matter could be promptly and judiciously handled on a basis of Southwestern self-determination.

Again, there is the proposed St. Lawrence River Ship Canal. It is a project of great interest and importance to the states of the Pacific Northwest. To a smaller extent it also concerns the Middle West and New York. Obviously this undertaking goes far beyond the competence of any single commonwealth; on the other hand, it is hardly a matter of nation-wide interest. If you think it is, ask anybody from the Lower South or from the Pacific Slope. If he has ever heard of the proposal to open this "frustrated seaway" it is by accident. Yet Congress will have to debate this project before long and act upon it. If Congressmen from the Boll Weevil Belt vote to put public funds into this enterprise you can rest assured that there is a *quid pro quo* in the offing. And it is a self-evident proposition that public business ought not to be done that way. The trouble is that under our existing governmental set-up we have no other way.

To a certain extent, the desirability of recognizing sectional groupings officially and dealing with regions as entities of government has already been conceded by Congress — in the federal reserve banking system, for example. State banking and national banking were both tried during the nineteenth century, but neither system was adequately able to meet the country's financial needs. The extraordinary success of the federal reserve system has been due, in considerable measure, to its recognition of the region as a basis for banking, and to the consequent ease with which banking facilities can be adjusted to the varying needs of the great regional areas. It has turned out to be a happy compromise between centralization and autonomy. The boards of governors, in the twelve federal reserve districts, are locally chosen and representative in character. They do not act uniformly but adapt their policy to the requirements of the moment in their respective districts. The Federal Reserve Board at Washington guides and advises, but it does not control these regional reserve authorities.

Our army administration has also been placed on a regional basis, with nine corps areas. The Interstate Commerce Commission, by the terms of the Transportation Act, is directed to deal with the railroads by regions so far as the fixing of the standard return is concerned. More and more, then, our national laws are recognizing the region, or group of states, as an administrative

entity. May this not lead, in time, to the establishment of full-fledged governmental entities standing midway between the states and the nation, with considerable powers allotted to them by constitutional amendment?

If we are not ready to do something of this sort, we must prepare for an enormous piling up of both legislative and administrative authority in Washington. Year by year it keeps increasing at an accelerated pace. It goes on despite programmes of economy and preachments concerning state rights. The times and conditions call for it. A generation hence, unless all signs fail, they will be calling for it even more loudly. We must look forward to the day (and it will arrive within the lifetime of some who are now living) when the United States will have a population of a quarter billion. The land will be as fully industrialized, from coast to coast, as New England is to-day. Progress in the application of science to industry and transportation will have created all manner of new problems, infinitely more complicated than those with which the national and state governments are wrestling just now. To my mind it is inconceivable that our existing governmental machinery will be able to shoulder the load in the closing decades of the twentieth century without breaking down. Is it not well, therefore, that we turn our minds in good season to this problem of a possible elaboration in our governmental mechanism before the strain comes too heavily upon what we have? Too often, in the past, there has been a disinclination to face anything that is not within a decade or two of urgency. This lack of vision and prevision has been costly beyond all measure. It is not an attribute of statesmanship.

To be sure, there are great and obvious difficulties in the way of any such proposal as I have rather vaguely suggested. Not in our day nor in our generation shall we see eight or ten regional governments established in this country, each with its governor-general and its own regional legislature. The national traditions are all set against anything of the kind. It will be urged that we should strive to diminish sectionalism in the United States instead of providing channels through which it may find stronger expression. But, as Professor Turner has shown, sectionalism is in some ways both inevitable "and desirable." What the United States of the twenty-first century will probably need, more than aught else, is the vigorous development of regional distinctiveness as a counterpoise to mass action on a national scale, dic-

tated by mob psychology. There is no danger that any change in our governmental mechanism will seriously impair the concept of a nation truly one and indivisible.

Glance for a moment at the most difficult problem that now confronts nation and states alike, the problem of enforcing prohibition. Is it not conceivable that regional option and enforcement might provide a solution — far from perfect, to be sure, but more workable than either of the two existing alternatives? For under our present governmental system we have only two choices. One of them is to let each state decide for itself and enforce its own decision. That is what we did before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, and it proved altogether unsatisfactory because the individual state is in most cases too small an area for effectively enforcing a prohibitory law. The other alternative is the one now being tried, namely, prohibition on a nation-wide scale, backed by the power of the national government. This may succeed, but conceivably it may fail. If it fails, it will be because certain regions of the country feel that national prohibition is being imposed on them against their will and are resolved to make it a failure if they can.

At the present juncture the outcome is far from being a certainty either way. And if national prohibition should prove ultimately impracticable, what then? Shall we revert to state option, a policy which is bound to be an even greater fiasco than it was before? Or might the experiment of regional prohibition be worth a trial? The South, the Southwest, the Northwest, and the Pacific Slope could then go and stay as bone-dry as they pleased, while New England, the Middle States, and perhaps the Middle West could do otherwise if they chose. Such an arrangement would give a fair measure of regional self-determination in this matter, while greatly broadening the area of enforcement in the arid sections.

All this would hardly be worth our thought were it not that here is the toughest problem of law enforcement that the American people have tackled in many years. Its solution is by no means yet in sight. That being the case it is our obligation to explore every possibility, every alternative, in case a breakdown comes. We will not go back to things as they were. And if we will not go back, where will we go?

BEAUTY IN AMERICA

A Collect for the Despairing

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

THE conventional and reiterated complaint that America has wholly failed to create beauty meets at last with an adequately emphatic rejoinder. To the critic who would have us do reverence only to the arts and handicrafts of the Old World, Mr. Watts bids defiance. At jeremiads against mass production he merely scoffs. Good design remains good design, he reminds us, no matter how often it is reproduced — if the reproduction is adequate. Failure to recognize this is merely a reproach to our critics.

THEY had just met after the usual summer outing — two average Americans. One had toured New York State, eastern Pennsylvania, and New England; the other had been attending meetings in various cities in the West and in the Mississippi Valley — St. Louis, Des Moines, Kansas City, and, of course, Chicago. They had seen the cities at close range, the countryside from a car window. What was it that moved these two gentlemen to enthusiasm in relating their experiences? Above all, it was the discovery of America's quest for beauty, her love for it, and the revelation it had given them. Beauty in the personal attire and adornment of her people, beauty in the interiors and settings of homes, in public buildings and private business structures. They had been impressed, too, by the beauty of the famous preparatory schools, colleges, and universities — and above all by the beauty of public school buildings whether in large or small communities.

True, in the East and the West, the pilgrims had noticed such variations as economic and industrial exigencies demanded and the lay of the land involved; but each had something to say about the delight to the eye and about the inspiration which these monuments contributed. This realization is not a new revelation but a development of an old American love of beauty. If there were the crude days of early frontier achievements, even these efforts have now been glossed over by a certain curious glamour of the romantic which takes the form of a concern for old things, old times — colonial, revolutionary, or even centennial. Its concern does not disdain the kitchen of the Puritan any more than the mansion of the Cavalier; nor the earthenware crocks, woven coverlets, and cider jugs of the Pennsylvania Dutch. It takes roadside antiques, secondhand shops, hot dog stands, and tea

houses in a general grand mêlée, with a saving sense of humor.

Checking up on antiques is no longer a privilege for the dealer alone. The American people have recourse to their museums, and Henry Ford is planning a new kind, not only at the Wayside Inn in South Sudbury, Massachusetts, but in Detroit as well. Philadelphia is exhibiting in its parks dozens of colonial and revolutionary houses as "open air American Wings." This has a deep significance, as has the fact that at the International Conference of Museum Directors in France, a short time ago, American museums were awarded the palm for carrying beauty to the people and especially to the children in public schools. Toledo proved to be a banner city in this respect. Not a single foreigner who attended this conference raised a protest or spoke condescendingly of America's lack of concern for beauty. This was left to expatriated "professional" Americans who were present — for there are dissenting voices, raucous outcries. But of these one may say as Whistler once wrote, "In the moment of my triumph don't let me forget the ambulance."

The curious situation is that in the face of a million proofs of our possession of beautiful things and our enjoyment of them, we find, as the hierophants of despair, Lewis Mumford, Glenn Frank, H. L. Mencken, Thorstein Veblen, and Hendrick Willem van Loon, who go about weeping and wailing over America's lack of beauty and the spiritual crisis that consequently confronts her. They ignore the real achievements of our architecture, modern American as well as early American, and are blind to its development since the seventeenth century — a development by accommodation to climate and environment and still capable of meeting every practical demand made upon it. They ignore the equipment of the home and the desire for beauty in its surroundings — a desire so strong that the American garden, like the gardens of the Hesperides, is something to dream of. These dervishes cry out against these beauties because we find them duplicated from coast to coast and because certain necessities of life are machine-made. They refuse to acknowledge that they are machine-made by the genius behind a necessary and unparalleled national production — the Aladdin's lamp of America — which, because of this very method of manufacture, can be easily and inexpensively carried to the far flung hamlets, to the humblest of homes, urban and suburban. So these dissenters gnash their teeth and cry out, "At this feast of fat things, let us not forget the death head."

These critics are particularly frenzied over mass production. It is their bugaboo, made up for the most part of scarecrow remnants of abandoned and disproved æsthetics. Whether conservative or socialistic in their tendencies, they have invented a new kind of pessimism. Whether Sinclair, Upton, or Lewis be Christian name or surname, each overlooks much that has been said by their own veiled prophets. They forget that one of them has written: "A thing is not less beautiful because there are millions of other things exactly like it in the world. That is just a snobbish notion and William Morris should have learned the lesson from any field of daisies."

Our average Americans, returning from their summer travels, having touched perhaps the highways and byways of the Chautauqua circuits, have seen what this concern for beauty has brought about. And in realizing it they have wondered why it is that the criticism which has come from these despairers of American taste should have so little to do with the real facts. They must have wondered, too, what untilled and ungardened sands these philosophic ostriches have chosen in which to hide their heads. It is always elsewhere that one finds perfection, and generally they claim to have found it in their idealized Europe, the Europe of the sweet girl graduate who calls it "simply perfect."

As a matter of fact, it is very far from the truth to say that every village and every part of Europe is beautiful and that every individual in Europe has an instinct for beauty, including, to quote Glenn Frank, "the poverty-stricken peasant." It is likewise far from the truth when one says that machine-made things are ugly and have invariably been so, or that it is impossible to have mass production of machine-made articles without violating the canons of beauty — canons which, if we would believe these jeremiads, have always been revealed to the most primitive and depraved savages but denied to Americans. America, backed by competent men on the staffs of her museums dealing with applied and industrial art, challenges this criticism. Rather to be questioned is the belief that all handicraft output in domestic, applied, or decorative art is always beautiful. Some of the crudest and most hideous things yet produced in the world have been the products of the individual craftsman who has often worked oblivious of the technical perfection achieved elsewhere and ignorant of the real elements of beauty. Those who are avid these

days to exalt for modern usage the products of primitive man, including not only the Negroes of Central Africa but our own Indians in their Stone Age, forget that ethnologists express the greatest interest in the arts of primitive peoples not necessarily because the products are beautiful but because they are ethnological records. The value of many primitive objects lies not in their æsthetic quality but in the part they may have played in the development of the civilization of a particular country.

Not the least absurdity in this effort to indict the typical American's taste for the beautiful is the assumption that standardized American production being admittedly ugly, our only beauty in color or form or design has come within the past thirty years from the recent immigration — Latin, Slavic, and Semitic — which, presumably, has given us the benefit of its peasant arts and its alleged innate artistry, no matter how squalid the ghetto or how benighted the mysterious no man's land from which these contributions have supposedly come. With all this we have sensed an almost humorous insinuation that this immigration has been composed of culture bearing Michelangelos, Goyas, or possibly Spinozas, made hewers of wood and drawers of water to our own shame. This is an insincere and sophisticated effort to present the masses of this new immigration as abused helots. In some cases the grotesque insinuation made is that from these groups have developed superhelots who are our masters in literature, music, and the fine arts, and that the criticism which America is receiving in certain quarters is the justified disdain of these superhelots who serve us artistically only to despise us. Then, too, it may not be amiss to remind our critics of Whistler's remark that there never has been an artistic age nor a thoroughly artistic people. Of course, in an effort to disparage our own age in America, it is easy for our Mumfords and Sinclairs and Lewises to rummage in the alleged exquisite uniformity of the Middle Ages — which were not by any means uniform save in squalor and ugliness — overlooking the darkness of the Dark Ages to whose art one might well apply Franklin's dictum: "All cats are gray in the dark."

In the effort to make happy, prosperous America ever-conscious of the corpse at the banquet table, the fact is overlooked that all this railing at mechanistic American life is but a thin veneer of Rousseau's exploded theory of the æstheticism and idyllic romanticism inherent in people "in a state of nature." Indeed, as one of

the directors of a leading American museum has said: "A new conception of art in industry has been born in this country of unparalleled mechanical progress. Up to date mass production has suffered the reproach that it lacks quality. But theory in this case, as in others, stands to be confounded by practice. For industrial leaders who have seen production brought to the point where it is tremendously efficient as to quantity are giving attention to quality and are proving that this can be added to mechanical output. Machinery is capable of reproducing fine workmanship and multiplying it tremendously at the same time." Opposed to this view is that of the chief of all prophets of despair, Lewis Mumford: "Most of the objects of art that defile the common American household are machine-made. In considering the state of the useful arts in America it is quite beside the point to dwell upon the little oasis of archaic handicraft in whose shade many well-to-do people now take refuge: the very fact that this oasis is archaic is enough to account for the spindly and theatrical character of its arts and decorations. The question that most seriously concerns the lively critic is what sort of art the ordinary man can afford in the ordinary home: what have Trenton and Grand Rapids and Schenectady done in the matter of furniture, lighting fixtures, walls, and floors? Have any sound æsthetic ideas begun to irrigate the Sahara of machinery?"

Willful blindness of this kind will without doubt be its own undoing, but let us recall the visit to America of the leading British expert in the manufacture of furniture, Herbert Cescinsky. He came to give a series of lectures in the United States and he told New York reporters that one of his reasons for coming was to go to Grand Rapids, Michigan, to study the manufacture of furniture because the most beautiful furniture of our day was being made there and in other American workshops. As to the productions of Trenton and Schenectady, Perth Amboy or the Ohio pottery towns, the answer is not only found in every department store, but in general advertisements which give one an idea of the equipment of the American home. This equipment, in its artistic appeal, surpasses any like production in all of Europe.

At its best the American home is something far above the squalid oasis of the Latin Quarter or Greenwich Village type where the *décor* (to use one of their tenants' favorite words) is often dirt, or, useless and distorted, is frequently supposed to

represent individuality. Let these people wallow in their slough with their beer-bottle candlesticks. But if one wants a real thrill, one has only to ride about through any American city, especially in the semiurban and suburban districts at the magic hour of twilight, the dusk of the winter time. One will notice then the entrancing aspect of light and color which these homes present, many of them only two stories in height and others that will never get above the lowly level of the one-storied bungalows. Everywhere the glassed-in porch, an American standardized invention, shows the cheerful evening lamps set about amid convenient, picturesque furniture. There are all possible variations of electric light standards, brackets, and fixtures, and an even greater variation in colored shades. There is likewise a great variation in the color of hangings, coverings, and pictures, which may be framed lithographs in color, magazine covers, or, for that matter, even advertisements. Mass production gives the home every possibility of choice, and one must not forget what a large part in this the weekly or monthly magazine plays. Though the pictures may be printed on a whirling press sending out millions of copies, reproduction of products of the fine arts, whether shown in illustration or advertisement, makes possible the enrichment of the home. All these things are at the command of the simplest of households. When one thinks for a moment of what these little homes reveal, one then realizes what is possible for establishments run on a larger scale. Remembering that never before has such a riot of color prevailed in the furnishings of the American home as there is to-day, one sees how truly uniform and "hopelessly commercial" effects have been avoided and to what extent beauty has triumphed. But this enthusiasm over what even the humblest man on the street may find and possess is anathema to those who disparage the American home and who, like Mr. Mumford, would reduce its furnishings to plain floors without carpets or rugs with, perhaps, a stiff, standardized blacksmith-made iron lampstand to enhance its charm; or to those who are enamored of the whimsical Veblen theory that people buy furniture in America, not because it is beautiful, "but because it costs something and is a wasteful object." All this at a time when others are screaming out that we are being overwhelmed by our concern for utilities, for the practical, for the latest invention, and that the mechanical perfection of kitchen, cellar, bathroom, or bedroom is something that is searing our very souls in spite of the fact that it seems to

have an excellent effect on the body and mind of the housekeeper and business man, formerly completely tired out.

Let us consider the achievement of beauty in architecture. Our prophets of despair would have us keep the ambulance around the corner in order to carry off the corpse of its alleged empty pretensions and colossal failures. It is true that a few of Mr. Mumford's "Continental architects," to whom he goes for opinion, have within the last decade been lavish in their praise of the really great achievements of American architecture — private, public, and business structures. "Your great cathedrals, which you call office buildings," as Lord Balfour expressed it. (It goes without saying, of course, that Mr. Mumford's "Continental architects" are European since this continent is too insignificant in both civilization and area to get a capital "C" from the intelligentsia). But even this praise of our fine achievements, when admitted by the Mumfords, is contrasted with "the mediocrity of the scene," as they phrase it. They ignore what every schoolboy knows, that aside from the Acropolis and a few architecturally created centres, the Athens of Pericles was a town of such ugly, adobe-like houses set in such dirty alleys that one wonders how the philosophers who lived there could endure it for another day. But America's compensation is in her glorious buildings, civic centres, and practical parkways (which are said to have redeemed Athens) *plus* the advantages of mass production apparently overlooked by our supercritics. They seem to have disregarded the necessity of the large production of objects of the lesser arts and the necessary duplication of an article so charming that it must accommodate a populace of some hundred and twenty millions. They ignore the insistent genius which serves commerce and serves in such a fashion that beauty has not been sacrificed even in the five and ten cent stores.

Mr. Watts's article continues his earlier defense of American culture in previous issues. The subject will be carried further in later numbers of THE FORUM

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

BY THE PEDESTRIAN

STAR DUST



IF William Lyon Phelps ever writes that book on golf, *Thirty Years of Looking Up*, as he threatens to do, I claim an inalienable right to pose for the frontispiece. He would probably wish to label the picture with a line from his beloved Browning —

Look thou not down but up! *

More definite is the advice of Lady Macbeth —

Only look up *clear*.

In either case any progress of the golf ball is a fortuitous by-product of the gesture. The golfer who looks steadfastly down peers in vain for a saxpence under the ball ("man, suppose it *had* been there an' ye hadna seen it!") but the golfer whose neck has a permanent wave, who has learned to look up clear, finds not a mere hypothetical saxpence, but the heavens "inlaid with patines of bright gold." You don't play golf at night? You might as well, if you look up clear!

Seeing "the hosts of heaven rise" assumes, of course, that the watcher is outside Scotland or the city of New York. No one can possibly look up clear through Edinburgh murk or the glare of Broadway. In fact, it has long seemed to me that country mice, in their perennial altercation with city mice, neglect their one telling argument. They prate of fresh milk and eggs, but every one knows that fresh things are shipped to the city and that what is left over is returned, in its old age, to the country market. They chatter ecstatically of "wild life," yet they know in their hearts that they mean flies and mosquitoes. When the New Yorker asserts calmly that you can find everything under the sun "right in lil' ole New York," his country cousin has to admit it; for a man must have an exotic taste who cannot find in New York pretty nearly every product, raw or refined, of the earth on which he lives; and indeed everything *under* the earth too, for in New York he may well say, as did Raleigh after the sack of Cadiz, "Whoever had a desire to see Hell itself most lively figured, it was there." But

* Browning undoubtedly had golf in mind, perhaps the nineteenth hole. See the next lines —

To uses of a cup,
The festal board, etc.

suppose the country cousin should retort: "Yes, you have everything *under* the sun, but I have everything *over* the sun. Your Harlem goatherds and your Wall Street kings, though it is perhaps a bit grotesque to suppose that they would take any interest in the Star in the East, could not see it if it should haply appear, cannot see it now, this December, as it rises undenoted over blazing Brooklyn. Pooh! Your 'fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, . . . what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the zenith in their leash of sidereal fire?' You have everything under the sun; I have everything over the sun. I rest my case!"

It is rather astonishing, in view of the fact that there are still some country mice, to find our magazines giving relatively small attention to the wonders of astronomy. Scarcely a month goes by without popular science of every other variety: Do fishes laugh? Do bees see colors? Is your wife descended from a monkey or a spare rib? It is not that astronomy, with its higher mathematics, lacks a popular side. Biology, too, has mysteries unintelligible to the layman, but it gets translated, even the most formidable parts of it, into tabloid form. Surely the magazine reader can swallow "Aldebaran" and "parallax" as easily as he gulps "chromosomes" and "brachycephalic." Nor is the relative absence of popular articles on astronomy to be ascribed to its lack of news interest. Not long ago a star very similar in age and composition to our sun exploded in the southern sky. It was forthwith reported that there was no reason whatever why our sun should not indulge in the same sort of antics. This was alarming to any but the philosophic mind, so editors all over the world asked astronomers what would happen to man when, as, and if the sun should explode. "Well," says one authority, "we should know of the explosion in eight minutes and we should have one hundred thirty-eight hours to live. By that time the burning gases would reach the earth and we should be annihilated."

Little facts like this develop in us an arresting sense of frailty. But if the newspapers would only go on, we might feel smaller yet. A pedestrian mind must pursue the inquiry, must say, "Yes, that would be an end of man, but what would become of the sun?" "Oh," replies the scientist, "the sun would resume its normal life; just a few moments of distemper, and then the same old sun again."

So far the astronomer is using small artillery — just solar

system facts. But if this doesn't make us "blanch with fear," he can open bigger guns; he can tell us, for instance, and can prove it, that Betelgeuse is so big that, if our sun were at its centre, there would be ample room for the earth to move *within the circumference* of the giant star.

One is reminded of the story of a visitor at the Lick Observatory. "Did you say that those stars are really larger than our sun is, on the average?" "Yes, sir." "Can you give me an idea of how large our sun is?" "Well, if it were a hollow shell, of its present size, you could pour more than a million earths into it." "You say there are possibly or probably planets revolving around many of the cluster stars?" "Yes, sir." "And many of those planets may be inhabited?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, I think it does not matter very much whether Roosevelt or Taft is nominated next week at the Chicago Convention."

But feeling small is just the first step in star-gazing. In fact, a pedestrian head can't long follow those sentimental poets who remind us every now and then that,

When your fire's last song is sung,
These old stars will still be young.

Doctoring Blake, why not cry —

Taurus, Taurus, who dare frame
All thy fearful symmetry?
*Ah, who dare to fashion man,
Curious who hath fashioned thee!*

It seems to me that looking up clear ought not to produce so much a groveling humility as a reverence for the dignity of creation, including man, and I observe that it does have just that effect on astronomers.

It is not for its news value, then, that there should be more popular astronomy and more astronomy in the schools. It is chiefly because it is the most fundamental of the sciences. Recently, since the development of stellar photography and the spectroscope, astronomy has been able to give us plenty of "news," but more important than that for the layman is an elementary knowledge of the universe, without which his second-hand reading in derived sciences, such as physics, leads to mechanistic futilities.

Astronomy, furthermore, is so woven into our history, religion, and literature that, far more than any other science, it is part of our mental furniture. The poets have always been busy with it,

from Deborah to Alfred Noyes. It is interesting, and mildly instructive too, that, whereas the earlier poets heard the stars shouting and singing, or saw them fighting against Sisera, a modern poet, under the spell of science, writes

The silent firmament marches.

A little over fifty years ago Tennyson staggered the imagination by writing —

Suns along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

Modern astronomers humbly submit that Arcturus is doing nearly eight million. The same poet wrote

Twenty millions of summers are stored in the sunlight still.

Recently careful scientists have corrected the figure to ten million million years! The poets are often more picturesque than accurate, but John Hall Wheelock, who wrote that "Antares in lone splendour shines," may not be rebuked by being reminded that Saturn was close to Antares during most of 1927, for he might retort: "It looked close to you, but it was really about 350 light-years away!"

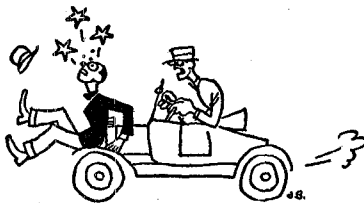
Myths of all peoples are of course bound up with astronomy, and most religions are full of it. The star-faiths and the star-superstitions, in fact, have been the most tenacious. We look with mild contempt on those benighted ancestors of ours who cast horoscopes and saw disasters in eclipses, but the majority of people still believe in equinoctial storms, many are still afraid to sleep under the moon, and only the other day I heard a gardener remark: "They do say that onion sets planted in the dark of the moon will rise out of the ground on you."

Little is more fascinating than the study of the star-myths in the light of modern science. For if astronomy dispels the superstitions, it also helps to account for many of them. One of the most fascinating of these myths, that of the Virgin-birth and the Star in the East, calls us out to look at the sky at just this season. John Ruskin ejaculated the pious wish that he might "destroy and rebuild . . . the East End of London; and destroy, without rebuilding, . . . the city of New York." Suppose his wish were consummated — after all, a mere trifle compared to an explosion of the sun. Standing upon the ruins of Broadway, we should see the heavens at their best season, when, just before Vega sets, Regulus flashes up over Hellgate, and ten first-magnitude stars

are visible all at once. The brightest constellation of all is of course Orion, blazing in the southeastern sky, with Sirius, brightest star in the heavens, not far to the eastward. Now, if we wait till midnight, our myth-scientists tell us, when Sirius is on the meridian, we shall see the constellation Virgo just rising over blackened Brooklyn. It is true that Sirius at that hour will not be precisely on the meridian, but somewhat to the left, on account of the Precession of the Equinoxes; but it was exactly there about three thousand years ago, when the astronomer-priests developed the story of the star's connection with the birth of the sun-god. Christmas midnight, then, was the sacred moment, when the sun, at the bottom of its lowest swing, was reborn; and the star directly opposite and symbolic of the rebirth "there is little doubt," says Edward Carpenter, "is the Star in the East mentioned in the Gospels." There is no space here to cite the amazing number of instances, given by Carpenter, Frazer, and others, in confirmation of this as well as of its connection with the legend of the Virgin-birth, not only among the Christians, but among the Egyptians, Persians, and Arabians; but it is interesting, while we are looking at Orion, to note that French and Swiss peasants are said still to call the three bright stars in his belt, which point straight at Sirius, "Les trois rois."

But these applications of astronomy are chiefly amusing, not so earnestly instructive and inspiring as the steady march of those patient and industrious men and women who, with incredible accuracy, measure, weigh, and chart "the infinite shining heavens" — even globular clusters over 200,000 light-years away.

The records grow
Unceasingly, and each new grain of thought
Is packed, like radium, with whole worlds of light.
The eclipses timed in Babylon help us now
To clock that gradual quickening of the moon,
Ten seconds in a century.



WHAT ARE IDEALS?

Forum Definitions

WHILE wading through the several hundred definitions of Ideals submitted this month, the Definitions Editor was reminded of the fable of the blind men and the elephant. Everyone will recall the controversy that arose when these wise but blind men tried pragmatically to find out what an elephant was like. One, seizing the animal's tail, said that an elephant was very much like a rope. Another, feeling his side, declared that the beast was hardly distinguishable from a wall. A third, embracing his leg, thought at once of a tree. A fourth, grasping his trunk, argued that there was nothing an elephant so closely resembled as a snake.

And so it was with the definitions of Ideals. They represented a wide variety of opinion; and since the Definitions Editor did not originate the English language, the best he can do is to select the best definitions illustrating the several points of view and leave it to FORUM readers to take their choice, or — if they have developed FORUM minds — to accept them all and try to find their common denominator.

The prize-winning definitions printed below fall into four groups, each representing a different point of view, or, if you prefer, a different state of mind. The first definition is metaphysical and is a good interpretation of Ideals in the Platonic sense. Definitions 2, 3, and 4 are psychological. They deny to Ideals any separate or independent existence apart from things and concern themselves merely with the mental processes through which Ideals are created. Definitions 5, 6, and 7 are practical or common-sense interpretations, and numbers 8, 9, and 10 border on what may be termed the cynical or disillusioned approach.

A nice point might be raised as to whether a person whose only reality consists in what Mr. H. L. Mencken calls "the cold and clammy facts," has any right to define Ideals at all; but the Definitions Editor, being only a philologist and no philosopher, is duty bound to waive that point in the interests of variety and completeness. The definitions for which prizes are awarded are, therefore, the following:

- 1 Ideals are the substantial concepts of God, which throw upon the mental screen the shadows we have learned to call the real. In proportion to the serenity and clarity of the screen are the delineations cor-

rect. The deviations of the mental screen cause the distortions of the shadows known as woe. (*Mrs. Josephine Raisig, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

2 Ideals are the will-o'-the-wisp of the human mind, something one is always pursuing but never quite captures, for in the moment of capture it eludes the pursuer and beckons onward. Ideals are, at one and the same time, both the cause and the result of all progress. We form in our mind a goal to be reached; but as we progress toward that goal, the very progress we make changes our conception of things, and the old Ideal vanishes and a new one is formed. Thus, Ideals create progress, and progress in turn re-creates Ideals. (*G. H. Callcott, Corpus Christi, Texas*).

3 Ideals are standards of perfection operating as dynamic stimuli to set in motion impulses that traverse brain networks to muscle tissue, thus determining both outward and emotional behavior. They are extracts, distilled by the mind, of the sublime found diffused through sordid reality. They are air castles built of selected fragments and of discontinuous ecstasies of real life — stunt flights of the imagination over the Atlantic of reality. They are sometimes directing brain-beacons, but often merely mental mirages. Ideals are often fancies forcing a fruitless seeking for a perfect mate and preventing a happy intimacy with fact. (*James B. Dempsey, Washington, D. C.*).

4 Ideals — emotional mental states suggestive of unattained possibilities of achievement. (*Walter A. Erskine, Washington, D. C.*).

5 Ideals are certain standards of perfection which most of us dream of, a great many strive for, a few attain; but which the greater majority cherish as dreams only, all their lives. (*Mrs. J. S. Benson, Plymouth, Ohio*).

6 Ideals are our highest conceptions of character, thought, or achievement — character that embodies most of good and least of evil, as we understand good and evil; thought that comes nearest to truth, as we see it; achievement that best fulfills the purpose of its being. (*Mary Graham, Ruston, Louisiana*).

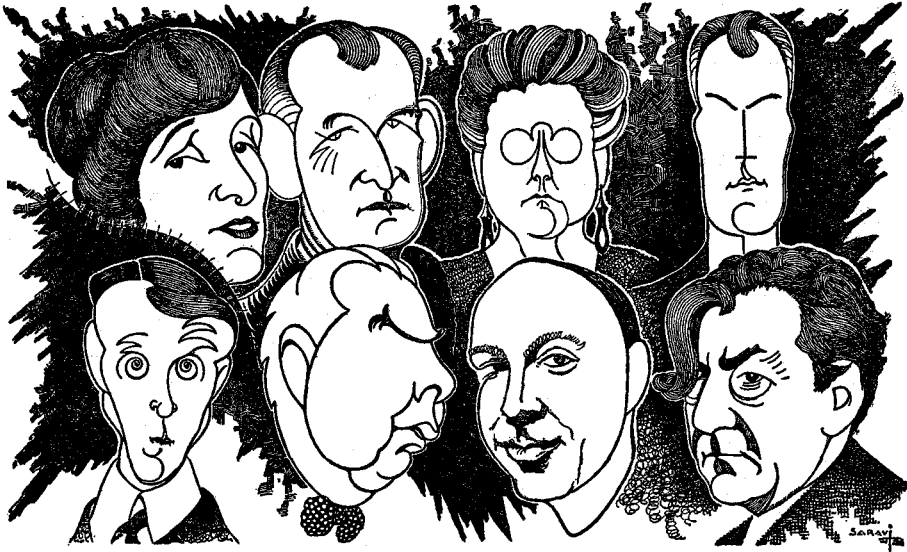
7 Ideals are illusions of perfection waiting to be converted into working truths. (*Gunhild E. Bodle, Olive View, California*).

8 Ideals are nothing more than passing clouds upon which we seek to make our lasting beds. When we cannot find illusions, we invent them. Men call them Ideals. (*Myron Flechtner, Tiffin, Ohio*).

9 Ideals — the things we *resolved* with the Sunday sermon: *dissolved* with the Monday morning mail. (*Claude B. Carter, Columbus, Ohio*).

10 Ideals — convictions which become doubts when realized. (*S. A. Davis, Springfield, Ohio*).

Next word to be defined: — DEMOCRACY. Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than January 25. Prizes of five dollars, or of any book mentioned or advertised in the January issue (value not exceeding five dollars), for each winning definition.



*Edith Wharton
Sinclair Lewis*

*Harold Bell Wright
Theodore Dreiser*

*Amy Lowell
John Dos Passos*

*James Branch Cabell
Sherwood Anderson*

THE MODERN CURRENT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

PAUL ELMER MORE

CARICATURE PORTRAITS BY SARAVI.

IT is a disability inherent in my theme that it leaves no place to speak of the work of our most accomplished novelist, Edith Wharton, or of our most eminent poets, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost. The dignified standing of these writers has long been recognized; but they are not modern or American, perhaps I should say they are not at once both modern and American, in the sense of those who are asking us to sign a new Declaration of Independence in letters. The subjects chosen by Mrs. Wharton for her novels and by Mr. Arlington for his poems are national enough, even modern enough, but for their artistic form and their ideas of life both authors might almost belong to Victorian England; and though Mr. Frost rather shocked us at first by the audacity of his style, it was soon discovered that in spirit he had not escaped from the New England tradition of Miss Jewett and Mrs. Freeman.

For somewhat similar reasons I must pass over the host of prolific penmen, extending from the fairly distinguished work of Booth Tarkington, through the re-

spectable mediocrity of Hamlin Garland and Meredith Nicholson and a host of others, down to that nadir of popular success, Harold Bell Wright, whose very name to all reputable critics — unless I dare to except myself, who have a kind of sneaking admiration for the rascal — is a byword of infamy.

There is, in fact, not very much to say about these writers, from Mrs. Wharton to Mr. Wright, save that they are turning out books of more or less honest craftsmanship, in better or worse English, with this or that smear of local color. We read them for entertainment, but do not talk about them a great deal. The writers who belong to the modern movement as a conscious school are fewer in number, but more clamorous for notice; and if at any time we forget to take them seriously, one of the clan, sacrificing himself for the good of his fellows, publishes a book so audacious, or so salacious, that the frightened authorities try to suppress its circulation, and then we begin to talk again.

For their artistic principles these would-

be heralds of the dawn are in the main, of course, trailing after a similar movement in England, as their British models in turn have taken their cue from France or, perhaps, from Russia. And, generally speaking, it would not be much of an exaggeration to say that in such matters London follows what was the mode in Paris twenty or thirty years earlier, while New York toils after London at about an equal interval of time. But in one article of their creed the Americans stand by themselves: without exception they are animated by a whole-hearted contempt for New England Puritanism and all it means. The young bloods of London may speak disdainfully of their Victorian, especially their mid-Victorian, predecessors, in some cases on the good old ground, *perant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*; but their antipathy is mild beside the red rage which suffuses the brain of a "modern" on this side of the water at the mere suggestion that any allegiance or even respect should be accorded to the literary prigs who used to utter their platitudes from Boston.

Now there is no other bond of union so strong as a common hate, and if our new men disagree widely in what they like, they agree wonderfully in what they dislike. And though there are, as we shall see, other forces of a more positive sort at work among them, it is this community of revolt that binds them all together into the semblance of a school; while it is chiefly the Americanism of the object of their revolt that marks them off as American from similar schools in Europe. They know, as we all know, that the most characteristic production of these States to the present day is just the output of these Puritan New Englanders—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Thoreau; and some of us, while recognizing the limitations of this literature in comparison with the masterpieces of Europe, yet esteem it for its originality, and cherish it as something in its way very fine and precious. But not so the children of the rebellion; they anathematize it for its very virtues. So far as they acknowledge any ancestors in this land, it is to Whitman and Poe and, among the more recent writers, to Stephen Crane they pay homage.

There are many causes that contribute

to this repudiation of New England's primacy. For one thing, mere local jealousy plays its part here as in politics; and the citizens of Oshkosh or Kalamazoo in the broad lands of the West are convinced that their birthplace is, or shall be, as truly a centre of light for the world as was the metropolis of the Puritans. You will see these gentlemen of Oshkosh and Kalamazoo, even of Chicago, flocking to New York as soon as they have found their literary legs, for New York is any man's, or no man's city—a place where millions congregate to do business and to eat and die, where Yiddish or Italian and occasionally a kind of English is spoken, but where no one was ever born. To Boston you will see them migrating, never!

And then there is the larger jealousy of patriotism. It is rumored that the Brahmins of Boston, as they used to be called, got their culture from abroad and wrote a language slavishly like that of London, whereas our new men are determined at any cost to be themselves, to employ a dialect which they fondly call "good United States," and to create a literature the like of which has not been known hitherto in the world. Of course they are wrong; for as a matter of fact, however the poets and essayists of New England's golden age may have clung to the traditional laws of grammar and the established forms of art, they were in the deeper things of the spirit more distinctly national, as the nation then was, than are the present advocates of independence. Certainly, if there be anything common to the writing folk of the earth to-day and not peculiarly American, it is the creed of the modernist, that what has been shall be no more, and that quite suddenly we have been liberated from the old laws and conventions and fears, from the ancient gods and their precepts of morality.

Above all, the gods and their morality. The Puritans of the early and middle decades of the last century may have "come out" from all the traditional dogmas and rites of religion—Emerson gave up his pulpit because the very mild and defecated formalities of Unitarian worship "ceased to interest" him; but Emerson and all his tribe were frightfully moral; their works are as stuffed with the stale moralities of religion as were the tragedies and epics of ancient Athens. There are

naturally various stages in this revolt, an advance guard and a rear guard. To some, immorality and irreligion are an avowed and joyous creed; for the object of their attack they have coined the contemptuous words "moralism" and "religionism," and wherever the infamous thing raises its head, whether in life or art, they pursue it with inquisitorial fury. Others are not so consistent. They will admit, if pressed, that morality and even religion may have a useful function in the actual affairs of life, but insist that they have nothing to do with the canons of art. Whatever may be the law of life, art exists for its own blessed sake.

These then are the animosities that unite the otherwise centrifugal champions of liberty into a brotherhood: hatred of Puritanism, rejection of "moralism" and "religionism," emancipation of art from the responsibilities of life. They have learned a lesson from the despised Pilgrims of New England, and have really "come out."

In a broad way the moderns may be divided into two different and often antagonistic schools, the æsthetic and the realistic. Of the æsthetic school, until her recent death, Amy Lowell was perhaps the leading spirit, as she was undoubtedly the most finished artist. For the most part she was content to adopt the instruments forged by more daring hands. In the fashion of the day she threw off the trammels of rhyme and metre for the supposed enlargement of free verse, borrowing her form, as a good American, from Whitman, and then, as a true cosmopolite, shaping it after Parisian models; and her practice of "imagism" was admittedly French. But a modern æsthete must be original, and so Miss Lowell added to her repertory what she called "polyphonic prose." The idea of such an invention she found, indeed, in the writing of Paul Fort, but instead of basing her rhythm on the Alexandrine verse, as did M. Fort, she chose "the long, flowing cadence of oratorical prose," and so created a new *genre*, or at least a new name. Polyphonic prose then, as Miss Lowell defines it, is "an orchestral form; its tone is not merely single and melodic as is that of *vers libre*, for instance, but contrapuntal and various." The programme is large and made some stir in the more recondite poetical circles when

first issued; but the results, it must be admitted, have been meagre.

Whatever reputation Miss Lowell retains will depend, I am sure, less on her polyphonic prose than on her more regular verse. Here her vein of genuine talent cannot be questioned, and some of her pieces have a beauty of hard, incisive imagery of no common order. No one can say what she might have accomplished, had she not been hampered in her gait by a kind of æsthetic scholasticism; I think of her sometimes as a genius hag-ridden by theory. She enjoyed a *succès d'estime* during her life, and the merry legend of her eccentricities still adds to the gayety of at least one nation, but her literary influence is small and, I suspect, already waning. In fact the whole mystery of free verse no longer holds the advance guard of the insurrection; I have heard a college sophomore, whose aspiration towards free morals in literature led to his rustication — I have heard him speak of Carl Sandburg, the chanter of Chicago's "smoke and steel" in very free verse, as simply "dead."

Of the living æsthètes, James Branch Cabell, a somewhat enigmatical figure, is unquestionably the most talked of. He was, if truth be told, resting in peaceful obscurity not many years ago, when suddenly he was made famous by the activity of the Federal authorities who took alarm at the free ethics of his *Jurgen* and forbade its transmission through the post. Forthwith his fame was established as a martyr of high art; for the American intelligentsia is rather naïvely convinced that whatever is illicit is artistic. As for the book itself, I confess some uncertainty of judgment. You will hear men of wide reading and presumably of trained taste pronounce it an immortal masterpiece and its author our most consummate craftsman; others, the majority of the sober, will tell you the book is a bore, and smile at the writer as a pretentious "four-flusher." So far as I can discover, the most radical of our youth do not take the work seriously; but then they do not take anything seriously — except perhaps the portentous *Ulysses* of James Joyce, and he is not American.

Jurgen is a mediæval poet and pawnbroker of Poictesme, who by a magic chance lives over again his youthful ex-

periences in a kind of fantastic dream. The tale is an allegory of life expressed in weird adventures and weirder symbols, wherein fragments of all the mythologies of mankind are woven; it is meant to be sly and ironical and disillusioned and disturbingly profound, and it certainly is always erotic. The method might be described as a compound of Maurice Hewlett and Anatole France, an attempt to reach the last refinement of conscious art by an assumption of innocent simplicity. For my own part, I confess that I was caught by passages here and there, even by whole chapters, which, through the affectations of jollity, gave hints of a sad and chastened wisdom born from too much brooding on the transience of all earthly things; and then a false note, a lapse into raw provincial English, a flash of cheap smartness, would break down the charm, and make me feel that the erudition so lavishly displayed was more superficial than solid, the art more sophisticated than fine, and the superiorities of manner rather commonplace. A vein of unfulfilled genius *Jurgen* undoubtedly has, sufficient to explain its attraction for a certain class of critics; but I cannot help asking myself whether its wider reputation does not depend chiefly on its elusive and cunningly suggestive lubricity.

Besides *Jurgen*, Mr. Cabell has written a group of novels conceived on a scale which, if you will take the word of his admirers, overtops the combined ambitions of Balzac and Zola. It is not the society of a period such as the Second Empire, or the annals of a family such as the Rougon-Macquart, that will confine the roving imagination of this citizen of Richmond, Va. I quote from Mr. Björkman's "Introduction" to the uniform edition of Mr. Cabell's works: "Starting from his own day and the immediate surroundings of his own youth, Mr. Cabell has set himself the task of tracing the roots of a social group in all their ramifications through space and time. In the pursuit of this immense task he has produced a series of intensely dramatic and psychologically convincing screen flashes of numerous inter-related human destinies, which when studied in their proper order, give us a surprisingly complete line of hereditary development from the days of the troubadours to the eve of *Main*

Street." No wonder that in comparison with such a scheme Balzac appears "static" and "provincial." Mr. Björkman of course writes blank nonsense. The novels are fairly clever, fairly entertaining, and in their more fantastic parts have sometimes a vein of wistfully ironic wisdom; but they are trivial things in the end, with no mark of greatness. To compare them with the *Comédie Humaine* is to display an ignorance of art and life which, unfortunately, is not confined to Mr. Björkman among the smarter journalists of the day.

To my taste the most interesting of Mr. Cabell's books is his *Beyond Life*, wherein he sets forth his personal theory of art in direct opposition to the creed and practice of the realists. The work, I admit, is distressingly uneven; and the author's spokesman, who is introduced to us as a retired novelist, very eccentric and erudite and cynical and quaint, pretty soon degenerates into a mannikin of leather or prunella. But when Mr. Cabell talks of literature he has something to say that at least arrests one's attention. The function of poetry and fiction, he maintains, is to bring into the open, by a kind of anticipatory magic, the "dynamic illusions" which stir the hearts of men to move ever towards better and finer ends; and this "illusion of reality" that we call romance is not a mere vanity, so long as the artist "is seriously striving to show fundamental things as he sees them . . . and thereby, perhaps, to hint at their true and unknowable nature"; rather, in that sense, the artist is the pioneer and priest of life. "And it is this will that stirs in us to have the creatures of earth and the affairs of earth, not as they are, but 'as they ought to be,' which we call romance; but when we note how visibly it sways all life we perceive that we are talking about God."

A reader prejudiced in favor of precision may complain of Mr. Cabell's failure to discriminate between ideas and ideals, that is, between an intuition into the eternal truth of things behind the curtain of appearances and an attempt to wrap the hateful facts of reality in veils of deliberate illusion. But such a confusion is not peculiar to Mr. Cabell; it is in fact the very atmosphere of the pseudo-Platonism which for many minds to-day offers the only alternative to a sordid pessimism.

and which has been endowed with professional standing and with more than professional charm by Professor Santayana. Its latent treachery is brought out by Mr. Cabell's attitude towards the relation of romance to the ethical basis of life. Literature, he insists, quoting the Sophoclean maxim from Aristotle, aims to portray men not as they are but as they ought to be. Very well; any good classicist will stand with Mr. Cabell on the side of Sophocles against Euripides. But what does Mr. Cabell mean by "ought to be"?

"It can hardly be questioned," he says, "that 'good' and 'evil' are æsthetic conventions, of romantic origin," and "what men 'foolishly do call virtue' is thus relegated to a subsidiary position, in comparison with beauty, not as being in itself unimportant, but as being of no very potent value æsthetically." In Mr. Cabell's vocabulary "ought to be" proves to mean simply that the characters of a book should be allowed to follow the pretty vagaries of vice without any of the ugly consequences that overtake a sinner in the actual flesh. This is not quite to despise morality as "moralism" and "religionism"; but it does make a divorce between the true in life and the beautiful in art which must spell death to any serious emotion in literature.

It is a fact of some significance that both our leading æsthetes spring from prominent families long established in the two most conservative of our Eastern states, and that they are educated. Miss Lowell was a kinswoman of James Russell Lowell and a sister of President Lowell of Harvard, belonging by inheritance to the so-called Brahmin circles of Massachusetts. Mr. Cabell's people are well known in Virginia, and he himself once taught Greek in William and Mary College, of which he is an alumnus — and Greek is not exactly a common adjunct of our writing folk.

As a contrast the realists who throng the left wing of the modern school come almost without exception from small towns sprinkled along the Mid-Western states from Ohio to Kansas, where for the most part they have grown up quite innocent of education in any such sense as would be recognized in Paris or London. It would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the fact that in letters they

are self-made men with no inherited background of culture. One of them, indeed, Sinclair Lewis, coming out of Sauk Center, Minnesota, has a degree from Yale University; but intellectually he is perhaps the crudest member of the group, cruder, for instance, than Theodore Dreiser who got most of his education in the streets of Chicago and from the free libraries of this and that town, or than Sherwood Anderson who apparently owes his acquaintance with the alphabet to the grace of God.

Another of the group, John Dos Passos, was born in Chicago, is a graduate of Harvard, and has been influenced, one guesses, by certain French writers and by the Spaniard Ibañez; his work is too knowing to be called crude intellectually or, perhaps, even artistically, but as a reflection of life it is about the lowest we have yet produced. His much-bruited novel, *Manhattan Transfer*, with its unrelated scenes selected to portray the more sordid aspect of New York and with its spattered filth, might be described, in the cant phrase of the day, as a successful attempt to reproduce "the stream of consciousness"; I should liken it to an explosion in a cesspool.

I give these biographical facts not in a spirit of snobbishness, nor in any contempt for the Mid-West (to which, indeed, I myself belong), but because they have stamped the whole school, giving it a certain unity of character and marking it off from the contemporary realism of England, not to mention France. Of all the group, Mr. Dreiser is pretty generally recognized as the most powerful and, with the possible exception of Mr. Anderson, the most typical; and it will not be out of place to look a little more closely into his career.

Fortunately for our purpose Mr. Dreiser, like his compeers, is tremendously occupied with his personal importance and unimportance in the universe, to such an extent that his own character peeps in and out through all his fiction, while again, like his fellows, he has thought it necessary, or profitable, to give the world his autobiography. One may smile at the conceit of an author who, at the age of fifty and with no fixed tenure on fame, spreads out the small doings of his youth and early manhood over five hundred pages octavo; and one may shrink from

the immodesty — or shall we say frankness? — of a man who regrets in print that he did not seduce an innocent and trusting girl while his zest for her was strong, instead of waiting to marry her after his lust had cooled down. There are some things which even a realist need not tell. But the book is a document of the highest value.

Theodore Dreiser was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1871. His father, a German, by the son's account was a poor, feckless creature, a "religionist" of a maudlin, sentimental sort, who passed his later days going the round of the Roman Catholic churches of Chicago, whither he had taken his family. At an early age the boy Theodore was traveling the streets of Chicago selling shabby goods for an "easy-payment instalment house," from which occupation he broke away after stealing twenty-five dollars. The fear of detection and punishment, he says, made him "very cautious." In his twenty-second year he got a small job on a struggling newspaper, owned and controlled by a ward politician. In 1892 he moved to St. Louis, where for a while he had the advantage of reporting under "Little Mac," an editor of outstanding ability and, in those days, of almost incredible repute throughout the South-Western states.

Here I am able to check up Mr. Dreiser's narrative in part, for he came to the city of my birth just when I was leaving it, and I can testify to his account of its streets and institutions and to his characterization of some of its well known citizens, as truthful and extraordinarily vivid. From St. Louis he soon drifted eastward, and ended in New York. Lean years still lay before him; but his stories began to attract attention, and his recent work, *An American Tragedy*, a novel spun out through two long volumes, has captured the heedless reading mob and is acclaimed a masterpiece by reputable reviewers here and abroad.

For my own part I regard his autobiography as more significant than any of his novels, as perhaps, with Sherwood Anderson's similar *Story Teller's Story*, the most significant thing that has come out of our school of realism. I may be prejudiced in its favor by the fact that the autobiography, though the events of Mr. Dreiser's

life were different enough from my own, recalls so vividly the intellectual and sentimental atmosphere of the America in which my youth was passed, and which is rapidly disappearing. But, apart from such accidental reasons, it is notable that the *Book About Myself* has the telling, straightforward style and method natural to a trained reporter, whereas the English of Mr. Dreiser, when, as sometimes in his novels, he tries to be literary, is of the mongrel sort to be expected from a miscegenation of the gutter and the biological laboratory. Certainly for those interested in such matters the springs of American realism are laid bare in these autobiographical records with startling frankness.

Take a boy of humble origin in a Mid-Western town some forty years ago. The only breath of immaterial things to reach him would be through religion, in the case of Mr. Dreiser a perfectly uncritical Catholicism, but with most of the others a thin, poverty-stricken Protestantism from which all ritual and symbolism had dropped and every appeal to the imagination had exuded. Art and letters would be about as remote from him as from the Bushmen of Africa. Intellectually and æsthetically and emotionally, he is starved. Suppose then that such a lad, with no schooling to speak of or with a degree from some lonely, hungry "college," is carried to the bustling, conceited Chicago of those days, and, aspiring to write, gets a job on a sensation-mongering newspaper. Of knowledge of life in its larger aspects he has brought nothing, and in the new school of experience he is pretty well confined to the police courts, the morgue, scenes of crime and calamity, sodden streets where unsavory news may be picked up, homes which scandal has made public property. We need not guess at the colors the world would assume in the eyes of such a youth, for Mr. Dreiser has described his own reactions with sufficient energy. He began his work "still sniffing about the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes, expecting ordinary human flesh and blood to do and be those things." He discovered that most of the people among whom he was now thrown "looked upon life as a fierce, grim struggle in which no quarter was either given or taken, and in which all men laid traps, lied, squandered, erred through illusion," or, more

succinctly in the words of one of his admired and imitated friends, "life is a God-damned stinking, treacherous game."

Meanwhile our young aspirant to fame and wealth, being endowed with no ordinary brain, begins to read. Translations of Balzac and Zola fall into his hands, and he learns that the society of Paris, the *ville lumière*, is playing a game very much like that which he sees about him, only on a more magnificent scale and with vastly greater opportunities. And he learns, or thinks he learns, that the high art of letters is to develop the sort of realism he is acquiring as a reporter. Later he dips into the works of Huxley and Tyndall and Spencer, and finds his "gravest fears as to the unsolvable disorder and brutality of life eternally verified" by authorities who were then supposed by the uneducated or the scientifically educated to have uttered the last word on the mysteries of the universe — the last word *eternally verified*.

"Up to this time," he observes rather innocently, "there had been in me a blazing and unchecked desire to get on and the feeling that in doing so we did get somewhere; now in its place was the definite conviction that spiritually one got nowhere, that there was no hereafter, that one lived and had his being because one had to, and that it was of no importance. Of one's ideals, struggles, deprivations, sorrows and joys, it could only be said that they were chemic compulsions, something which for some inexplicable but unimportant reason responded to and resulted from the hope of pleasure and the fear of pain. Man was a mechanism, undevised and uncreated, and a badly and carelessly driven one at that."

Add to this education a spark of genius, an eye to note and record the panorama of the streets, a nervous system highly sensitive to the moods of those about him, and you have the realism of which *An American Tragedy* is the most notable achievement. In his drawing of characters from the lower strata of life and from the gilded haunts of Broadway, Mr. Dreiser shows an easy competence. In particular the hero of this tale, from his suppressed childhood in the home of ignorant, wandering evangelists, through his career as a bellboy in a hotel, and employee in a factory, ending in his trial and conviction for the murder of his mistress, is portrayed

with a masterly understanding of the devious ways of a weak, untutored nature.

But when the author passes to the doings of conventional society, even to the account of a game of tennis, he displays a ludicrous ignorance and awkwardness. The same sort of contrast is seen in other fields. At one moment the tone of comment is callous and cynical, befitting his acquired theory of life's unsolvable disorder and brutality; and then there will break through the native note of sentimentality that pervaded the atmosphere he breathed in the Mid-West of his childhood. Just as he himself remains, as he says, a "poetic melancholic, crossed with a vivid materialistic lust of life." In one place religion is only "religionism," a contemptible yet hated deception; and then again the spell laid on his early years reasserts itself, and at the end of the story you might suppose that his deepest sympathy was with the self-sacrificing minister of the Gospel who befriends the condemned murderer, and with the poor mother on whose face was written the "fighting faith in the wisdom and mercy of the definite overruling and watchful and merciful power" of God.

I lay down Mr. Dreiser's novel with a feeling that it is an American tragedy in a sense never intended by him when he chose that title. If only he knew the finer aspects of life as he knows its shabby underside; if only his imagination had been trained in the larger tradition of literature instead of getting its bent from the police court and the dregs of science; if only religion had appeared to him in other garb than the travesty of superstition and faded fanaticism; if only he had had a chance, he might possibly have produced that fabulous thing, the great American novel. As it is he has brought forth a *monstrum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*.

Though the work of Mr. Dreiser is the conspicuous phenomenon of the noisy realism that has invaded our literature, the honor of starting the school, if honor it may be called, belongs rather to Edgar Lee Masters, whose *Spoon River Anthology* first stripped the veils of decency from existence in a Mid-Western town. The book was in its way a notable achievement; but the unfailing dullness of Mr. Masters' subsequent productions shows

that the *Anthology* was at best only a malodorous flash in the pan. Then came the *Main Street* of Sinclair Lewis, which, so to speak, wove a long novel out of the lives of the mean people whose virulent epitaphs Mr. Masters had composed.

If popularity were the test, *Main Street* might dispute with *An American Tragedy* the place of preëminence in the school; at least I found two years ago that it had penetrated England and that about every man I met there was curious to know whether it gave a true picture of our democracy. But I suspect that *Main Street* owed its vogue in part to its title, which is a veritable stroke of genius, and in part to its flattery of those who like to believe that, whatever their sins, they are better folk than the dull hypocrites who grovel and boast in so typical a country town as Gopher Prairie (alias Sauk Center or any other town in which one of our realists may have been born). Otherwise it is hard to account for the success of so monotonous a tale written in so drab and drizzling a style. One might feel there was something wholesome in this satirical treatment of the very sources of realism, were it only possible to discover anywhere in the pages of Mr. Lewis — or in those of Mr. Masters for that matter — an indication that the author himself had risen more than an inch above the æsthetic and ethical level of the people he insults.

If Mr. Dreiser has any rival to the throne, it is Sherwood Anderson, a realist also after a fashion, but one in whose brain the solid facts of life have an odd way of dissolving before your very eye into the clouds of dreamland. And here again the author's most significant work seems to me to be in the autobiographical record of his own childhood and youth (told with a good deal of *Dichtung* interspersed), and in his tales of *Winesburg, Ohio*, which reproduce the atmosphere of a Western town like those in which he grew up. Again we are brought close to the cradle of our realistic movement.

As for the quality of these books, particularly of *A Story Teller's Story*, I think Gertrude Stein, that adventuress into the lunar madresses of literary cubism, might have had them in mind when she described her own method of composition: "In these two books there was elaboration of the complexities of using every-

thing and of a continuous present and of beginning again and again and again." Some of Miss Stein's reviewers have laughed at her notion of a continuous present, but they might see it exemplified well enough in Mr. Anderson. Certainly he has the trick of beginning again and again and again, and of mixing the past and the present into a kind of unprogressive circulation. He starts to narrate some incident, and forthwith a host of memories from the past are exorcized; what he is describing we behold as a fixed object seen at intervals through floating masses of mist. One gets the impression of a physiological cause at work; as if the writing had been done in that state between waking and sleeping induced by a low fever, when the mind goes round and round in a kind of timeless suspense, and we do not know whether we are living in the past or the present.

Something of the same sort may be said of the sex obsession in Mr. Anderson's novels which offends so many readers not otherwise squeamish. At the core I should say there was something wholesome and clean in the author's attitude towards these matters, expressed, as he puts it rather bluntly, in the desire of a man to have "his woman," his own mate to go with him through the lonely adventures of life. But the idea is lost and seen and lost again in a drift of morbid fancies and unclean images that float up unsummoned, and unrestrained, from the submerged depths of his nature. To peruse Mr. Anderson is to be reminded of Plato's account of the appetites that rouse themselves in a man when, gorged with meat and drink, he falls asleep, and the wild beast within him, freed from the control of reason, goes forth to commit him to all kinds of follies and shameful deeds from which in his waking moments he would shrink in abhorrence.

It is not sleep that sets loose in Mr. Anderson's mind these prurient fancies that the normal man holds in abeyance, but a kind of low vitality, a sickly feverishness of the imagination. In his healthier moments he shows a vein of real and idyllic poetry which might have been developed to almost any extent; he is not without wise notions of living; he has a hearty distaste for the shiftlessness and disorder and dirt which plagued his own

steps; he knows that "it is the impotent man who is vile"; he sees that the problem for the worker to-day is "to reach down through all the broken surface distractions of modern life to the old love of craft out of which culture springs." There was the stuff of a good artist in Mr. Anderson; the pity of it is that, through indulgence encouraged by evil communications, there has come about an almost complete impotence to check the flood of animal suggestions from his subconscious self; some of his later books are a painful illustration of what "the stream of consciousness" means when it is allowed to grow putrid.

In the end, an unprejudiced critic of these men is likely to be divided between indignation at so much perversity and a feeling of pity that so much talent and earnestness should be expended upon the making of books, no one of which, despite their present fame, is likely to be remembered twenty years from now, or in fact has any claim to be called literature at all. There are, as I have tried to show, various causes contributing to this failure, among them sheer ignorance; but the deepest and most universal cause of all is that strange theory which, after many wanderings to and fro, has just reached these western shores, the theory that there are no moral laws governing life, or that, if such laws are, they have no jurisdiction in the artistic representation of life.

For it really is an extraordinary theory if you consider its implications, and, when held with the childlike simplicity of the newly enlightened, leads to about as distorting results in literature as would befall a scientist who set out to experiment under the belief that there were no physical laws. For the moral law of character Mr. Cabell undertakes to substitute an æsthetic philosophy of beauty; but so far as I can fathom his ambiguities, he has only one thesis serviceable to art, viz., that the pursuit of perfect beauty leads in the end to inevitable disillusion and disappointment — not a very original thesis nor capable of a very wide application. Meanwhile his human actors have about as much depth as the dolls which children cut out of paper and bedeck with fantastic names. How could it be otherwise when he has denied the validity of the laws that shape our destiny and control the deeper sources of emotion?

On the other side Mr. Dreiser, so far at least as his unsubdued instinct does not break through his parochial theory of art, simply reproduces the surface of life as he has seen it, with no attempt to reorganize it artistically or to interpret its large significance. He does not create characters, he does not create anything; he merely extends the front page of the newspaper to the volume of a book, rarely venturing to go beyond the training he received as a reporter. And he reaps his reward; for he gives the great mob of readers — shop girls and tired clerks and thoughtless boys riding back and forth to business — exactly what they want and can understand, not literature which requires for its appreciation an intellectual readjustment, but a sensational dressing up of the world they know.

So much for what is commonly regarded as the modern and really vital current in American literature to-day. It makes rather a sad story in the telling, and taken alone, would give a hopeless notion of the intellectual state of the country. Fortunately it is not the whole story. Besides the poets and novelists, excellent craftsmen some of them, who are pursuing the more beaten track, and whom for that reason I have passed by in this article, there are a few writers who, while not modern in the popular sense of the word, are doing altogether the most original and aggressive work we can show to the world — a work more noteworthy, I make bold to say, than anything of its kind now done in England and equal to anything produced in France.

I refer to the little group of critics of life and letters scattered over the land, who have set their faces against the all-invading currents of irresponsible half-thinking, and with full knowledge of what has been thought and done in the past, are trying to lay the foundations of a new humanism for the present. Of these the outstanding figure is Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, perhaps our most powerful intellect, as he is certainly the most virile personality, in the whole realm of criticism and scholarship. He is also one of the few Americans who have made themselves felt in France, and quite recently was elected as corresponding member of the Institut. Others who are contributing to the same salutary end, and whom I can only name, are F. J.

Mather, of Princeton, primarily an authority in the history of painting but an incorruptible champion of good taste in other fields as well; P. H. Frye, of the University of Nebraska, author among other books of a volume of essays on *Romance and Tragedy* which contains the most penetrating study of the ethical basis of Greek tragedy known to me in any language; S. B. Gass, also of Nebraska, whose *Lover of the Chair* is replete with mellow wisdom on the central problems of education and life and art; and among the younger men, Robert Shafer, of Cincinnati, whose *Christianity and Naturalism* is in itself a considerable achievement in philosophic criticism, and holds the promise of better things to come.

It will be observed that all these writers — and I could name two or three others of the same class — hold academic positions. The only exception to this rule would be W. C. Brownell, the honored dean of our letters, a thoroughbred New Yorker, who is affiliated with no college and proves, against all presumption to the contrary, that something intellectually fine can come out of our Babylon on the Hudson. For one who believes, as I do, that the difficulties now confronting civilization, if solution there be, must be found in education, it is encouraging to run down this list of university men who are at once successful teachers and sound thinkers and forcible writers.

The discouraging aspect of the situation is that the universities as institutions are doing so little to help. If these scholars were publishing in any European country they would be widely read and discussed, and would have weight as forming a united phalanx arrayed against the forces of disorganization. Here they are dispersed over thousands of miles of area, isolated in depressing loneliness, and barely heard amid the hubbub of the pedants on the one side and the illiterate on the other. One of them produces a book which ought to bring him recognition as a leader of public opinion, and what is the result? In most cases there is no result; nothing happens; *voces clamantium in deserto*. Ask the first scholar or supposedly cultured reader what he thinks, let us say, of Professor Frye's *Romance and Tragedy* or Professor Gass's *Lover of the Chair*;

and the probable answer will be that he has never so much as heard the name of either of them.

This lamentable condition is owing in part to the very size of the country and its lack of any recognized centre of culture, of any true capital such as London or Paris. But it is just here that our institutions of learning are failing us. I think of the possible consequence if any one of our major universities had the foresight and courage to gather together into its faculty such a group of men as I have mentioned. Each would be fortified and comforted by the others, and together they would make such a push as would be felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Nor is this a counsel of perfection; within measure it might easily be effected. Why should not some university in its collective capacity undertake to do what various teachers are already doing as individuals?

The sad truth is that the English departments of our colleges, from whom such an impulse of organization ought to proceed, are not only irresponsible to their opportunity, but are unsympathetic, it is scarcely exaggerating to say antipathetic, to the kind of training that would produce and hold such men. They want experts in Anglo-Saxon and Mediæval French and Chaucerian bibliography, and are suspicious of any student who turns aside from the narrow path prescribed for the doctor of philosophy to acquire any real philosophy of life. Meanwhile the field is left open to the mere impudence of noise; and the critical ideas of the immature and ignorant are formed by brawling vulgarians like H. L. Mencken, who in stentorian tones champion any crude product of modernism which appeals to their own half-educated taste.

Yet withal, there are wholesome signs of rebellion among the younger students, indications that the benumbing reign of pedantry has been broken, and that in the next generation our colleges may awaken to their duty of providing what above all else American literature needs — the discipline of a sound humanism, which will train the imagination in loyalty to the great traditions, while cherishing the liberty to think and the power to create without succumbing to the seductions of the market place or the gutter.

DISRAELI

ANDRÉ MAUROIS



A Biography in Six Instalments — IV

TRANSLATED BY HAMISH MILES

"A Pretty Pair"

FOR three years now Disraeli had been seeing much of a certain member of Parliament very different from himself, Lord George Bentinck, the son of the Duke of Portland. Lord George Bentinck was chiefly known as the owner of one of the finest racing stables in the kingdom. He was the dictator of the racing world and had cleared it of dishonest jockeys. There he was justly looked up to, and in spite of his great severity his grooms worshiped him. They appreciated his perfect frankness and the full force of his love for horses.

For eight years Bentinck had been in Parliament, but he had never spoken. He treated the House as a club. Frequently when he dropped in of an evening, one could see the red collar of a hunting coat just showing beneath his great white overcoat. His influence came partly from his being the intimate friend and companion of all members — and they were numerous — who were interested in horses; and still more from the esteem in which his personal character was held by the whole House. He was known to be violent, but to be as loyal in his friendships as he was tenacious in his enmities and, in spite of a mediocre standard of culture, to be possessed of clear and sane judgment.

From 1842 onward Disraeli was assiduous in the cultivation of Lord George Bentinck's company. Between this vigorous man of the country who rarely opened a book and the slightly effeminate writer whom a sense of duty occasionally forced to mount a horse, friendship would have seemed difficult. But, from the force of

contrast no doubt, Disraeli was irresistibly attracted by all such magnificent and well weathered beings. Friendship for Lord George had even led Disraeli into taking a share with him in a thoroughbred filly, Kitty by name, the foal of a Derby winner. But Disraeli was far from letting himself be converted by Lord George to the religion of racing; he was seeking to win his lordship over to that of politics.

On the day when Sir Robert Peel announced his change of front, Lord George Bentinck emerged from his silence like a lion from his lair. He had an inborn horror of disloyalty and he showed himself most ardent of all in calling for the instant formation of a Protectionist party. Disraeli immediately asked him to act as its leader in the Commons. Bentinck replied: "Virtually an uneducated man, never intended nor attracted by taste for political life, I am well aware of my own incapacity properly to fill the station I have been thrust into." There was undoubted need of him however. His rank and dignity reassured those who would have hesitated to follow Disraeli, and moreover he revealed himself in the struggle as a much more redoubtable figure than had been supposed. The strength and sincerity of the feeling which impelled him may be gauged from the fact that on the day he accepted the position as leader of the Protectionists, he gave orders for the sale of all his horses. Henceforward Bentinck was seen in assiduous attendance at every sitting, and as it was a family failing of his to fall asleep very easily after meals, he imposed a fast on himself every day until after he had left the House. This mode of life, coupled with

the effects of intensive brain work on a man who had been devoted to an open air life, very seriously affected his health.

"Bentinck and Disraeli, a pretty pair!" said Peel's friends with a laugh. But the division on the first reading of the Corn Bill showed that only 112 members of the party had voted for Peel, while 240 of them "upheld with Bentinck the integrity of their honor." The ministry, however, had a majority, but one composed in great part of their Liberal adversaries. It was obvious that they would abandon the bill when passed, and that from that day Peel would stand condemned. Throughout all these readings of the bill, Disraeli and Bentinck gave him a hard time. Nowadays it seemed as if anything could be said to him. The more ruthless the epithets applied to him, the more satisfied did the House appear. Disraeli called him a burglar of others' intellect, declared that there was no statesman who had committed political petty larceny on so great a scale, spoke of this political speculator who bought a party in the cheapest market and sold it in the highest. Bentinck was less ingenious but more brutal. His lack of tact was shocking to the gentle and chivalrous Lord John Manners. When Peel rose to reply and uttered the word "honor," the House greeted him with cries of derision and gestures of contempt. Several times the Speaker, moved and impotent, thought that the great Minister was on the verge of tears.

After these ruthless debates, lasting often until four or five o'clock in the morning, Disraeli would find on his return home that Mary Anne had got up from bed and had a great wood fire burning in the hearth and all the lights blazing. "Lights, plenty of lights," was what Mary Anne asked for, anxious that her husband's impression on coming home should be one of comfort and gaiety. Sometimes she came down in the carriage to St. Stephen's and for part of the night waited there at the door with a cold supper ready on her knees. A story went the rounds that so great was her devotion to Dizzy that, when accompanying him down to the House on the day of a great debate, having had her hand crushed by a footman's shutting a door too suddenly, she had been plucky enough to say nothing until her husband had left her,

simply in case he should be worried at a time when he needed all his calm. Lady Peel likewise, from the country, supported her husband's courage with touching letters: "I read the papers till indeed *all my courage fails me*, when I know that in any event you only expect 'increased trouble and anxiety.' . . . I only honestly ask one thing. Will you assure me that at least you are confident of triumphantly *proving* (of course I know you can do so) your own highmindedness and high principles? Will the justice, wisdom and uprightness of your intentions and of your conduct be manifest? . . . If all this, I may again be at ease . . . and though I am but a poor reed, rely upon me for the truest support and affection."

The Lords might have been able to block the bill, but the Duke of Wellington made them pass it. With an air of gloom, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, he was in the surliest of moods and answered those who opposed him: "I am quite of your opinion, sir, it's a damned mess, but I must look to the peace of the country and of the Queen." *Punch* published a little paragraph headed "Bigamy": "A man named Peel was yesterday brought before the magistrate Mr. Bull, charged with having intermarried with a female named Free Trade, his first wife Agriculture being alive."

On the evening of the very day when the third reading of the Corn Bill was passed, Sir Robert was defeated by a coalition of Protectionists and Whigs. His neighbor whispered in his ear: "They say we're beaten by seventy-three votes." Sir Robert made no reply. He did not even turn his head. He looked very grave and thrust forward his chin, as was his habit when he was pained and did not wish to speak.

Leader At Last

The bitterness of victory. Men, in their long journey toward death, picture to themselves a variety of pleasant halts — a few steps more, the day's journey will be ended, and then will come the hour of repose around the fire. But in time's continuous flow there is neither repose nor halt. Every evening the past is a dream, the future a mystery.

The giant who had scorned David lay

sorely stricken across the path. The Conservative forces, cut in two, were fleeing in opposite directions. Lord John Russell and his Liberals, unopposed, assumed power. And what was going to happen, in this mighty confusion, to Benjamin Disraeli?

Five years of campaigning had taught him many lessons. Manners and Bentinck, stern judges both, had found him a trusty comrade-in-arms. He had gained their confidence and he knew that he deserved it. Superior though he felt himself to Bentinck, and notwithstanding his intense eagerness to become leader of the party, he had made up his mind to serve as lieutenant, with the utmost loyalty, so long as Bentinck should hold the command. Loyalty and courage, he had learned, do more for a man than dazzling clothes or dazzling speeches; a faked greatness does not last; fidelity to a party, however ungrateful, is a necessary virtue in politics. His work was greater, far greater, than that of the young dandy who had entered Parliament in 1837.

But his position was not stable. Peel's friends, Gladstone, Graham, all the intellectual elect, detested him and vowed never again to join hands with him. At Court, the Queen and Prince Albert, an austere and lofty-minded man, regarded him as a man of unprincipled ambitions who had tortured their excellent and beloved Sir Robert out of sheer spite. The country gentlemen had followed him blindly enough in the heat of battle, but now they sheathed their swords. Although he dressed nowadays in black clothes, the mere cast of his face gave him in their midst the appearance of an ibis or a flamingo strayed into an English farmyard. When sunlight fell on the Conservative benches, all the faces became whiter, but his turned darker. His erudition alarmed them. To reassure them he tried to put his wit under a bushel.

At bottom the Conservatives were startled at having overturned Peel. They had seen the crash with their own eyes, but they did not believe it. How could a Hebrew conjuror with black ringlets have caused that great, imposing figure to disappear? Disraeli's person, in their eyes, was enveloped by something no longer comical, but by a sinister prestige. With the dandy's mask torn off, there was dis-

closed a potent but malign magician. And the most serious fact was that Lord Stanley, leader of the Protectionist party in the House of Lords, his real chief, had never liked Disraeli. No doubt he would not now have said, as in the old days: "If that scum is in it, I shall resign." He admitted that during five years Disraeli's conduct had given him no reason to doubt his loyalty. But he felt an almost physical hostility toward him. Stanley was a great nobleman of the eighteenth century, heedless and mocking, of haughty disposition and gay bearing. He prided himself on doing everything well enough and doing nothing too well. He translated Homer into passable English verse. One of his horses had come in second in the Derby. But political programme he had none, and nothing would have been more tedious to him than to formulate one. He had a horror of going back to first principles and of explanations of conduct. He liked to be calm and negligent. The potato panic of Peel had annoyed him; Disraeli's ambition he found no less distasteful. A man of impulse, speedily worn out by the struggle, he was afraid of the active and enduring power of the plebeians. With the fullest acknowledgment of the talents and perhaps — who could tell? — the honesty of this fellow Disraeli, Stanley considered that he was entitled to refrain from inviting him to dinner, and so not to have him as colleague in the party leadership.

At this moment when it was important to reassure a distrustful Parliament, to dissipate the air of wonder which clung to his name, Mr. Disraeli, M.P., did the most unreasonable thing that could be imagined: he published a mystical romance.

This novel, with *Tancred* as its title, was the story of a young Englishman of noble family who makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre in an attempt to understand "the Asian mystery."

Tancred was a strange book, courageous and rash. It shocked many people. Carlyle found Disraeli's "Jewish chatter" intolerable, and asked "how long John Bull would allow this absurd monkey to dance on his chest." Fortunately for Disraeli, many of his party colleagues never read anything. But shortly after Peel's downfall, events led him to expound his doc-

trine openly in the House of Commons itself. Lionel de Rothschild had been elected to Parliament by the City of London but could not take his seat, as the law demanded the oath to be taken on the faith of a Christian. Lord John Russell, faithful to the liberal doctrine that every Englishman born in England has a right to all the benefits of the Constitution, proposed to abolish the formula. The whole of the Protectionist party voted against Russell except Disraeli and Bentinck, the latter only out of friendship for Disraeli, who delivered a great speech. In it he laid down to an astonished House that the most harmful mistake a conservative party can make is to persecute the Jews, a race who are essentially conservative and who yet are flung by this treatment into the camps of revolution and upheaval, to which they bring formidable powers of intellectual guidance. For his own part, it was as a Christian that he would vote for the Jews. "Has not the Church of Christ made the history of the Jews the most celebrated history in the world? On every sacred day you read to the people the exploits of Jewish heroes, the proofs of Jewish devotion, the brilliant annals of past Jewish magnificence. Every Sunday — every Lord's Day — if you wish to express feelings of praise and thanksgiving to the Most High, or if you wish to find expression of solace in grief, you find both in the words of the Jewish poets." The House listened with impatience, and from different quarters there came cries of "Oh, oh!" But Disraeli concluded: "I cannot sit in this House with any misconception of my opinion on this subject. Whatever may be the consequences on the seat I hold, I cannot, for one, give a vote which is not in deference to what I believe to be the true principles of religion. Yes, it is as a Christian that I will not take upon me the awful responsibility of excluding from the legislature those who are of the religion in the bosom of which my Lord and Saviour was born."

He sat down amid profound silence. Not a single member of his own party cheered him. On the opposite benches Lord John Russell turned to a neighbor and said admiringly that "it needed great courage in a party leader thus to defend doctrines which his followers held in horror."

The party conveyed to Bentinck that his conduct in the Rothschild affair had not met with approval. He resigned his leadership. Shortly afterward he was found lying face downward in a field, dead. A heart attack, the doctors said. He was a man little used to mental toil. The change of habits he had imposed on himself, the divorce from his usual exercise, had ruined his health. Moreover, he had been overwhelmed by a terrible chagrin. His sole ambition in life had always been to win the Derby, and in that he had never succeeded. And now one of the horses which he had sold in order to devote himself to politics had just come in first in that race. It was a cruel disappointment, but Lord George never regretted having done what he considered his duty. During his last days, when his friends besought him to take some rest, he used to reply: "He who saves his life shall lose it." His death cast a deep gloom over Disraeli. He had become wholeheartedly attached to this bluff but honest friend of his, who more than once had said to those who had doubts concerning his lieutenant, "I make no claims to great knowledge, but I'm a good judge of horses and men."

With Bentinck gone from the scene, Disraeli lost his strongest prop. When the choice of a new leader was discussed, there was mention of several names, but not of his. Stanley wrote him a letter, polite in form but insolent in essence, suggesting that he should serve under the orders of a nominal chief, Disraeli doing the real work, but the other being the titular leader. Disraeli refused to shoulder all the risks without the honor. The secession of Peel and his friends had left the Protectionists without a single orator. In the old Conservative party, which could boast of Gladstone and several others, he would have had to wait a long time, a very long time; but now the schism, wilfully, was putting him at the head. Stanley held out as hard as he could. In the end he offered to have the party in the Commons led by a committee of three — Granby, Herries, Disraeli. "Sieyès, Roger Ducos, and Napoleon Bonaparte," commented an old minister when he heard the news.

Three weeks later the other two were out of court, and in every one's eyes Disraeli stood forth as the official leader of the

Opposition. Lord Melbourne, who was still alive, then remembered the ringleted young man who had answered him at Caroline Norton's with the words: "I wish to be prime minister."

"By God," said he, "the fellow will do it yet!"

To be the acknowledged chief of a great party in the House of Commons — here certainly was one step forward on the road to power. But one idea became more and more obvious to Disraeli — that in England, and in a certain political society, a man who does not own land counts for nothing. He did not think the prejudice absurd. A landed proprietor, walking over his estates and talking with his farmers, learns the true state of feelings and needs, hears the complaints of the agriculturalist, can reckon for himself the effects of the laws on which he has voted. A London-dweller, spending his life in drawing-rooms and at the House, can be no more than a theorist. The mind has real need of contact, at close intervals, with the soil. After a spell of urban life the tumult of the brain is soothed by the calm and beauty of nature in the fields. Disraeli was passionately fond of trees and flowers. For long his dream had been to acquire a great house in that county of Bucks to which he had attached himself.

There was one for sale, not very far from Bradenham — the manor of Hughenden. Disraeli and his brothers had often been there in boyhood, for games and entertainments. They were well acquainted with the splendid park, the stretching woods of beech and pine, the curving shoulders of grassland, the little stream in the valley where the trout were plentiful and the terrace sheltered by its flowery pergola. Over and over again they had heard the history of the demesne, given by William the Conqueror to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. There Richard de Montfort had dwelt, and the famous Earl of Chesterfield. Nothing could have given Disraeli keener pleasure than to become the lord of the manor of Hughenden. But he had no money. At the time of his marriage his debts, swollen by the interest charged by the moneylenders and by the debts of friends for which he had gone surety, amounted in all to twenty thousand pounds. His share in the paternal inheri-

tance would come to ten thousand pounds and Mr. Isaac d'Israëli was quite ready to devote this sum immediately to the acquisition of an estate, but the manor and woods were worth thirty-five thousand pounds. Where was the amount to be found?

While Lord George Bentinck was still alive, Disraeli had confided his desire to him, and Lord George, judging it certainly desirable that one of the leaders of the agricultural party should himself be a country gentleman, had offered to unite with his brothers in advancing this large sum. The agreement in principle being made, Isaac d'Israëli had bought Hughenden for his son. Not long afterward, at the age of eighty-one, he died, almost unawares, not having ceased, up to the last hour, to listen to Sarah reading aloud to him. In the same year, and before the manor had been paid for, Lord George Bentinck had died in his turn; but Disraeli had found in his friend's two brothers the same generosity. He explained to them with open and courageous frankness that his life would be no pleasure to himself and of no service to the party if he could not play high stakes. They were men capable of understanding, and Dizzy was able to write to Mary Anne: "It is done, and you are now the lady of Hughenden."

The purchase might justly have been blamed by prudent people. But how could Disraeli let slip, for want of some paltry gold sovereigns, the chance of possessing a manor almost the image of those in his romances: a little church standing up in the very park itself, a vicarage, a stream, land, a long avenue of beeches, a natural palace with the leaves meeting in a great arch over a carpet of mossy grass? Already Mary Anne, the perfect mistress of the mansion, was plotting out footpaths in the pine wood, which they called the German Forest, and settling on the sites for rustic benches. Disraeli took long walks on foot, his wife accompanying him in a little pony trap.

October: The woods were putting on their autumn livery, the limes and larches still kept their yellowed leaves, the copper-burnished beeches were flaming in the sun, here and there still an oak or an elm was green as in midsummer. The lord and lady of Hughenden came quietly back

toward their manor. He was forty-five, and she fifty-nine; but he bent over toward her fondly, and she toward him with playfulness. On the terrace there were peacocks strutting, dazzling and majestic. "My dear lady, you cannot have a terrace without peacocks!"

Obstacles

"By God! The fellow will do it yet!" Lord Melbourne was an optimist — more so, indeed, than Disraeli himself, whose eye could see still, between him and power, a stiff course barred with difficult obstacles. Barrier number one: Although he was leader of the party in the Commons, he did not feel himself respected. Disraeli was the Mephistopheles to the Conservative Party's Faust. "Strength and youth shall I give you, but on one condition — that I be ever by your side." Faust put up with Mephisto, but he hardly liked him. It was admitted that the new leader carried out his duties well. When he was not in the House he was turning over blue-books, taking notes, preparing speeches. Only Mary Anne maintained contact with the solid world, and at last Dizzy could show openly that profound contempt for frivolity which the need of making a good impression had long forced him to conceal. Frequently now, with friends, he would pass the whole evening without uttering more than a word or two. So lost in thought did he appear that people hardly ventured to address him.

But the whips sent Stanley reports on him rather like those which some colonial functionary might send to his governor on a native chief only lately brought to submission. "He strikes me as feeling himself completely embarked now with us, and I do trust that he is fully compromised and will remain true." During the parliamentary recesses, a controlling eye was kept on him, even on his face. "Disraeli, I hear, is figuring about with a fierce pair of moustaches. Now this is very sad, for he is not the person who ought to attract attention by *outré* dress and appearance, but by his talents. I trust that this style is only assumed while he is rustivating in the beech-woods of Buckinghamshire, and that he will appear in the world in a more humanized form in January."

Unjust fears — he was irreproachably turned out. Chains and rings had disappeared. Winter and summer alike, the clothes were dark. In his early days his hectic manner might have left an unpleasant taste, but now the House must be satisfied by his immobility. During the sittings he remained seated on his bench with his head stiffly held, his arms folded tightly over his chest, his eyes half closed.

His aspect reminded one inevitably of the stone figures of ancient Egypt. When he was violently attacked, he affected sleep. If the attack touched him on the quick, he would slightly draw back the point of one foot or pull slightly at the cuff of his shirt. It was the only sign of life that the most minute observation could detect in him. Even in the lobbies he glided noiselessly along like a ghost, without seeming to notice the presence of external objects. When he spoke, it was without gesture, without calling effects of the voice into play. There was only this — that on the point of uttering some particularly pleasing remark, he would pull his handkerchief from his left-hand pocket, transfer it to his right hand, cough slightly, pass the handkerchief under his nose, throw out the remark, and then put the handkerchief back in his left hand. Further, the stiffening of the body had disciplined his spirit. Disraeli, once so nervous, had become perfectly calm in appearance. If he were contradicted, he would answer, "Perhaps," and immediately change the subject.

Barrier number two: The protectionist party had no doctrine. "And what about protection?" Stanley would have asked. But protection could not serve as a programme for a great party. A party must have a faith. The imaginations of men cannot be set afire with customs regulations. And men are led only by force of the imagination. What is more, events had shown Peel's crime to have been less serious than had been supposed. "What did we maintain against Peel?" asked Disraeli. "That free trade would ruin the farmers and would not bring down the cost of living." Well, the cost of living had fallen, and the farmers were as prosperous as in the days of the Corn Duties. It may have been mere chance — certainly it depended on the weather, on the harvests. Perhaps in the days to come a

different spell of weather would bring the hour of protection, but Disraeli, as a realist, bowed to the facts: agriculture was not ruined. To reëstablish the duties on corn, then, would be folly; the country would be provoked, the party would be finished. Protection was not only dead, but damned.

This attitude annoyed everybody. The Liberals wanted to see their opponents chained for a century to this condemned policy. Lord Stanley asked, not without a semblance of reason, whether it had really been worth while pouring invective on Sir Robert Peel and then proceeding to imitate him.

Stanley had neither time nor inclination to reflect on the real merits of free trade. He had his billiards and his horses. He had bound himself up with a Protectionist policy, and a Protectionist policy he would carry on, — let consequences go to the devil! The faithful John Manners also felt that honor demanded that they should shout, "Down with the income tax, and hurrah for the customs!" The old legends of political infidelity began to go the rounds once more. *Punch* caricatured Disraeli, representing him now as the will-o'-the-wisp vainly pursued by the farmers; now as a chameleon whom John Bull has placed on his table and is examining with curiosity; now as the village seducer, whom a stern father, pointing to his daughter Agriculture, is asking, "What are your intentions?"

Barrier number three: So long as Sir Robert Peel was alive, it was impossible to reconstitute a united Conservative Party without him, and impossible to do so with him. At the outset Disraeli had found it very painful to take his seat on the same bench with the man whose life he had shattered, separated from him only by Gladstone. Since his defeat, Sir Robert had become a sympathetic figure in Disraeli's eyes. He spoke of him only to praise him. If Gladstone's absence meant a risk of placing them actually side by side, Disraeli would summon a friend to sit between them, so as to spare Sir Robert a distressing proximity. But Peel looked at him without anger and observed him gravely. The posthumous success of his policy had consoled his pride. Once again his face was tranquil, almost happy. One evening when Disraeli sat down

after a fine speech, Gladstone, who was Peel's neighbor, heard him quietly expressing approval.

That sitting lasted until five o'clock in the morning. When he came home Disraeli found his house all lighted as usual, went to bed, slept well, rose very late, and was persuaded by his wife to take a carriage drive with her. As they were going through Regent's Park two strangers on horseback stopped their carriage.

"Mr. Disraeli," they said, "you will be interested to know that Sir Robert Peel has been thrown by his horse and carried home in a dangerous state."

"Dangerous?" said Disraeli. "I hope not. His loss would be a great misfortune for this country."

The two strangers seemed surprised and moved away.

The news was true. Peel had gone out riding in the morning, tired after the all-night sitting; his horse had been restive and had thrown him. His suffering was such that the doctors could not make a full examination of his injuries. Lady Peel was so overcome that she was not allowed in the sickroom, for the sight of her grief would have thrown the injured man into convulsions. An anxious crowd surrounded the house, awaiting news.

In the afternoon the Londonderrys gave a great rustic fête in a rose-covered cottage on the banks of the Thames. Lady Londonderry served tea to her guests in cups of massive gold. The master of the house shook Disraeli by the hand with affectionate anxiety and then disappeared. When he came back, much later, he murmured, "No hope." He had galloped as far as Peel's house while his fiddlers played their music and his guests ate ices.

Next day at the Carlton Gladstone said, "Peel has died at peace with everybody, even with Disraeli." Rachel that evening was playing *Bajazet* in French, and all London met there. It was strange to think that never again would Sir Robert be on his bench. "He had done his work," said Bulwer to Disraeli. "No man lives who has done his work. There was nothing left for him to do." Why? Bulwer was becoming very sententious.

Very sincerely Disraeli regretted his neighbor's death. Nevertheless, with Peel

dead, it seemed easier to rally the Peelites to the party. But the Peelites were refractory. They considered it unworthy of their devotion to Peel's memory to join hands so promptly with his foes and they were unwilling to serve under Disraeli, to whom they themselves were old foes. They were taken by surprise when they learned that Disraeli was ready to yield the leadership of the Commons to a veteran Peelite. The abnegation astonished them to a point of incredulity. It did not fit in with the character they had imagined. They soon had occasion to put his sincerity to the test. Left in a minority on a Radical motion, Lord John Russell proffered his resignation, and Lord Stanley was summoned by the Queen. It was not without apprehensions that she saw him approach. The Royal household were Free Traders. Stanley told the Queen with his elegant frankness that his party could muster very few men of talent and that he could hardly see any way of finding among them the elements of a ministry. He conferred with Disraeli. Could half a dozen more or less intelligent Conservatives, without the help of the Peelites, be found in the House of Commons? Stanley did not think so. Disraeli told him that if, by sacrificing him, the party could get the support of Gladstone and his friends, he, as leader, was prepared for the sacrifice. He then suggested several names, a Mr. Henley for example. Lord Stanley shrugged his shoulders, but raised no objections. That was his way.

Next day about noon Stanley was announced at the Disraelis', at Grosvenor Gate. He was taken upstairs to the first floor, into the Blue Room. His face was radiant, his eyes gay. He lifted a mocking eyebrow, as he often did, when he said "Well, we are launched!" Then he became serious. "I have promised the Queen that I would try to form a government." She had asked to whom he intended to entrust the leadership of the House of Commons, and he had named Disraeli. Whereupon she had interrupted him: "I do not approve of Mr. Disraeli. I do not approve of his conduct to Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Robert's death does not tend to lessen that feeling."

"Madam," said Stanley, "Mr. Disraeli has had to make his position, and men who make their positions will say and do things

which are not necessary to those for whom positions are provided."

"That is true," the Queen had replied. "All I can now hope is that, having attained this great position, he will be temperate. I accept Mr. Disraeli on your guaranty."

"And now," said Lord Stanley to Disraeli, "I am going to write to Gladstone to call on me. Be with me late in the afternoon to know the result and consult."

The interview with Gladstone was a complete check. Before entering a ministry, the Peelites insisted upon an official disavowal of the protectionist policy, a kind of *amende honorable*. This was something to which the proud Stanley could never consent. In spite of everything he kept his good temper and summoned for the following day a meeting at his house of his friends in the House of Lords and those members of the Commons who were indicated by Disraeli. But when the latter saw this pitiful assemblage gathered in his chief's superb dining-room, he lost confidence. He wanted to pack the whole lot off to the devil. Already Disraeli had begun forming a vast programme, imagining a long ministry and favorable elections. And now the adventure was over before it had begun! Ah, if only Disraeli had been the chief, how patiently he would have tried the slow shaping of his colleagues! But chief he was not, and he had to submit to the caprices of this aristocrat, whose resistance was already overtaxed. The goal was almost within his fingers, but it receded, perhaps beyond all reaching.

Lord Stanley signed to Disraeli to rise and led him over to the end of the room.

"This will never do," he said.

"I am not sanguine. But don't be in a hurry."

Stanley returned to the table. He said that it was his duty to decline to form a government, particularly by reason of the lack of suitable members from the House of Commons. One of the whips, Beresford, leapt up and assured Stanley that there were several men of worth waiting at the Carlton to be summoned.

"Who is there at the Carlton?" asked Stanley impatiently.

"Deedes," replied Beresford.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Stanley. "These are not names I can put before the Queen. Well, my lords and gentlemen, I am

obliged to you for your kind attendance here to-day, but the thing is finished."

And they all dispersed, confused. Henry stayed on, silent and grim. Beresford had the bearing of a man who has just lost his whole fortune at roulette, and kept on declaring that Deedes was a first-rate man.

When Stanley explained to the House of Lords his refusal to form a government, he drew a brilliant parallel between the nullity of his own party and the brilliance of the small group of the Peelites. It was not always easy to be the lieutenant of Lord Stanley.

Mr. Gladstone's Cruelty

Just as in Rugby football a good half-back, still keen in spite of disappointments, will pass the ball a score of times to slack three-quarters who do not even try to charge, so did Disraeli divert power into the negligent grasp of Stanley. His great task was "the education of the Party." He had to extricate it from Protection, to raise it from a caste feeling to a national feeling, to teach it to take heed of popular comfort and of the solidity of the Empire. He put forward a bold programme to take the place of Protection, in the shape of an Imperial reform of Parliament, to admit the Colonies to a share in the administration of the Empire, to balance with their vote the democratic vote of the towns, and thus to introduce fresh elements and put an end to the absurd rivalries of Town versus Country, Industry versus Agriculture. "Romantic imaginings," thought the noble Lord and returned to his pleasures.

But once again the ball was passed to him and the Queen summoned him to Windsor. He was now Lord Derby, through the death of his father a few months earlier. Once again he came to Grosvenor Gate and was shown into the Blue Room. This time he said to Disraeli, "You will be chancellor of the exchequer."

"I know nothing of finance," Disraeli replied.

"You know as much as Canning knew. They will give you the figures."

And next day the Ministry was formed. Such was the party's poverty in men that only three of the members of the Cabinet had already been ministers. The Queen considered that the ministry was com-

posed of Lord Derby alone. And he, when asked for his views, replied, "I am very well and my babes, too." The Duke of Wellington had the list of new ministers read out to him; but as he was very old and very deaf, and all the names were new to him, he kept interrupting his informant with a repeated, "Who? Who?" The newspapers seized on the query, and the ministry came to be known as the "Who? Who?" Cabinet. As for the selection of Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that was regarded as the most ridiculous thing of all.

But what mattered that to him? He was like a young girl on the day of her first ball. The great old man Lyndhurst recalled to him those youthful conversations when he had expressed his desires, boyish enough in those days, now made real. Sarah, in the depths of her rustic solitude, found herself besieged by people of the district asking for favors. Dizzy went to obtain his chancellor's robe, a robe of black silk heavily embroidered with gold braid. It descended directly from the great Pitt.

"You will find it very heavy," said the judge who received him.

"Oh, I find it uncommonly light," he answered.

The beginnings were none too bad. The Queen herself was amused by the reports which it was the duty of the leader of the House of Commons to address to her every evening: "Mr. Disraeli (alias Dizzy) writes very curious reports, much in the style of his books." Derby was well enough pleased with his crew of beginners. The House was awaiting the election. But when this was over, and it took an unfavorable turn, the unhappy Chancellor knew very well that he would not be allowed to play for long this rôle in which he found so much pleasure. Gladstone in particular had a watchful eye on him.

Although neither one nor the other would have desired it, political life was slowly assuming the form of a duel between these two. To all outward appearance they were good friends. Their wives exchanged visits. Sometimes, after a somewhat lively sitting, Gladstone would even come in to say good-evening to Mary Anne. In theory the two men were Con-

Each was stern in his judgment of the other. To Gladstone, Disraeli was a man without religion and without political faith. To Disraeli, Gladstone was a man of assumed piety, who cloaked his skill in maneuvering with feigned scruples. Gladstone had all his days lived a model Sunday school life. At Eton he said his prayers, morning and evening. At Oxford the young men drank less in 1840 because Gladstone had been up in 1830. In Parliament he had immediately been the studious pupil and Peel's beloved disciple. Disraeli had lived a vagabond's life, in schools and politics alike. He had known the money lenders' parlors before those of ministers and bishops. Disraeli's enemies said he was not an honest man; Gladstone's enemies said of him that he was an honest man in the worst sense of the word. Disraeli's foes said that he was not a Christian; Gladstone's said that he might be an excellent Christian but that he was assuredly a detestable pagan. Disraeli had learned to know his Molière, his Voltaire; Gladstone regarded *Tartufe* as a third-rate comedy. The cynical Disraeli whispered in the ear of the aged and austere Mr. Bright, as he helped him into his overcoat, "After all, Mr. Bright, we both know very well what brings you and me here — ambition." Gladstone unconsciously assured himself, "Well, I do not think I can tax myself with ever having been much moved by ambition." It was said of Gladstone that he could convince others of many things and himself of anything at all. Disraeli could persuade others but was powerless over himself. Gladstone liked to choose an abstract principle and from that to deduce his preferences. His tendency was to

Each misread the other. Gladstone accepted as true all the cynical professions of faith which Disraeli set forth as a challenge. Disraeli put down as hypocritical the phrases by which Gladstone duped himself in all good faith. Disraeli, the doctrinaire, prided himself on being an opportunist. Gladstone, the opportunist, prided himself on being a doctrinaire. Disraeli affected to despise reason, but reasoned well. Gladstone, who believed himself a reasoner, acted only through passion. Gladstone with a great fortune still kept his account of daily expenses. Disraeli with his heavy debts spent his money without counting it. Both were fond of Dante, but Disraeli turned chiefly to the *Inferno*, Gladstone to the *Paradiso*. Disraeli had the name of being frivolous, but was taciturn in society. Gladstone, who was supposed to be grave, was so charming in company with his ready talk that to be able to go on hating him, one had to avoid meeting him. Gladstone was interested in two things only — religion and finance. Disraeli was interested in hundreds of things, religion and finance only units among them. Neither of the pair believed in the other's religious convictions, and there again they were both wrong. And finally, Disraeli would have been much surprised if he had known that Mr. Gladstone and his wife, when they had reason to be particularly merry, would stand in front of the fire, clasping hands and swaying as they sang:

When the two rivals rose in succession on a very dark day in December, 1852, for the budget discussion, it seemed that two supernatural powers were opposing each other. Gladstone with his well chiseled profile, his onyx eyes, his crest of black hair thrown backward with a powerful gesture, seemed like the Spirit of Ocean. Disraeli with his shining curls, his slightly stooping figure, his long, supple

hands, seemed rather a Spirit of Fire. As soon as they began to speak, it was obvious that Disraeli had more genius, but Gladstone had assumed a tone of moral superiority which was more pleasing to the House.

Never had a budget been attacked in Parliament as was that of Disraeli. For a whole week, night after night, it had been mocked at, made sport of, scorned. All the brilliant economists in turn had demonstrated its ignorance and folly. All had ironically underlined its abandonment of protection.

Disraeli had remained motionless, arms and legs crossed, his eyes half-closed, his pale face veiled with apathy. Were his thoughts perhaps turning to the ironical sentences he himself had once hurled against Peel? "We no longer hear much talk about the country gentlemen." Now it was to him that they were saying, "We no longer hear much talk about the famous protection." He seemed neither to listen nor to feel. When at last he spoke, the smothered violence of his sarcasm showed that he had not been unscathed. He forced a calm, sustained tone upon himself, but from time to time there escaped a phrase of such bitter irony as to seem almost agonized. His opening — "I was not born and bred a Chancellor of the Exchequer; I am one of the Parliamentary rabble" — had strange reverberations of Rousseau, very unexpected in the leader of the Conservative party. A violent storm raged throughout the whole of his lengthy speech. The quick flashes of lightning, the roll of thunder, made a congruous setting for the diabolic figure whom his adversaries believed they were gazing upon. When Gladstone rose it was a relief. The storm had ceased. Solemn, moralizing sentences rocked the conscience very agreeably. The unctuous moderation of tone was restful.

Disraeli listened, his arms still folded, his eyes very weary. From time to time he looked at the clock. In the gallery, Derby was awaiting the vote which should decide the fate of his ministry. He listened to Gladstone attentively for a few minutes, and then let his head fall on his arm. "Dull!" he said simply.

At four o'clock in the morning the Ministry was overturned by 305 votes to 286. The taste of power had been brief.

Nothing can convey the grace of Disraeli's farewells. He showed no trace of sadness, but asked pardon of the House for the unwonted warmth of his speech. Lord John congratulated him on the courage with which he had fought. And the curtain fell. That evening Gladstone noted in his journal that God knew how much he regretted having been the instrument chosen to bring about the fall of Disraeli. The man had, in all conscience, great talents. "I would only pray that they might be well used."

In the Liberal ministry which was thereupon formed, Gladstone made the final break with his past, and took office with some of his Peelite friends. So brilliant was this Cabinet that, in distinction from "Who? Who?" it was styled that of "All the talents."

Shadows

Fifty. Fifty-one. Fifty-five. The years were hollowing the features of that face. From beside the nostrils two furrows slanted downward to meet the corners of the mouth. Under the eyes the skin was turning darker, the lower lip dropped heavily. He was aging, this transplanted Bedouin, just as the fair-skinned English do. Young women, who had not known him in the days of the embroidered waistcoats and gold chains, in the days of the youthful ringlets, thought him ugly. But Mary Anne disagreed. "Mr. Disraeli," some one said to her, "spoke most eloquently in the House to-night. How splendid he is looking just now!"

"Ah, yes?" she said. "You think he looks splendid? People think that he is ugly, but he is not — he is very handsome. I should like them to see him when he is asleep."

The man had become more taciturn than ever, and there were not more than two people in London who could remember having seen him smile. He retained all his relish for high play, but was he ever to hold the winning hand? He began to doubt it. A hundred times over he had delivered speeches which were declared to be the finest that Parliament had ever listened to. Ten times over had he stormed the opposite benches — but either the chief would back out at the last obstacle, or the ministry, once formed, would col-

lapse after a few months. And then for a long time the Crimean War had imposed a kind of party truce in Lord Palmerston's favor. The breach left by the secession of the Peelites had never been repaired, and the party remained impotent.

The old friends had vanished. Lady Blessington died in Paris in 1851. She had been obliged to flee from London with d'Orsay, having dissipated the last penny they had. But still, before dying, she had been able to send a line of congratulation to the new leader, this old protégé of hers who had become a great man. D'Orsay did not long survive her, and side by side they lay at rest at Chambourey, near Mantes, beneath one single pyramid of granite. Smythe was dead, the cynical and charming Smythe, who sat for the portrait of Coningsby and invented "Young England," and had died almost destitute. To Dizzy he left some verses:

What is life? A little strife where victories
are vain,
Where those who conquer do not win, nor
those receive the gain.

The Duke had died at last, that man of iron who had seemed immortal. Troops lined the street all the way to St. Paul's. Two thousand voices sang Handel, and when the choristers turned the pages of their music it seemed like a passing gust of wind. Disraeli made a speech. He made the mistake of copying it from Thiers, a plagiarism which was detected and which shocked people's feelings. The aged Lyndhurst was still alive, eighty-eight years old, and blind, but as keen-witted as ever. No longer able to read, he memorized his favorite poets and his prayer book. Bulwer had greatly changed. He had become a Conservative, — yes, he, too, — but he was none too sure a comrade. He lived in dread of the crazy Rosita, who pursued him with an insensate hatred. This fury made Bulwer a beaten man. He had but one dream left — a title, the House of Lords, a fortune, and repose.

Caroline Norton was beautiful still. The coils of hair that wreathed her forehead had a lovely blue-black sheen, but she had grown somewhat thin. Lady Seymour, she who had been the Queen of Beauty, had a son of thirty now and was obliged to ask her neighbor's arm to rise

from table. A serious loss was that of the faithful Sa, who died in 1859. Gone was the family fireside, the port of refuge, the centre of fond affection. Now it was Mary Anne who had to be wife, mother, and sister, and who played all these parts to perfection. She always understood her Dizzy and she never bored him. She considered him the greatest genius of all time and treasured up the tiniest scraps of paper on which he jotted a note. Sometimes, and even in public, she took his hand and kissed it with humility. She still continued to drop reprehensible remarks. At Windsor, she said to a royal Princess, "But perhaps, my dear, you don't know what it is to have an affectionate husband!" One day the cold and daring George Smythe, made bold to ask Disraeli whether his wife's conversation did not annoy him just a little.

"Oh, no! I'm never put out by that." — "Well, Diz, you must be a man of most extraordinary qualities." — "Not at all. I only possess one quality in which most men are deficient — gratitude." And to someone else he said, "She believed in me when men despised me." Every year, on the anniversary of their wedding, he wrote for her a short piece of verse.

A strange personage had come into their life. For a long time Disraeli had been receiving letters from an unknown admirer, Mrs. Brydges Williams of Torquay, who declared herself, like him, to be of Jewish blood and Christian faith. "Do any of you know an old madwoman at Torquay?" he used to ask his friends. But one day Mrs. Brydges Williams asked him to act as her testamentary executor and to accept an important legacy. He set off with Mary Anne to see her, and found a woman of seventy-five, enormous, ridiculous, and very pleasant. A warm friendship sprang up between the old lady and the Disraelis.

Other feminine friendships lent graciousness to a life that was all too morose. There was Lady Londonderry, there was Lady Dorothy Nevill. "Dearest Dorothy, your strawberries were as fresh and as delightful as yourself, and came to me at a welcome moment, when I was spiritless and feverish." He still remembered the ball at which he had first set eyes on her. "Pray," he had said, "who is that young lady who looks as if she had come out of a

picture of George the Second's time?" What grace and wit the women had in those days! Now, in 1860, a young woman seemed to have no ambition beyond being taken for a *Dame aux Camélias*. She would walk out with her skirts up to the knee, showing a pretty leg, and address men as Tom or John or Dick, and discuss with the young men the latest scandalous gossip inspired at White's.

Sovereigns were passing. Good King Louis-Philippe, who used to send Disraeli such beautifully cut slices of ham from the Tuileries, he had seen sitting in tears on his bed, in an exile's room. The little Queen, upon whom Dizzy formerly waited in the company of his old friend Lyndhurst, had become an austere and powerful sovereign. She was beginning, ever so little, to grow used to Disraeli, and treated him and his wife with kindness. Prince Albert had died the year before.

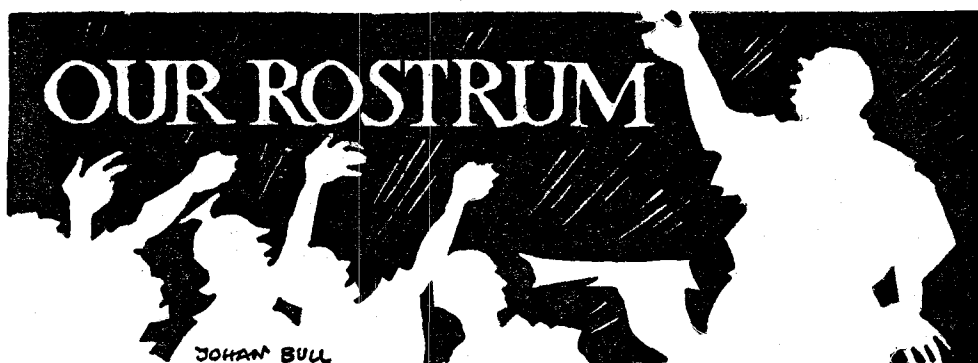
One thing gave Disraeli the feeling that he had not altogether bungled his life and that was the admiration of the young. There was something in the imaginative flight of his policy that attracted them. A youthful and enthusiastic secretary,

Montagu Corry, had attached himself to him, and showed a touching devotion. Derby's son, Stanley, was his pupil — too prudent a disciple, but grateful. "But you have no imagination, you Derbys," Disraeli told him. One day the Greeks, looking round for a king, offered the throne to Stanley. But Stanley was no Byron, and declined. Ah, if only the throne of Greece had been offered to Dizzy!

In 1853 he went to Oxford to receive a doctor's degree, *honoris causa*. He arrived there not without apprehension, for he knew that undergraduates are given to raillery and that on occasion distinguished noblemen had been greeted with howls. But never since the Duke of Wellington had such enthusiasm been witnessed. Pale and impassive, Disraeli walked up toward the Chancellor, while the amphitheatre rang with applause. "*Placetne vobis, Domini?*" asked the Chancellor. "*Maxime placet! Immense placet!*" shouted the undergraduates. And with that a trace of animation showed on Disraeli's rigid features. With his monocle he scanned the ladies' gallery and, discovering Mary Anne, he threw her with his fingers an almost imperceptible kiss.

TO BE CONTINUED





The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM columns

Debate Reflections

Mr. Frost replies to Mr. Morris on the question "Will the Democratic Party Split?" debated by these two gentlemen in November.

Editor of THE FORUM:

May I ask space to point out the very obvious fallacy into which Mr. Morris's affection for the Democratic Party has allowed him to fall? He has quite naturally picked out that point in my argument which, by an almost imperceptible distortion, could be attacked, to wit: the proposition that parties are, in their origin, bodies of men seeking common ends through political means. He equally naturally ignores the elaboration of this definition, which discussed how parties continue to live after this first purpose has been attained, chiefly through momentum and the tradition, to which Mr. Morris attaches so much weight.

He betrays his argument in his own definition that a party is united to "influence . . . public affairs by a general tradition of thought and achievement and by a habit of coöperation in politics." I congratulate him upon having achieved a definition which embodies all the points I had found it necessary to note as exceptions. His definition is thus simpler, but it is also more vague and becomes easily distorted in the confusion of thought which follows, for he proceeds to enlarge entirely on the tradition and completely ignores its impact — "influence" — on current politics. He thus easily evades my real point, which was that the two wings

of the Democratic Party cannot agree even on what the tradition means, and still less on how it is to be applied. Not to mention that such evidence as is available shows that the tradition is weakening all along the line. Hence we have the fact — both proof and result — that the party dares not take any unequivocal stand, calling for definite action, on any major controversial issue.

A few points on which Mr. Morris has found it advisable to ignore the party's record:

He says the Wilson ideals are "slowly but surely finding a permanent place in the party tradition." Yet it was by a narrow margin, and only after a fight, that they found any place at all in its latest platform, though they had been accepted without question in 1920.

He says the party is "intolerant of racial and religious discrimination," yet the plan attacking the Ku Klux Klan was voted down by the narrowest of margins, and with the certainty that had it been adopted there would have been a bolt, if not a riot. I am not taking sides on the issue involved; merely pointing to the fact that this tradition is either very shaky or cuts two ways.

He says "a spirit of unity pervades the party organization." What kind of unity, and for what?

He points out various problems, none new, and of each he asks whether the voters are not "likely" to turn to the Democracy for an answer. They almost certainly would, if the Democracy had an answer to offer. But the whole point of my argument was that the Democracy

has no answer prepared or in prospect on any one of them, that there is nothing in the party's record for a generation which indicates any ability to find on any question whatever an answer acceptable to the majority of voters, and that it is upon acceptable solutions of vital problems that the party must depend for prolongation of life.

STANLEY FROST

Summit, N. J.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Yesterday I read Roland S. Morris's article in THE FORUM and I congratulate you on it most heartily. It far outshines the effort of his opponent in the argument. In substance and style, in comprehensiveness of political vision and logical clearness, in persuasiveness and force, it is a triumph of masterly debate. Its literary merit, too, is not the least of its excellencies. Altogether it gave me real pleasure and pride to read so strong and satisfying a defense of the Democratic Party. This is not to say that I concur in all his judgments or entertain so confident a hope as he does as to this party's future. As I finished his paper, however, I felt that his prognostication of the continuity of the party deserved to come true.

JAMES GAY GORDON

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Will the Democratic Party Split?" by Stanley Frost brought back to my mind a reprimand from a well known Southerner that "Tammany Hall is not the Democratic Party." I also hope "Ferdinand" gets in the piano again.

FLORENCE MEAD

New York City

In Pursuit of Achilles

And the Tortoise. You've no idea how "cheered" the editors are by these shouts of "touchdown" which come, not from the sidelines, but from the main amphitheatre.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am an old man and I have been an avid reader of periodicals for years. This experience as a reader has been pleasant, but I confess to you that the first "thrill" I have experienced in that capacity came

in your September issue of THE FORUM. The Ramsey article marks, I hope, a turn in the road of periodical literature. It is the first time I have read, in a nontechnical journal, anything whose subject matter was not *chosen down to the reader*. True, it was *written down* to some extent, but at any rate it was immeasurably less insulting to the readers' intelligence than most of the fodder one finds in magazines.

May I hope that this is indicative of a new and courageous policy?

You have, unquestionably, thousands of readers who are intelligently interested in questions both philosophical and mathematical, and who are eager to find in the magazines discussions of that sort conducted authoritatively and thoroughly, but not too technically.

Do not imagine, sir, that you must talk down to us! There are a great many of us, as you have apparently suspected, who read Kant and Cantor. Not all of us are incapable of finding excitement in discussions "beyond" the political and theological.

E. L. WARING

Atlantic City, N. J.

Bribery by Smiles

Apropos of "Wives in Politics" by Mrs. Emily Newell Blair in October.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Bribery by an ingratiating smile, male or female, is as criminal as by a greenback. A man with a small stock of personality who succeeds in annexing a wife with loads of it deserves praise among the people, but not necessarily votes at the polls. Men of real power who have wives of equal calibre do not need wily wire-pulling and resent it. Those are the men for public office.

D. D. WAGNER

(Pastor, Meridale Presbyterian Church)

Meridale, N. Y.

Do Snakes Swallow their Young?

Have you ever seen this happen?

For years naturalists have discussed and argued as to whether or not snakes swallow their young. A definite opinion

was not arrived at, until recently a writer for a Sunday newspaper magazine came out flatly with the statement that they do not, and that the very foundation of the opinion that snakes do swallow their young came from the fact that some snakes breed their young alive. It is contended that the young snakes, having been found alive in the body of the mother, gave foundation to the opinion that they had been swallowed.

I am in a position to refute the statement that snakes do not swallow their young alive, through a personal experience, and through the experiences of several reliable persons with whom I have had personal interviews.

First, let me say that I flatter myself on knowing something about snakes. Not enough to give me a diploma as a B.A. or an LL.D., probably, but since childhood, I have been interested in and have studied reptiles, particularly those indigenous to New Jersey. I have handled and studied thousands of them, so my knowledge comes first hand. I do not wish this to be taken as unwarranted conceit, but merely state it to show that I am in a position to say that snakes do swallow their young.



Outside the village of Browns Mills in the Pines I once saw a snake near a patch of weeds, and at my approach it acted very strangely. As was later proved, it was a female. She was emitting peculiar sounds, very unlike the hissing common to snakes, and of a nature that I can

hardly describe. It was evidently a call, for there quickly appeared from the weeds near-by about eight or ten little snakes. They glided down the mouth of the mother, which was open to receive them. All this happened so quickly that I really could not count the number.

At the completion of the "swallowing" the mother snake turned and disappeared in the weeds, the little ones safe within her.

Another experience is as follows: Charles H. Pittman lived at Mt. Misery, a small settlement in Burlington County, New Jersey. He is now dead, but the story is verified by his daughter, Carrie, who, with her father, saw the incident. In their back yard they surprised a rattlesnake sunning itself and, as they watched, eighteen little rattlesnakes, by count, were "taken in."

Mr. William Simpkins, a reputable cranberry grower of Pemberton, New Jersey, adds that he once saw a moccasin swallow her young, under such circumstances that he could not be mistaken.

One Henry Haines, foreman on a large cranberry plantation near Chatsworth, also tells me that he once saw a large moccasin with a brood of little snakes about her. He momentarily left the spot to look for a club with which to kill the snake. On returning, he found that the little ones had disappeared. He at once killed the large snake, at which the little snakes crawled forth. It is believed by Haines that during his absence the mother swallowed her young for protection.

Convincing additional proof is given by Dr. Charles B. Sitgreaves of Pemberton, New Jersey, a practicing physician. He lived, when a young man, near Tabernacle in the Pines, and recalls vividly seeing a snake swallow her little ones.

M. W. HARGROVE

Pemberton, N. J.

We asked the American Museum of Natural History for a "statement from science." Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, of the museum staff, has replied.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Some years ago I took the trouble to bring together all the recorded cases in literature and I can say very emphatically that there is absolutely no proof that snakes have this convenient habit. There

are hundreds of snakes under observation each year in the zoos, and, if the habit were at all well established in any species, someone by this time would have confirmed the story. At various times people have offered rewards to anyone who would bring in a snake just after it had swallowed its young, but no one has succeeded in winning these prizes.

G. KINGSLEY NOBLE

New York City

More About Negro Culture

The October debate between Mr. Lothrop Stoddard and Mr. Alain Locke is still reverberating.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The very fact that talented Negroes have, as Mr. Locke says, brought forth a widely acclaimed culture, is the answer to this question. There is in America an increasing number of cultured Whites who do full honor to the talented Negro and who put forth every effort to spread the message of his art.

Mr. Locke proposes restricted social recognition of cultured Negroes as a solution that will "send an easing satisfaction down into the Negro masses." I believe that "restricted recognition" granted by the members of one racial group to another, can only result in sycophancy on the part of the recipients, and in a smug assumption of superiority on the part of those who grant such recognition. In such a situation, race prejudice will not be ameliorated, but complicated.

Social intercourse at its best aims for the satisfactions that ensue from an exchange of amenities between equals. In Mr. Locke's phrase "restricted recognition" and in the use of the word "grant" by THE FORUM, there is an implied condescension that denies equality.

The question, it seems to me, rests largely upon whether "the talented tenth," having experienced the real satisfactions of distinguished achievement, would care to add the dubious advantages of social recognition at the expense of self-respect. A race that has brought forth a widely acclaimed culture, has within itself the sources of its social satisfactions. In this I do not speak for the Negro alone.

Therefore I do not see why "the talented tenth" may not find its cultural satisfactions in one group and its social satisfactions in another.

BLANCHE GOODMAN

Chattanooga, Tenn.

1928 B. C.

Choosing our children.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Ever since I saw on the newsstands throughout the country "Birth Control" in bold type on the front cover of THE FORUM, I have intended to write you a letter of appreciation. The articles have put the cause of B. C. away ahead. The opponents' replies, I feel, helped rather than hurt this great movement. Let us have more of the eugenic question.

ALLEYNE C. MARTIN

Wayne, Pa.

3000 A.D.?

Worth waiting for — "Why Die?"

Editor of THE FORUM:

I like this hard-boiled Professor Edward Murray East. He writes with all the dogmatic self-assurance of a Baptist evangelist that is "standing on the promises of God." He fairly gurgles with righteous indignation, and his heart seems to be running over with scientific facts. In "Science and the New Era" we get this man's passion; what we need is some of his system. He overpowers us with suggestions, but out of it all the reader can only absorb a sense of being guiltily ignorant and stubbornly blind. Let Dr. East descend from his pulpit of calumny and give us a few concrete simplicities that would help us fit into this grandiose scheme we feel he sees. I wonder if he would speak to us about child education, or about religious instruction in a more extended form.

HUGH S. TIGNER

Canton, N. Y.

And again:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The article "Science and the New Era" by Dr. Edward Murray East comes as "the mint in the julep of joy" to those

of us who snatch for even the faintest glimmer of light upon our grovel through the hopeless, dank, smothering oblivion of present day religious superstitions and ignorances. Gratifying, indeed, is light upon this long, dark path to that intellectual haven, which we may only hope to advance for some distant posterity; the arriving at which, Mr. Aldous Huxley estimates, will be only vaguely approached in 3000 A.D.

C. VERN COOK

Wayland, Iowa

Hands Across the Sea

Perhaps some FORUM reader is inclined toward literary friendliness.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I should be grateful if you would at your discretion mention my letter in your next issue. I am a young English gentleman and I want to get in touch with a young American gentleman for correspondence and friendship, that we might offer one another hospitality, friendship, and holidays, exchanges of ideas, and comment on topics of the day, music, politics, and theatre. I am acting in *The Terror* at the Lyceum Theatre, London. Perhaps there is an American reader of THE FORUM who would like to communicate with me.

ROY LANGFORD

*12 Woodchurch Road,
West Hampstead,
London, N. W. 6., England*

The "Why" of Your Taste

Views on the fifteen best novels or fifteen best stories may yet lead us to the "fifteen best magazines."

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am not of the literati. My devotion to literature is most humble and is likely on occasion to fasten itself upon that which authorities say is not literature. I represent, probably, the great American public. I even venture the atrocity that I know what I like. I am, supposedly, he who contributes to Zane Grey's popularity. I am the one who in spite of himself has become absorbed in the business

of making a living and whose reading is necessarily hurried and limited.

To be specific, I am of literary trend of mind, often inwardly rebellious. I read *The Nation* because I revel in the dexterity with which it removes the hide from our sainted president. I read *The American Mercury* because I like the way H. L. Mencken disdains to use anæsthetics. I used to skip through *The Bookman* because I enjoyed John Farrar's amazement at his own precocity. I read daily newspapers because that is my business. I read Sinclair Lewis because it is being done. I read *Time* because of its coy irreverence. I read the *Christian Science Monitor* because it is an endowed newspaper and I hope some day to find out why. I read Anatole France because of his sacrilege. I read short stories which promise pleasure and quit them with the first disillusioning paragraph. I read many book reviews because I have acquired the habit.

EDWARD H. SHAFFER

Albuquerque, N. M.

Chicagoism

A superb analysis of an American disease.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The lawlessness of Chicago and of the United States is partially explained by a lack, not of leaders, but of all desire to follow intelligent and noble leadership. All our standards, save the money standard, are thus being ruined. "Followership" is almost unknown in the land. The gangsters and Babbitts of Chicago and elsewhere believe that so long as they can make or steal enough money, nothing else matters, since their position in society depends, not upon decent moral and intellectual standards but upon the number of jewels and Rolls-Royces that they can display. Graft is the natural result of the single track money standard, which is unfortunately accepted for our society even by our foremost economists.

In America, an expert is simply and solely a man who knows how to get rich. A door-boy-to-bank-president expert's word is law, not only upon the subject of the international debts (about which he

usually knows next to nothing) but also on religion, biology, history, art, about which he ordinarily knows less than nothing. But let a man who has spent his life studying history, biology, ethics, or art express his views. If they are taken in at all, they are usually, unless commercially valuable, cast contemptuously aside by the Great Demos, which "kids itself along" with the greatest falsehood of the ages, namely that all men are born, and remain, equal. Billy Sunday dismisses Darwin and scholarship in two sentences. "Old Darwin is in Hell. If a minister believes and teaches evolution he is a stinking skunk and a liar and the consensus of scholarship can go to Hell for all I care." Hoards of half-baked politicians treat similarly the carefully prepared speeches of cultured men who attempt to enter politics. That is one reason why they stay out. Every serious writer knows that many American magazines are closed to him unless he ceases to think, and writes for the sordid movie taste of the masses — "journalism, gross, shrieking, sensational, base." Least of all will our democracy be led by its own kind — by the uneducated fanatics who cause the passage of our unstudied modern blue laws. Being a high-brow, that is, a specialist in anything besides money, is regarded almost as a disease. "Who are the intelligentsia, and how do they get that way?" wrote an amused inquirer to a Philadelphia paper recently. The voice of the people, which is so often the voice of Satan, rules. There is no "followership" in America to-day. As a well-known writer has pointed out, there is a sort of Gresham's law of mental currency, by which good, well-considered opinion is being constantly driven out by that which is hasty, impulsive, and bad. Our problem is to counteract this tendency. Our problem is to establish the habit of following leaders who have decent and informed standards. Whether this can be done by grafting and aristocracy upon our democratic social substructure I do not attempt to say. The point is that if America is to avoid sinking into the mire of mediocrity, lawlessness, and crime which we may call "Chicagoism," "followership" must be established soon. Otherwise all nobility and all standards will go, everything which aspires will be leveled down, and

our society will be one, "not of men, but of ants and bees."

HENRY R. CAREY

Philadelphia, Pa.

Her Dark Past

The rocks are Mother Earth's diaries;
There her stories and secrets are said
And illustrated with fossils.
What a wild life she has led!

GLADYS MOON JONES

Washington, D. C.

Common Stock

Time 'twas said.

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Astounding" is a mild term to apply to the review of Upton Sinclair's latest novel *Oil!* in the September FORUM by Floyd Dell entitled "Sex or Politics?"

Oil! is being advertised as the "best selling novel in America." Also as being highly praised by "world famous writers" — among whom is included Floyd Dell. In his review in THE FORUM he characterizes the book as "an impressive comeback," and "worthy of the author of *The Jungle*." All of which may be very true. But there are others, perhaps, not so ready to pour out a libation of undiluted praise.

For the censors by whom *Oil!* has been barred in Boston Mr. Dell has no fine words of praise. He refers to the "usual vague charges of obscenity," and "wonders what offended the ticklish censors." He surmises that it may be those passages which give an account of the youthful hero's love affairs, and his induction "into the mysteries of illicit love-making" by a hard-boiled high school girl — the three stages of this illicit sexual relationship progressing from automobile rides to overnight hotel escapades, culminating finally in more or less (less rather than more) clandestine bedroom trysts, receiving little attention from parents too busily engaged in similar affairs of their own. After which follows "affair number two with a beautiful moving-picture actress." All of this is recounted by the reviewer and commented on with a matter-of-course sang-froid and nonchalance indicative, it would seem, of too little

appreciation of moral values and principle in reference to sex relationship.

Having announced that "these matters are the stock-in-trade of all novelists nowadays," he meets the "vague charges of obscenity," as he conceives them, by assuring us that though these matters are "written about quite frankly in *Oil!* the proprieties of expression are fully observed." What bunk! That salacious suggestion is present in abundance matters not at all, so long as the proprieties of expression are nicely observed! Obscenity of act and suggestion are perfectly proper if the impropriety of obscenity of language is scrupulously avoided! In other words, matter is of minor consequence, it is form and expression that count. Social filth, if served in proper form and with delicately suggestive expression, should appeal to the artistic taste, but it is of no consequence at all that it may be offensive to refined moral sensibility!

Mr. Dell calmly confesses that "people no longer young, such as the public officials in Boston and I, myself, are likely to be made to feel that we have missed something in being born a quarter of a century too soon before these charming modern indulgences to the passions of youth were the custom." He then expresses the conviction that "no young person is likely to have his or her morals corrupted by these every-day matters." If these illicit love affairs are, as he asserts, every-day matters, then already our young people in large numbers are having their morals corrupted; and who can say that the modern novel and novelists, dealing with these matters, as he says, as common stock-in-trade, have not much to do in thus corrupting our youth? And if the elder generation, born twenty-five years too soon, feels the effect of "these charming modern indulgences to the passions of youth," what must be the effect upon passionate, impulsive, impressionable youth itself when it reads these stories of its own folly so charmingly told by writers who are willing to prostitute their art and pander to a depraved popular taste?

It is a pity that, when men like President Coolidge, Babson, Orrin C. Lester in his article on the education of "Our Bill" in the September FORUM, and others

are emphasizing the need of greater attention to moral principles and spiritual ideals in the educational training of our youth, these "world-famous writers" are prostituting their art and seductively portraying the "charming modern indulgences to the passions of youth," undermining those very principles in our youth which the former would sedulously inculcate.

E. S. BELDEN

Southold, N. Y.

Woolworth It?

Are we living in a "five and ten" age?

Editor of THE FORUM:

To-day arrives your October issue. I go through it expecting to find replies to the leading articles in the August and September numbers. Surely there will be approvals, retorts, refutations of, to, and against, the delightful satires of Montgomery Evans and Albert Carr, to the radicalism of Herbert Spinden, and the challenge to our water-cure public school system by Orrin C. Lester, a correction for the disparaging insinuations against Socialism by one who is supposed to be a disciple of the first Teacher of Socialism. To Dean Inge, indeed, is addressed Dr. Lew's beautifully polite, holdup questionnaire. Judging by Dean Inge's views in the September FORUM his variety of Christianity would not be as likely to prove acceptable to the new order arising in China, as would be the Christian Socialism of certain leaders both in England and America.

Leonard Darwin's article mentions "changes in social customs," and "economic arrangements tending to check or encourage parenthood" among the means suggested for halting our current set toward racial decay: but he clearly favors prevention of inferior births "issuing from inferior homes," "prevention of parenthood by the unfit," sterilization, segregation, and other restrictive methods, including immigration (admitting by choice those most quickly Americanized) to the only lasting and natural method of striking at the source of all the breakdowns in the race. He need paint no "lurid picture" to inform those who

really care for the welfare of the White race, and every other race. The socialists have long been familiar with the lurid facts, and every socialist and radical writer has done his best to get them before the voting majority. But when their efforts to publish facts and causes are punished by fines and imprisonment, by blacklisting and suppression, and every weapon permitted to those who created and are fostering the causes of our drift toward the outgoing tide, it is clear enough that nothing fundamental will be done to "retain savage virtues" and "conserve the precious instincts of loyalty" to "our fellow men."

I fear that no heed will be paid the advice or warning of Dr. Taylor when he says that "those who rely on industries and who neglect to cultivate the land and live in the open spaces are doomed to decay individually and racially." As a people we have passed the resistant point. We are now inert, obedient to the forces governing us. This is self-evident in our attitude toward Christianity. The Christianity of America, of England, France, Italy, Germany, is an insult to the name of the Crucified One. We are worse than heathen, worse than savage, for we are deliberate hypocrites. We preach and refuse to practice. In a truly Christian land our industrial system would not be tolerated for another day; nor can the teachings of Jesus be obeyed in the modern civilizations where children are mill slaves, natural wealth is exploited for the profits of our prodigal sons, and the imperialism which is the "tacit conspiracy between the law and illegal violence" to bring home the swag and use it to get more is permitted and defended by those calling themselves Christians.

No one believes that we can legislate nations into morality or honesty—the attempt at prohibition revealed that fallacy. But we can clear the paths, give man a chance to see and choose his way. Industrialism is the wolf eating our vitals. The only possible road to health and life must be made by tearing down the jungles of poisonous growth, rooting out the fungous, and letting the healthy growths revive.

But who will lift an ax in this heroic task while in the ten-cent stores every one can buy the red calico and beads

made of the blood and brains and hearts of men?

ELIZABETH YOUNG GEORGE
Cecilville, Calif.

Quick, Catch Him!

"*A Fugitive Seeks Sanctuary*" by Margaret Prescott Montague.

"Human Nature, Running Wild,"
%The Fiction Editor,
THE FORUM

Dear Sir and Madam:

As you seem to need a large supply of punctuation marks in your self-defense, I write to say that in our family we manufacture a new kind that we find most useful. It is shaped like a corkscrew and is a laughing mark. It has the same effect in a letter that a smile has when talking. We exploded a whole bomb of them in celebration of your escape.

We sympathize so heartily in your revolt that we are ready to help in any way we can. We propose to keep up our subscription to THE FORUM so as to maintain a sanctuary for you and to contribute to the society to abolish literary slums as outlined by Mr. Crothers in the *Atlantic*.

Personally, I would suggest that enforced residence of authors in some of the little Middle West towns for a time long enough really to know the people would help you a great deal. We, for instance, have no *Main Street* here. Moreover, we are free from any *Circus Parade* or *American Caravan*. There is a wholesomeness in life here that is not known by some of our urban writers.

Moreover, when this summer my husband and I motored through Minnesota, we were amazed at the well ordered small towns there, the tasteful, convenient, and up-to-date stores, the wholesome outlook of the people, and the general kindness and friendliness we met: all so near Gopher Prairie!

Possibly among your ammunition you would like a nice, new period. We have a good printing establishment in town and should be glad to send you one.

LYC G. MORGAN
Yellow Springs, O.

Is the United States Imperialistic?

Yes, declared Mr. William J. McNally in the debate on this question of international relationships in the December FORUM. No, affirmed his opponent, Mr. Diomedes Pereyra, who believes that any expansion on the part of the United States is purely defensive. Excerpts from a sheaf of comments are published on this page.

YES

I do not believe that the great bulk of Americans are conscious of any desire to annex land that belongs to their neighbors; certainly they are not now deliberately and purposely aggressive. But when the temptation to acquire land has arisen, we have seldom had strength to resist it. In my judgment, then, this country is one of the great imperialistic states, quite as much so as Great Britain or Russia.

KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE
(Professor of Missions and Oriental History,
Yale University)
New Haven, Conn.

Observation seems to point to the fact that we are by nature a military people and will probably have a militaristic future, theories notwithstanding to the contrary. With our wealth and our envious neighbors, will we not necessarily be forced into an imperialistic policy? I see no present escape.

Woodstock, N. Y.

HERVEY WHITE

I question whether the United States has a conscious and well-defined foreign policy. That the spirit of our people is unconsciously imperialistic I have no doubt. Such a spirit pervades the world. The Southern farmer illustrates it when he "goes broke" trying to acquire "all the land that jines mine." I think that our actions are instinctive rather than deliberate, but it is irrefutable that since the foundation of the republic we have been steadily adding to our territory.

ELLIOTT C. McCANTS
(Superintendent of Anderson City Schools)
Anderson, S. C.

In certain particular respects I think our country has behaved imperialistically, in the sense in which we are now employing the term. I think this was somewhat true when we acquired Panama and the former Spanish possessions, and largely true in the recent cases of Nicaragua and Mexico.

HUGH E. WILLIS
(Indiana University School of Law)
Bloomington, Ind.

If the acquisition of territory, expansion, whenever and wherever American-constituted-authority believes that an extension of our frontiers will contribute to the "general welfare" is imperialism, then the United States has been imperialistic almost from the beginning of constitutional government, certainly since the Louisiana Purchase in the early part of the last century.

FRANK J. PRICE
Miami, Fla.

NO

America has no need, nor desire, to be imperialistic. Her present position as the greatest nation in the world is assured. Her generosity and humanitarianism are justly proverbial. But, while her policy is not aggressive, imperialistic, neither is it one of effacement — she permits no one to step on her toes!

VERNON QUINN
New York, N. Y.

The answer is that this Government of ours at times is imperialistic, and at other times it is not. The Government was not imperialistic in the pregnant years of 1861-65. It was imperialistic in the months of the Venezuelan crisis, a crisis indeed more critical than we usually think. It was inclined to be imperialistic in certain months of Roosevelt's presidency, despite the freedom and largeness of interpretation of international policies made by his Secretary of State, John Hay. The origin of whatever imperialism belongs to the Government, belongs to the character and the acts of either the President or the Secretary of State. As a permanent system and a permanent method in international affairs, the Government is not inclined, in my belief, to be imperialistic.

CHARLES F. THWING
(President Emeritus, Western Reserve University)
Cleveland, O.

The United States has no imperialistic aspirations or designs. Aside from the Canal Zone episode it has never interfered with sovereignty or violated the rights of any of the nations of the South American continent. In the Caribbean the interests of its defense and its commerce, and the application of the Monroe Doctrine, present very serious and delicate problems which it is endeavoring to solve righteously, and for the advancement of the welfare of the countries affected as well as of its own.

CASPER S. YOST
(St. Louis Globe-Democrat)
St. Louis, Mo.

The United States is not imperialistic but it is powerful and it is well to keep this distinction in mind and not confuse power with imperialism. If by reason of great enterprise, which is our national trait, we have become a nation of power and wealth, it need not follow that we should be an object of censure because our commercial initiative and instinct for business opportunity has brought us great wealth and power.

DR. ANDREW STEWART LOBINGIER
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Reply from Rome

L. J. S. Wood

THE Editor sent to Mr. L. J. S. Wood, Rome correspondent of London's Catholic periodical, The Tablet, a copy of "The Citizenship of the Pope" by Mr. Gino Speranza — an article published in this issue of THE FORUM. No other Englishman, and certainly no American, knew as did Mr. Wood the Rome that we mean when we speak of the influence of Rome and the international policy of Rome and the Church of Rome. Mr. Wood prepared his reply to Mr. Speranza while the latter was living. Mr. Wood himself died in October.

I HAVE read "The Citizenship of the Pope" by Mr. Gino Speranza carefully, and more than once. I have seriously tried, with much interest and some amazement but I hope with some success, to see the writer's point of view. I ask his readers to see mine, to reconsider most of the author's ideas about the Pope, to carry the author's thoughts back further than he has done, to begin with a word of one syllable to which one finds only an occasional, incidental reference in the article: the word "God." You can arrive at no proper conception of the Pope unless you keep that word constantly in mind.

Everything about the Pope is directly connected with God, is, to use a convenient word, religious: "Temporal Power," "Civil Sovereignty," everything. That flag which has troubled the writer of the article is religious. In simple fact it is the ordinary flag, the one commonly seen, representative of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is religious because that sovereignty is a spiritual sovereignty. Human, civil, territorial sovereignty was not, is not, will not be, the end but only the means to the end, the assurance of that complete liberty and independence necessary to the Pope to enable him to carry out his divine mission, which is simply the salvation of souls. The average life of a Pope is ten years, during which time he is thinking, in every word and act, of the salvation of souls, after which time he must answer to God.

God is bigger than anything human. If there is question between God-made law and man-made law, the former must take precedence. A great many Popes in history have forgotten a great many things, but not one of them ever forgot that. Ever since Peter said to the Council, "We ought to obey God rather than man," the

question has been arising, and the answer of the Pope has always been and will always be the answer of Peter. Your Catholic will always be an extra good citizen because in addition to his natural patriotism he harks back to the divine instruction, "Render unto Cæsar," but "Render unto God" comes first.

The question blazes throughout history. The Colosseum here in Rome gives witness to it; it is written over the tombs of Martyr Popes. Canossa was simply the acknowledgment by the human of the preëminence of God. The human imperialism of Constantinople caused schism as did the human concupiscence — in the wide sense of the word — of Henry VIII heresy. It is seen in régime of separation, Czechoslovakia for instance. France is an outstanding instance; Italy even more so. We have never been able to get away from it and, human nature being what it is, it is probable — always allowing for the fact that God's Providence can do anything — that we never shall. But no Pope will ever allow God's law to be put below man's.

The Pope does not interfere with civil governments in civil things; he tells his people, in fact, to "render unto Cæsar." But when religion is concerned he insists that God's law reign. To every nation is given the care of choosing the government it thinks best but, to take an illuminating instance, in 1910 the ultrademocratic *Sillon* and in 1926 the ultramonarchical *Action Française* were called to order, the reason being in each case identical, that "religion cannot be enslaved to political ideas."

The sovereignty of the Pope arises inevitably out of the charge put on him, that of the salvation of souls, ensuring the preëminence of the law of God, — which

is the same thing really, — He having put man here for that purpose. You are either sovereign or subject; you cannot be both, nor is there any intermediate stage. To do his work, that is God's work, the Pope must have complete, that is sovereign, liberty and independence of any subjection to anyone or anything. It follows, to come to the point indicated in the heading of the article in question, that if Cardinal O'Connell, for instance, citizen and subject of the United States, were elected Pope, he would cease to be subject of any earthly power, he would be sovereign, albeit spiritual. Nor can any human definition of sovereignty, of Grotius, of the Supreme Court of the United States, of anyone, affect that of the Pope. Jurists, experts in the definition of sovereignty as it affects people and things down here, can go no further in definition of papal sovereignty than that it is *sui generis*.

The Pope in the catacombs was sovereign, but he was not free to exercise his sovereign authority. Then came Constantine and things were better. Then Rome was left without a ruler and the people turned to the Pope, the only one there was. From that grew the temporal possessions, civil means of exercising his authority, through which the Pope achieved, though often hindered and by his own spiritual subjects, the liberty and independence necessary to him for his divine mission. In 1870 that was taken away, and nothing has been put in its place. The Italian Law of 1871 was a man-made disposition of God-given things, unjust and unsatisfactory at that, inevitably unacceptable. What Pius IX and all Popes since have claimed is just that full liberty and independence, which must be Sovereign as the Pope cannot be subject. Though Italy, entering Rome in 1870, never penetrated to the Vatican, leaving the Pope there Sovereign still in actual fact, the Law of Guarantees places him in the position of tenant at will of Italy. And, be it noted, this state of things has not "been officially recognized by every" or by any "states." The fact of sending an ambassador to Italy does not constitute official recognition of the conditions created for the Pope. In actual fact Italy refrained from asking for official recognition, knowing that there would be refusals. Such "Protestant" statesmen as Lord Ellenborough, Lord

Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston have borne public testimony to the necessity of the independence of the Pope; and, at the Berlin Congress, Lord Beaconsfield was one of those who said that he would leave the assembly if Italy sought there the official consent of the representatives of the powers to what it had done in 1870 and to its Law of Guarantees of 1871.

Regarding "territoriality." Sovereignty must rest on something; to be effective it must have something as a basis. Moreover the Pope's liberty and independence must not only be complete but must be apparent to the world. He cannot appear to be subject to anyone, either to an individual or to Italy. What the Pope says—to make at any rate rather more complete the statement of which the writer of the article quotes only a few isolated words of only one of a number of articles in the *Osservatore Romano*—is that for a thousand years territorial possessions, commonly called the temporal power, remained, by Divine Providence, the basis on which the sovereign liberty and independence of the Pope rested, the guarantee of it and apparent to the world. That was taken away in 1870 and nothing has been put in its place. Something must be found to replace it and as far as can be seen at present no solution but the territorial is at hand. Extent of territory does not matter in principle, the old States of the Church or one square yard; in fact it is matter for the Pope's judgment. A Pope, sovereign of a certain territory, has that as sign, basis of his liberty and independence; he is not subject. He must have something. If not that, what else?

Inasmuch as I have asked THE FORUM readers to do the big thing, reconsider most of Mr. Speranza's ideas about the Pope, I have taken no note of incidental passages, phrases and views, of which there are dozens, in which the author went astray. With the realization that the God-given papacy is a bigger thing than any man-made institution, it will, I hope, be seen that such ideas go by the board. And the first idea that has to go is what seems to be the basic idea of the article, that there is some contrast between "the principles for which this country stands" and the principles guiding the actions of the papacy.

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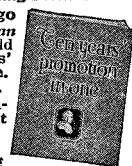
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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Editor of "The Nation"

(See page 271)



From a drawing by Johan Bull

KATHERINE MAYO

Author of "Mother India"

(See page 222)



From a drawing by Johan Bull

IRVING BABBITT

Professor of French Literature at Harvard, of whom Paul Elmer More in the January FORUM said, "Perhaps our most powerful intellect, as he is certainly the most virile personality, in the whole realm of criticism and scholarship."